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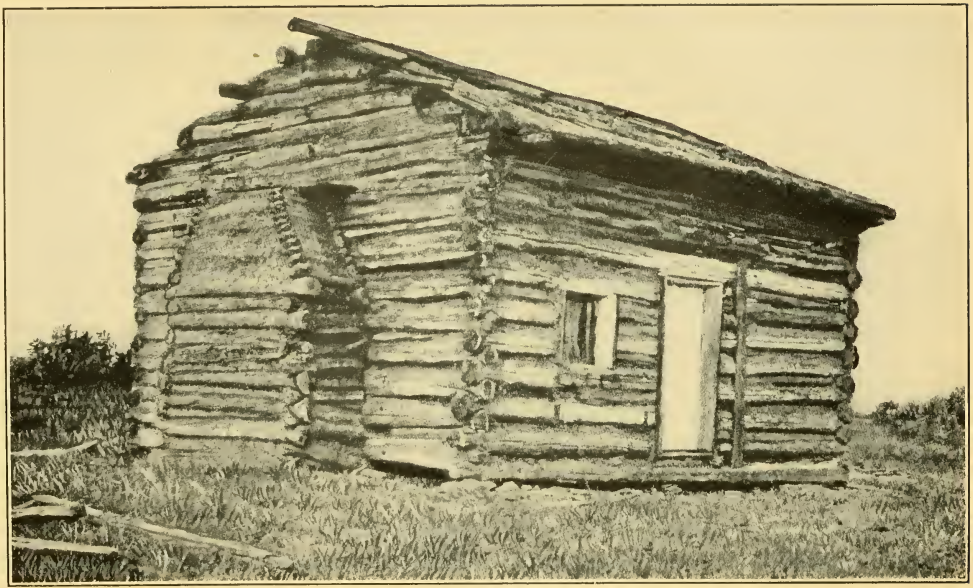

THE BIRTHPLACE OF LINCOLN

Three miles west of Hodgenville, Larue (formerly Hardin) County, Kentucky

THE WORKS OF
ABRAHAM LINCOLN

ABRAHAM LINCOLN

The True Story of a Great Life

With Critical Estimates
Stories and Anecdotes

Introductions and Special Articles by

THEODORE ROOSEVELT
CHARLES E. HUGHES
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VOLUME I

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PREFACE

In the preparation of this *Life of Abraham Lincoln* the object of the editors has been to make as nearly as possible a distinctively personal biography. It is not intended to present a history of the origin and early development of the Republican party, of anti-slavery discussions, or of the Civil War. The main purpose is to make intimately known to the reader the man Abraham Lincoln from his infancy to his death.

His ancestry, parentage, childhood and youth; his surroundings and occupations, and the society in which he lived, in Kentucky, Indiana, and Illinois; the laborer, flatboatman, storekeeper, soldier, legislator, lawyer; the lone student, making the most of his scanty opportunities through all the vicissitudes of his strange life—such topics are familiarly treated, and the pictures of early hardship and struggle supply a most impressive background for the study of that grand career whose culmination placed him among "the choice and master spirits of this age" and of all ages.

No novel of frontier life could be so captivating as the story of the rail-splitter who proved himself "a true-born king of men." The editors have endeavored to give this great life-story largely through the recitals of those who knew Lincoln well in all the periods of his growth and activity. Incidents, anecdotes, peculiar experiences, personal intercourse, interspersed with his

own unique sayings, both serious and humorous —these features render this, in the better sense, a "story-life" of Abraham Lincoln, himself the most famous story-teller of his time.

Besides the biography proper, comprised in twenty-six short chapters, this volume contains a liberal collection of the most treasured stories and anecdotes either told by Lincoln or concerning him. Every effort has been made to include only such "Lincoln stories" as have well-established authenticity.

Here also are estimates of Lincoln's character and achievements as presented in the eloquent tribute of Robert G. Ingersoll and the memorable eulogy pronounced by Henry Watterson.

The life of Lincoln cannot be fully understood without a study of his letters and speeches, including the great debates with Stephen A. Douglas. As a stump speaker and an orator of singular effectiveness Lincoln left the impress of his genius on the body politic no less plainly marked than the influence of his character and deeds.

Owing to the comparative brevity of the present Life, it has been deemed best to give here but few quotations from speeches and letters, but in the other volumes of this series all the speeches are included, together with as many of the letters as are considered interesting or important. Read in connection with the Life, these will leave little wanting that is needful to a full appreciation of the personality and public services of the "first American."

For instance, the reader of the chapter entitled "Widening Renown" should also read not only the speeches delivered by Lincoln in Ohio after

the famous debates, but likewise the Cooper Union (Institute) address and letters written at the period of its delivery. Those who are interested in the chapter that tells of Lincoln's love-affairs should read in connection therewith his letters to Speed, to Mrs. Browning, and to Miss Owens.

The editors have received from many publishers kind permission to use material contained in more elaborate biographies. Special acknowledgment is made to the A. C. McClurg Company for selections from Arnold's *Life of Abraham Lincoln*; to the N. D. Thompson Company for excerpts from *The Every-Day Life of Abraham Lincoln*, by Francis L. Clarke; to the Baker and Taylor Company for passages taken from the *Life of Lincoln*, by Henry C. Whitney; and to others, for similar favors, thanks are likewise due.

Considerable use has been made of interesting material found in Lamon's *Life of Lincoln*, especially such as relates to Lincoln's earlier years. From the excellent biographies by Herndon and Weik, Joseph H. Barrett, and James Morgan—each admirable in many respects—important facts, observations, incidents, and anecdotes have been borrowed. The editors also acknowledge their indebtedness to Ida M. Tarbell's *Life of Lincoln*, than which they have found none more complete and satisfactory.

While nearly all the biographies of Lincoln heretofore published have been carefully consulted, and choice extracts taken from many of them, it does not appear necessary to mention every work thus drawn upon. Particular credit, however, must be given to these: *Abraham Lin-*

coln: a History, by John G. Nicolay and John Hay; *The True Abraham Lincoln*, by William Eleroy Curtis; *Six Months in the White House*, by F. B. Carpenter; *Lincoln: Master of Men*, by Alonzo Rothschild; *Abraham Lincoln*, by Henry Ketcham; *Recollections of Abraham Lincoln*, by Joshua R. Speed; *Reminiscences of Abraham Lincoln*, by distinguished men of his time, edited by Allen Thorndike Rice; and *Recollections of the Civil War*, by Charles A. Dana.

JOHN H. CLIFFORD.

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ABRAHAM LINCOLN

CHAPTER I

Ancestry of Abraham Lincoln

ABRAHAM LINCOLN, the sixteenth President of the United States, was born in a log cabin in the backwoods of Kentucky on the 12th day of February, 1809. He was born to a very humble station in life, and his early surroundings were rude and rough, but his ancestors for generations had been of that tough fibre, and vigorous physical organization and mental energy, so often found among the pioneers on the frontier of American civilization.

His forefathers removed from Massachusetts to Pennsylvania in the first half of the seventeenth century; and from Pennsylvania some members of the family moved to Virginia, and settled in the valley of the Shenandoah, in the county of Rockingham, whence his immediate ancestors came to Kentucky. For several generations they kept on the crest of the wave of Western settlement.

The family were English, and came from Norfolk County, England, about the year 1638, when they settled in Hingham, Mass. Mordecai Lincoln, the English emigrant to Massachusetts, removed afterward to Pennsylvania, and was the great-great-grandfather of the President. His son John, who was the great-grandfather of the President, moved to Virginia, and had a son Abraham, the grandfather of the President. He

and his son Thomas moved, in 1782, from Rockingham County, Va., to Kentucky.

These ancestors of the President were rough, hardy, fearless men, and familiar with woodcraft; men who could endure the extremes of fatigue and exposure, who knew how to find food and shelter in the forest; brave, self-reliant, true and faithful to their friends, and dangerous to their enemies.

The grandfather of the President and his son Thomas emigrated to Kentucky in 1781 or 1782, and settled in Mercer County. This grandfather is named in the surveys of Daniel Boone as having purchased of the United States five hundred acres of land. A year or two after this settlement in Kentucky, Abraham Lincoln, having erected a log cabin near "Bear Grass Fort," the site of the present city of Louisville, began to open up his farm.

THE DEATH OF LINCOLN'S GRANDFATHER

"One morning, in the year 1784," as related by Nicolay and Hay, "Lincoln's grandfather Abraham started with his three sons, Mordecai, Josiah, and Thomas, to the edge of the clearing, and began the day's work. A shot from the brush killed the father; Mordecai, the eldest son, ran instinctively to the house, Josiah to the neighboring fort for assistance, and Thomas, the youngest, a child of six, was left with the corpse of his father. Mordecai, reaching the cabin, seized the rifle, and saw through the loophole an Indian in his war-paint stooping to raise the child from the ground. He took deliberate aim at a white ornament on the breast of the savage

and brought him down. The little boy, thus released, ran to the cabin, and Mordecai, from the loft, renewed his fire upon the savages, who began to show themselves from the thicket, until Josiah returned with assistance from the stockade, and the assailants fled. This tragedy made an indelible impression on the mind of Mordecai. Either a spirit of revenge for his murdered father, or a sportsmanlike pleasure in his successful shot, made him a determined Indian-stalker, and he rarely stopped to inquire whether the red man who came within range of his rifle was friendly or hostile."

UNCLE MORDECAI

Striking characteristics appear to have been noted in all the Lincolns of whom we have any accounts. Some reminiscences related of Mordecai, after he had reached manhood, give a pleasing glimpse of the boy who showed such coolness and daring on the occasion that ended his father's life. The following is taken from F. F. Browne's interesting *Every-Day Life of Abraham Lincoln.* "He was naturally a man of considerable genius," says one who knew him. "He was a man of great drollery, and it would almost make you laugh to look at him. I never saw but one other man whose quiet, droll look excited in me the same disposition to laugh, and that was Artemus Ward. Mordecai was quite a story-teller, and in this Abe resembled his 'Uncle Mord' as we called him. He was an honest man, as tender-hearted as a woman, and to the last degree charitable and benevolent. . . . Abe Lincoln had a very high opinion of his uncle, and

on one occasion remarked, 'I have often said that Uncle Mord had run off with all the talents of the family.' "

THOMAS LINCOLN

Thomas Lincoln was but six years old when he lost his father, and of the early life of the boy we have no knowledge but what can be learned of the general lot of his class and of the habits and modes of living then prevalent among the Kentucky pioneers. "He grew up," says his son, the great Abraham Lincoln, "literally without education." After his father's death, Thomas Lincoln was, as William E. Curtis tells us, "turned adrift, without home or care, for at ten years of age we find him 'a wandering laboring boy' who was left uneducated and supported himself by farm work and other menial employment, and learned the trades of carpenter and cabinet-maker. But he must have had good stuff in him, for when he was twenty-five years old he had saved enough from his wages to buy a farm in Hardin County. Local tradition, which, however, cannot always be trusted, represents him to have been 'an easy-going man, and slow to anger, but when roused a formidable adversary.' He was above the medium height, had a powerful frame, and, like his immortal son, had a wide local reputation as a wrestler."

MARRIAGE TO NANCY HANKS

In 1806 Thomas Lincoln, being then twenty-eight years of age, was married to Nancy Hanks, who was a native of Virginia. The couple settled in what was then Hardin County, Ken-

tucky. It does not appear that the parents of Miss Hanks ever removed to Kentucky, though others of the family did so. Of the history of her ancestry we have no definite particulars. Her position in life appears to have been not dissimilar to that of her husband. She has been described as "a handsome young woman of lowly condition but possessing qualities of intellect and character above the average." As she died at an early age, having passed her days, from the time of her marriage, on obscure frontiers, few recollections of her remain. She was brought up from early years by an aunt.

At the time of her marriage Nancy Hanks was in her twenty-third year. William H. Herndon tells us that she was above the ordinary height in stature, weighed about one hundred and thirty pounds, was slenderly built, and had much the appearance of one inclined to consumption. Her skin was dark; hair dark brown; eyes gray and small; forehead prominent; face sharp and angular, with a marked expression of melancholy which fixed itself in the memory of every one who ever saw or knew her. Though her life was seemingly beclouded by a spirit of sadness, she was in disposition amiable and generally cheerful. "Mr. Lincoln himself," says Herndon, "said to me in 1851, on receiving the news of his father's death, that whatever might be said of his parents, and however unpromising the early surroundings of his mother may have been, she was highly intellectual by nature, had a strong memory, acute judgment, and was cool and heroic. From a mental standpoint she no doubt rose above her surroundings, and had she lived, the stimulus of her nature would have accelerated

her son's success, and she would have been a much more ambitious prompter than his father ever was."

In the midst of her household cares she undertook to teach her husband to read and write, and also gave her children a start in learning. Of her the President, nearly half a century after her death, is said to have remarked to William H. Seward, "All that I am or hope to be, I owe to my angel mother—blessings on her memory."

ABRAHAM AS AUTOBIOGRAPHER

Abraham Lincoln himself never manifested much interest in his genealogy. At one time he did give out a brief statement of matters concerning his ancestors because he was led to believe that it might be useful for campaign purposes in the great struggle that brought to him the Presidency. But at another time, when questioned on this head, we are told that he replied, "It is a great piece of folly to attempt to make anything out of me or my early life. It can all be condensed into a single sentence, and that sentence you will find in Gray's 'Elegy': 'The short and simple annals of the poor.' That's my life, and that's all you or any one else can make out of it."

PERSONALITY OF THOMAS LINCOLN

Thomas Lincoln was not tall and thin, like Abraham, but comparatively short and stout, standing about five feet ten inches in his shoes. His hair was dark and coarse, his complexion brown, his face round and full, his eyes gray,

and his nose large and prominent. He weighed, at different times, from one hundred and seventy to one hundred and ninety-six pounds. He was built so "tight and compact," that Dennis Hanks declares he never could find the points of separation between his ribs, though he felt for them often. He was a little stoop-shouldered, and walked with a slow, halting step. But he was sinewy and brave, and, his habitually peaceable disposition once fairly overborne, was a tremendous man in a rough-and-tumble fight. He thrashed the monstrous bully of Breckinridge County in three minutes, and came off without a scratch.

His vagrant career had supplied him with an inexhaustible fund of anecdotes, which he told cleverly and well. He loved to sit about at "stores" or under shade-trees and "spin yarns"—a propensity that atoned for many sins and made him extremely popular. In politics he was a Democrat—a Jackson Democrat. In religion he was nothing at times, and a member of various denominations by turns—a Freewill Baptist in Kentucky, a Presbyterian in Indiana, and a Disciple—vulgarly called Campbellite—in Illinois. In this last communion he appears to have died.

THE MOTHER OF ABRAHAM LINCOLN

Mrs. Lincoln, the mother of the President, is said to have been in her youth a woman of beauty. She was by nature refined and of far more than ordinary intellect. Her friends spoke of her as being a person of marked and decided character. She was unusually intelligent, reading all the books she could obtain, and was a woman of deep

religious feeling, of exemplary character, and most tenderly devoted to her family. Her home indicated a degree of taste and a love of beauty exceptional in the wild settlement in which she lived, and, judging from her early death, it is probable that she was of a physique less hardy than that of most of those by whom she was surrounded. But in spite of this she had been reared where the very means of existence were to be obtained but by a constant struggle, and she had learned to use the rifle and the tools of the backwoods farmer, as well as the distaff, the cards, and the spinning wheel. She could not only kill the wild game of the woods, but she could also dress it, make of the skins clothes for her family and prepare the flesh for food. Hers was a strong, self-reliant spirit, which commanded the respect as well as the love of the rugged people among whom she lived.

THOMAS LINCOLN AND HIS WIFE

The following account of this interesting couple in the early days of their life together appears in the *Reminiscences of Lincoln's Cousin and Playmate, Dennis Hanks,* as written down by Mrs. Eleanor Atkinson, in 1889, and published in the *American Magazine,* February, 1908.

"Looks didn't count them days, nowhow. It was stren'th an' work an' daredevil. A lazy man or a coward was jist pizen, an' a spindlin' feller had to stay in the settlemints. The clearin's hadn't no use fur him. Tom was strong, an' he wasn't lazy nor afeerd o' nothin', but he was kind o' shif'less—couldn't git nothin' ahead, an' didn't keer putickalar. Lots o' them kind o' fellers in

arly days, 'druther hunt an' fish, an' I reckon they had their use. They killed off the varmints an' made it safe fur other fellers to go into the woods with an ax.

"When Nancy married Tom he was workin' in a carpenter shop. It wasn't Tom's fault he couldn't make a livin' by his trade. Thar was sca'cely any money in that kentry. Every man had to do his own tinkerin', an' keep everlastin'ly at work to git enough to eat. So Tom tuk up some land. It was mighty ornery land, but it was the best Tom could git, when he hadn't much to trade fur it.

"Pore? We was all pore, them days, but the Lincolns was porer than anybody. Choppin' trees an' grubbin' roots an' splittin' rails an' huntin' an' trappin' didn't leave Tom no time. . . . It was all he could do to git his fambly enough to eat and to kiver 'em. Nancy was turrible ashamed o' the way they lived, but she knowed Tom was doin' his best, an' she wasn't the pesterin' kind. She was purty as a pictur an' smart as you'd find 'em anywhere. She could read an' write. The Hankses was some smarter'n the Lincolns. Tom thought a heap o' Nancy, an' he was as good to her as he knowed how. He didn't drink or swear or play kyards or fight, an' them was drinkin', cussin', quarrelsome days. Tom was popylar, an' he could lick a bully if he had to. He jist couldn't git ahead, somehow."

CHAPTER II

Birth and Early Life of Abraham Lincoln

It has been ascertained that about a year after his marriage Thomas Lincoln, actuated by a roving disposition, also by his inherited land-hunger, removed his family to a little piece of ground on which a clearing had been made and a cabin built, situated on the south branch of Nolin Creek, three miles from Hodgenville, now the county-seat of Larue County, Kentucky. According to Ward H. Lamon, who recorded so many interesting reminiscences of the President, it is not known what estate Thomas Lincoln had, or attempted to get, in this land. It is said that he bought it, but was unable to pay for it. It was very poor, and the landscape of which it formed a part was extremely desolate. It was then nearly destitute of timber, though since partially covered in spots by a young and stunted growth of post-oak and hickory. On every side the eye rested only upon weeds and low bushes, and a kind of grass that has been described as "barren grass." It was, on the whole, as bad a piece of ground as there was in the neighborhood, and would hardly have sold for a dollar an acre. The general appearance of the surrounding country was not much better. A few small but pleasant streams—Nolin Creek and its tributaries—wandered through the valleys. The land was generally what is called "rolling"—dead levels interspersed by little

hillocks. Nearly all of it was arable; but, except the margins of the watercourses, not much of it was sufficiently fertile to repay the labor of tillage. It had no grand, unviolated forests to allure the hunter, and no great bodies of deep and rich soils to tempt the husbandman. Here it was only by incessant labor and thrifty habits that an ordinary living could be wrung from the earth.

THE CABIN HOME

The family lived in a miserable cabin. It stood on a little knoll in the midst of a barren glade. Such was the mean and narrow tenement which sheltered the infancy of one of the greatest political chieftains of modern times. Near by, a "romantic spring" gushed from beneath a rock, and sent forth a slender but silvery stream, meandering through those dull and unsightly plains. As it furnished almost the only pleasing feature in the melancholy desert through which it flowed, the place was called after it, "Rock Spring Farm." After a while it occurred to the proprietor that a few trees would look well, and might even be useful, if planted in the vicinity of his bare house-yard. This enterprise he actually achieved; and three decayed pear-trees, situated on the "edge" of what was formerly a rye-field, remained after him as the only memorials of him or his family to be seen about the premises. They were his sole permanent improvement.

In that solitary cabin, on this desolate spot, Abraham Lincoln, perhaps the most illustrious man of his century, was born, as already said, on the twelfth day of February, 1809.

A BETTER DWELLING-PLACE

The Lincolns remained on Nolin Creek till Abraham was four years old. They then removed to a place much more picturesque, and of far greater fertility. It was situated about six miles from Hodgenville, on Knob Creek, a clear stream falling into the Rolling Fork, a branch of the Salt River, a short distance above the present town of New Haven. Their new farm was well timbered and more hilly than that on Nolin Creek. It contained some rich valleys, which promised such excellent yields, that Lincoln bestirred himself most vigorously, and actually got into cultivation the whole of six acres, lying advantageously up and down the branch. This, however, was not all the work he did, for he still continued to potter occasionally at his trade; but, no matter what he turned his hand to, his gains were always insignificant. He was satisfied with indifferent shelter, and a diet of "corn-bread and milk" was all he asked. John Hanks naïvely observes, that "happiness was the end of life with him." The land he now lived upon (two hundred and thirty-eight acres) he had pretended to buy from a Mr. Slater. The purchase must have been a mere speculation, with all the payments deferred, for the title remained in Lincoln but a single year. The deed was made to him September 2, 1813; and October 27, 1814, he conveyed two hundred acres to Charles Milton, leaving thirty-eight acres of the tract unsold. No public record discloses what he did with the remainder. If he retained any interest in it for the time, it was probably permitted to be sold for taxes. The last of his voluntary transactions, in

regard to this land, took place two years before his removal to Indiana; after which he appears to have continued in possession as the tenant of Milton.

LINCOLN AT SCHOOL

In those days there were no common schools in that country. The principal reliance for acquiring the rudiments of learning was the same as that to which the peasant-poet of Ayrshire was indebted. Education was by no means disregarded, nor did young Lincoln, poor as were his opportunities, grow up an illiterate boy, as some have supposed. Competent teachers were accustomed to offer themselves then, as in later years, who opened private schools for a neighborhood, being supported by tuition-fees or subscription. During his boyhood days in Kentucky, Abraham Lincoln attended, at different times, at least two schools of this description, of which he always retained clear and grateful recollections. One of these was kept by Zachariah Riney, whose influence was never wholly effaced from Lincoln's memory. Though this teacher was himself an ardent Catholic, he made no proselyting efforts in his school, and when any little religious ceremonies, or perhaps mere catechizing and the like, were to be gone through with, all Protestant children, of whom it is needless to say that young Abraham was one, were accustomed to retire, by permission or command. Riney was a man of excellent character, deep piety, and fairly educated. The still existing town of Rineyville, in Hardin County, is a tribute to his name.

Another teacher, on whose instructions the boy afterward attended while living in Kentucky, was

named Caleb Hazel. His was also a neighborhood school, sustained by private patronage.

With the aid of these two schools, and with such further assistance as he received at home, no doubt Abraham Lincoln had become able to read well at the age of seven. That he was not a dull or inapt scholar, is manifest from his subsequent attainments. With the allurements of the rifle and the wild game that then abounded in the country, however, and with the meagre advantages he had in regard to books, it is certain that his perceptive faculties and his muscular powers were much more fully developed by exercise than his scholastic talents.

Abraham Lincoln's mother was persistent in her determination to educate her children, and although the father's enthusiasm was spasmodic and unreliable, still he would occasionally glow with pride in his educational plans for his bright, intelligent boy. At the age of forty-five Lincoln told Leonard Swett that the *summum bonum* of his father's ambition was to give his boy a *first-rate* education, and that his *ne plus ultra* of such an education was to "larn to cipher clean through the 'rithmetic."

While he lived in Kentucky young Lincoln never saw even the exterior of what was properly a church edifice. The religious services he attended were held either at a private dwelling, or in some log schoolhouse, or in the open grove.

NANCY'S "BOY BABY"

Dennis Hanks's account of the birth of his cousin Abraham is given in the most characteristic manner, as follows, by Eleanor Atkinson.

"Tom an' Nancy lived on a farm about two miles from us when Abe was born. I ricollect Tom comin' over to our house one cold mornin' in Feb'uary an' sayin' kind o' slow, 'Nancy's got a boy baby.'

"Mother got flustered an' hurried up 'er work to go over to look after the little feller, but I didn't have nothin' to wait fur, so I cut an' run the hull two mile to see my new cousin.

"You bet I was tickled to death. Babies wasn't as common as blackberries in the woods o' Kaintucky. Mother come over and washed him an' put a yaller flannen petticoat on him, an' cooked some dried berries with wild honey fur Nancy, an' slicked things up an' went home. An' that's all the nuss'n either of 'em got. . . .

"I rolled up in a b'ar skin an' slep' by the fireplace that night, so's I could see the little feller when he cried and Tom had to git up an' tend to him. Nancy let me hold him purty soon. Folks often ask me if Abe was a good-lookin' baby. Well, now, he looked just like any other baby, at fust—like red cherry pulp squeezed dry. An' he didn't improve none as be growed older. Abe never was much fur looks. I ricollect how Tom joked about Abe's long legs when he was toddlin' round the cabin. He growed out o' his clothes faster'n Nancy could make 'em.

"But he was mighty good comp'ny, solemn as a papoose, but inter*est*ed in everythin'. An' he always did have fits o' cuttin' up. I've seen him when he was a little feller, settin' on a stool, starin' at a visitor. All of a sudden he'd bust out laughin' fit to kill. If he told us what he was laughin' at, half the time we couldn't see no joke. . . .

"Abe never give Nancy no trouble after he could walk excep' to keep him in clothes. Most o' the time we went bar'foot. Ever wear a wet buckskin glove? Them moccasins wasn't no putection ag'inst the wet. Birch bark with hickory bark soles, strapped on over yarn socks, beat buckskin all holler, fur snow. Abe 'n' me got purty handy contrivin' things that way. An' Abe was right out in the woods, about as soon's he was weaned, fishin' in the crick, settin' traps fur rabbits an' muskrats, goin' on coon-hunts with Tom an' me an' the dogs, follerin' up bees to find bee trees, an' drappin' corn fur his pappy. Mighty inter*est*in' life fur a boy, but thar was a good many chances he wouldn't live to grow up."

LITTLE ABE SAVED FROM DROWNING

In his *Best Lincoln Stories,* J. E. Gallaher publishes the following narrative:

"The only one of young Lincoln's playmates now living [1884] is an old man nearly a hundred years old, named Austin Gollaher, whose mind is bright and clear, and who never tires telling of the days Lincoln and he were 'little tikes' and played together. This old man, who yet lives in the log house in which he has always lived, a few miles from the old Lincoln place, tells entertaining stories about the President's boyhood."

"I once saved Lincoln's life," relates Mr. Gollaher. "We had been going to school together one year; but the next year we had no school, because there were so few scholars to attend, there being only about twenty in the school the year before.

"Consequently Abe and I had not much to do; but as we did not go to school and our mothers were strict with us, we did not get to see each other very often. One Sunday morning my mother waked me up early, saying she was going to see Mrs. Lincoln, and that I could go along. Glad of the chance, I was soon dressed and ready to go. After my mother and I got there, Abe and I played all through the day.

"While we were wandering up and down the little stream called Knob Creek, Abe said: 'Right up there'—pointing to the east—'we saw a covey of partridges yesterday. Let's go over.' The stream was too wide for us to jump across. Finally we saw a foot-log, and we concluded to try it. It was narrow, but Abe said, 'Let's coon it.'

"I went first and reached the other side all right. Abe went about half-way across, when he got scared and began trembling. I hollered to him, 'Don't look down nor up nor sideways, but look right at me and hold on tight!' But he fell off into the creek, and as the water was about seven or eight feet deep (I could not swim, and neither could Abe), I knew it would do no good for me to go in after him.

"So I got a stick—a long water-sprout—and held it out to him. He came up, grabbing with both hands, and I put the stick into his hands. He clung to it, and I pulled him out on the bank, almost dead. I got him by the arms and shook him well, and then I rolled him on the ground, when the water poured out of his mouth.

"He was all right very soon. We promised each other that we would never tell anybody

about it, and never did for years. I never told any one of it until after Lincoln was killed."

ABRAHAM'S FIRST FARM WORK

The boy Lincoln, as Ida M. Tarbell, in her well-known biography, tells us, learned to know his father's farm from line to line, and years after, when President of the United States, he recalled in a conversation at the White House, in the presence of Dr. J. J. Wright of Emporia, Kan., the arrangement of the fields and an incident of his own childish experience as a farmer's son. "Mr. President," one of the visitors had asked, "how would you like when the war is over to visit your old home in Kentucky?" "I would like it very much," Mr. Lincoln replied. "I remember that old home very well. Our farm was composed of three fields. It lay in the valley surrounded by high hills and deep gorges. Sometimes when there came a big rain in the hills the water would come down through the gorges and spread all over the farm. The last thing that I remember of doing there was one Saturday afternoon; the other boys planted the corn in what we called the big field—it contained seven acres—and I dropped the pumpkin-seed. I dropped two seeds in every other hill and every other row. The next Sunday morning there came a big rain in the hills; it did not rain a drop in the valley, but the water coming through the gorges washed ground, corn, pumpkin-seeds and all clear off the field."

CHAPTER III

Life in Indiana

Unsatisfactory results of his years of toil on the lands of Nolin Creek, or a restless spirit of adventure and fondness for more stirring pioneer experiences than this region continued to afford, or, as some say, his inherited land-hunger, led Thomas Lincoln, now nearly forty years of age, with a son beginning to be an efficient helper in the labors of the farm, to seek a new place of abode beyond the Ohio River.

the west in 1816

It is scarcely possible to conceive the peculiar conditions of what was the far western portion of the country when the Lincolns made this removal. Enough, however, can be realized to give us some understanding of Abraham's continual privations and struggles. In the first place, we must remember that he lived in the woods. The West of that day was not wild in the sense of being wicked, criminal, ruffian. Morally, if not intellectually, the people of that region would compare well with the rest of the country, then or now. Although there was little schooling and no literary training, the woodsman had an education of his own. The region was wild in the sense that it was almost uninhabited and untilled. The forests, extending from the mountains on the east to the prairies in the west, were almost un-

broken and were the abode of wild birds and beasts.

One year after Lincoln's birth, the population of Kentucky, white and colored, averaged ten persons to the square mile. When the Lincolns removed to Indiana, which in the same year became a State of the Union, its population averaged less than three persons to the square mile. The population of Illinois was still more thinly scattered.

POOR CONVENIENCES

In these regions there were few roads of any kind, and none that could be called good, for the mud of Indiana and Illinois was deep and tenacious. There were good saddle-horses, a sufficient number of oxen, and rude carts. Locomotives—not to speak of bicycles, automobiles, etc.—were still in the future. The first railroad in Indiana—a very primitive affair—was constructed in 1847. Carriages perhaps there were, but a good carriage would have been a superfluity on those primitive roads.

Young Lincoln's only pen was the goose-quill, and his ink was home-made. Paper was scarce, expensive, and, while of good material, poorly made. Newspapers were unknown in that forest land, and books were few and far between.

The rude farmers had scythes and sickles, but of a grade that would not be salable to-day at any price. Those men little dreamed of our wondrous agricultural implements and machinery. As little could their wives and daughters imagine such superseders of their needles as sewing and knitting machines. In the woods thorns were used for pins.

Guns were flint-locks. Tinder-boxes were used till friction-matches came. Artificial light was supplied chiefly from the open fireplace, though tallow dips were known and sometimes used. Moulded candles, oil, gas, electricity—these illuminants followed, one by one, down to our own day.

In that locality there were no mills for weaving cotton, linen, or woolen fabrics. All weaving was done with the hand-loom, and the common fabric of the region was linsey-woolsey—made of linen and woolen mixed—and usually not dyed.

Antiseptics were unknown; a severe surgical operation was likely to mean death for the patient; and ether, chloroform, and other anæsthetics were yet to be discovered.

As to food, wild game was abundant, but the kitchen-garden was not developed, and there were no importations. No oranges, lemons, bananas; no canned goods! Crusts of rye bread were browned, ground, and boiled to make "coffee." Herbs of the woods were dried and steeped for tea, and the root of the sassafras furnished another substitute for the fragrant Oriental beverage. Slippery-elm soaked in cold water sufficed for lemonade. Milk-houses were built over springs when possible, and the milk-vessels were carefully covered to keep out snakes and other vermin.

Whiskey was almost universally used. Indeed, in spite of the constitutional "sixteen-to-one," it was locally used as the standard of value. The use of quinine, which came to be general throughout that entire region, was of later date.

The schools, as we have seen, were primitive and inadequate. Itinerant preachers went about,

holding "revival meetings," but church buildings were rare and of the rudest construction. There were no regular means of travel, and even the carriers of the Post-Office Department were slow in reaching those remote communities.

It is not easy for us, in the midst of the comforts and luxuries of a later civilization, to realize the conditions of Western life previous to 1825. But the situation must be understood if one is to know the life of the boy Lincoln.

THE BACKWOODS GARB

His cap in winter was of coonskin, with the tail of the animal hanging down behind. In summer he wore a misshapen straw hat with no band. His shirt of linsey-woolsey was of no color whatever, unless it were the "color of dirt." His breeches were of deerskin with the hair outside. In dry weather these were well enough, but when wet they hugged the wearer with a clammy embrace, and the victim might have sighed in vain for sanitary underwear. These breeches were held up by one suspender. The hunting-shirt was likewise of deerskin. The stockings—he had no stockings. His shoes were cowhide, though moccasins made by his mother were substituted in dry weather. There was usually a space of several inches between the breeches and the shoes, exposing a tanned and bluish skin. For about half the year he went barefoot.

Such were the surroundings of Lincoln's early childhood, and into an environment of the same sort he passed when his father left Kentucky, to make a new home in the wilds of Indiana.

WRECKAGE AND SALVAGE

In his frequent changes of occupation, Thomas Lincoln had become somewhat of a waterman. As a flatboatman he had made one trip—perhaps a second—to New Orleans. It was therefore natural that when, in the fall of 1816, he finally determined to emigrate, he should attempt to transport his goods by water. He built himself a rickety boat, and launched it on the Rolling Fork, at the mouth of Knob Creek, half a mile from his cabin. Some of his personal property, including carpenter's tools, he put on board, and the rest he traded for four hundred gallons of whiskey. With this crazy craft and its queer cargo, he put out into the stream alone, floating with the current down the Rolling Fork, then down Salt River, and reaching the Ohio without mishap. But here his boat capsized and much of his liquid cargo was lost, likewise some of his other effects. He fished up a few of the tools and part of the whiskey, righted the boat, and floated down to a landing at Thompson's Ferry, two and a half miles west of Troy, in Perry County, Indiana. Here he sold his treacherous boat, and, leaving his remaining property in the care of a settler named Posey, trudged off in search of a "location" in the wilderness. He found a place that he thought would suit him, only sixteen miles from the river. He then turned about, and walked all the way back to Knob Creek, in Kentucky, where he took a fresh start with his wife and children.

"PACKING" TO POSEY'S

This time Thomas Lincoln loaded what little he had left upon two horses, and "packed through

to Posey's." Besides clothing and bedding, the family carried such cooking utensils as would be needed by the way, and would be indispensable when they reached their destination. The stock was not large. It consisted of "one oven and lid, one skillet and lid, and some tinware." They camped out nights, and of course cooked their own food. Thomas Lincoln's skill as a hunter must now have stood him in good stead.

When they got to Posey's, Lincoln hired a wagon, and loading on it the whiskey and other things he had stored there, went on toward the place which has since become famous as the "Lincoln Farm." He was now making his way through an almost untrodden wilderness. There was no road, and for part of the distance not even a foot-trail. He was slightly assisted by a path of a few miles in length, which had been "blazed out" by an earlier settler named Hoskins. But he was obliged to suffer long delays, and to cut out a passage for the wagon with his ax. At length, after many detentions and difficulties, he reached the point where he intended to make his future home. It was situated between the forks of Big Pigeon and Little Pigeon creeks, a mile and a half east of Gentryville, now in Spencer County, a village which grew up afterward, and now numbers several hundred inhabitants. The whole country was covered with a dense forest of oaks, beeches, walnuts, sugar-maples, and nearly all other varieties of trees that flourish in North America. The woods were usually open and devoid of underbrush; the trees were of the largest growth, and beneath their deep shade was spread out a rich greensward. The natural grazing was very good, and

hogs found sustenance in the prodigious quantity of mast. There was occasionally a little glade or prairie set down in the midst of this vast expanse of forest. One of these, not far from the Lincoln place, was a famous resort for deer, and the hunters knew it well for its numerous licks. Upon this prairie the militia musters were had at a later day, and from it the south fork of the Pigeon came finally to be known as the "Prairie Fork."

THE INDIANA HOME

Thomas Lincoln located his dwelling on a gentle hillock having a slope on every side. The spot was very beautiful and the soil was excellent. The selection was wise in every respect but one. There was no water near except what was collected in holes in the ground after a rain, and that was very foul, and had to be strained before using. At a later period we find Abraham and his sister carrying water from a spring situated a mile away. Dennis Hanks asserts that Tom Lincoln "riddled his land like a honeycomb," in search of good water, and was at last sorely tempted to employ a Yankee who came around with a divining-rod, and declared that for the small consideration of five dollars in cash, he would make his rod point to a cool, flowing spring beneath the surface.

Here Thomas Lincoln built "a half-faced camp"—a cabin enclosed on three sides and open on the fourth. It was built, not of logs, but of poles, and was therefore denominated a "camp" to distinguish it from a "cabin." It was about fourteen feet square and had no floor.

In 1817 Thomas Lincoln provided a better shel-

ter for his family by building a log cabin. This second dwelling was a rough log house; the timbers were not hewed; and until after the arrival of Sally Bush, in 1819, it had neither floor, door, nor window. It stood about forty yards from what Dennis Hanks calls that "darned little half-faced camp." It was "right in the bush"—in the heart of a virgin wilderness. There were only seven or eight older settlers in the neighborhood of the two Pigeon creeks. Lincoln had had some previous acquaintance with one of them, a Mr. Thomas Carter; and it is highly probable that nothing but this trivial circumstance induced him to settle here.

In the fall of 1817 Thomas and Betsy Sparrow came out from Kentucky, and took up their abode in the old camp which the Lincolns had just deserted for the cabin. Betsy was the aunt who had raised Nancy Hanks. She had done the same in part for our friend Dennis Hanks, who was the offspring of another sister, and she now brought him with her. Dennis thus became the constant companion of young Abraham; and after all the other members of that family, as originally settled in Indiana, were dead, Dennis became a most important witness as to this period of Abraham Lincoln's life.

SCHOOL AND READING

For some time after the settlement in Indiana, there was no school in that primitive, sparsely settled neighborhood, but when Abraham was eleven years of age there was a school opened in a log shanty about one and a half miles distant from his home, by one Hazel Dorsey—the

term "Hazel," which formed a component part of the teacher's name, being supposed to refer to a species of twig whose use in the rude schoolroom was auxiliary to good scholarship. Andrew Crawford was Abraham's next teacher, his ministrations occurring in the winter of 1822-23, as nearly as can be defined. Finally one Swaney opened a school, pronounced by him *skule,* about five miles from the Lincoln home in 1826, which Lincoln attended for a very short time, and these three schools in Indiana and the two in Kentucky comprise all that he ever attended; the total time consumed (as Lincoln told Swett) being about four months in all. And such schools!

In those days books were rare and his library was small but select. It consisted at first of three volumes, the Bible, Æsop's *Fables,* and *Pilgrim's Progress.* He read and digested them until they were his own. Better books he could not have found in all the universities of Europe, and we begin to understand where he got his moral vision, his precision of English style, and his shrewd humor.

Later he borrowed from a neighbor, Josiah Crawford, a copy of Weems's *Life of Washington.* In lieu of a bookcase he tucked this, one night, into the chinking of the cabin. A rainstorm ruined it, and Lincoln having no money wherewith to repay Crawford for the loss, it was agreed that Abraham should recompense him by pulling fodder for three days.

Still later Abraham had a life of Henry Clay, whom he almost idolized. His one poet was Burns, whom he learned by heart, and ever after ranked next to Shakspeare.

Having no slate, he did his "sums" in the sand

on the ground, or on a wooden shovel, which, after it was covered on both sides, he scraped down so as to erase the work. A note-book is preserved, containing, along with examples in arithmetic, this boyish doggerel:

Abraham Lincoln
his hand and pen.
he will be good, but
god knows When.

The penmanship bears a striking resemblance to that in later life.

THE MOTHER'S DEATH

In 1818 the milk-sickness wrought fatalities in that region. Mr. and Mrs. Sparrow were attacked by it and were removed, for better care, to the home of the Lincolns, where they soon died. Mrs. Lincoln was smitten by the same scourge. There was no doctor to be had, the nearest one being thirty-five miles away, and the mother of the future President did not long survive.

The widowed husband was undertaker. With his own hands he rived the planks, made the coffin, and buried Nancy Hanks, that remarkable woman. There was no pastor, no funeral service. It is said that several months later Abraham "induced a traveling preacher to accompany him to the grave and there" give to the dead mother more solemn rites.

Nancy Hanks Lincoln did her duty lovingly. In later years the nation joined with her son in paying honor to her memory.

THE DESOLATED HOME

The loss of his mother was the first great grief of young Abraham, then not quite ten years old.

The love of reading acquired through her inspiration and help was of itself enough, in his condition, to justify his saying:

"All that I am or hope to be, I owe to my angel mother."

His recollection of her seemed always to be quite clear and vivid, and he ever spoke of her with tenderness and reverence.

What could be done as housekeeper by a girl of twelve, Sarah, Abraham's sister, did for more than a year; but a matron's care was too visibly lacking, and the father decided to ask the help and hand of one he had early known as Sally Bush, then living in widowhood at Elizabethtown, Ky. She had married Daniel Johnston, the jailer, who died leaving three children and a little property.

His widow continued to live at Elizabethtown till December 2, 1819. Thomas Lincoln returned to this place on the first day of December, and inquired for the residence of Widow Johnston. He was not slow to present himself before her, then occurred the following courtship, as related by Samuel Haycraft, clerk of the Court of Hardin County:

"He said to her: 'I am a lone man, and you are a lone woman. I have knowed you from a girl, and you have knowed me from a boy; and I have come all the way from Indiana to ask if you'll marry me right off, as I've no time to lose.'

"To which she replied: 'Tommy Lincoln, I have no objection to marrying you, but I cannot do it right off, for I owe several little debts which must first be paid.'

"The gallant man promptly said: 'Give me a list of your debts.'

"The list was furnished, and the debts were paid the same evening. The next morning, December 2, 1819, I issued the license, and the same day they were married, bundled up, and started for home."

THE NEW MOTHER

Mrs. Johnston has been called a "poor widow," but she possessed goods which, in the eyes of Tom Lincoln, were almost of unparalleled magnificence. Among other things, she had a bureau that cost forty dollars; and he informed her, on their arrival in Indiana, that, in his deliberate opinion, it was little less than sinful to be the owner of such a thing. He demanded that she should turn it into cash, which she positively refused to do. She had quite a lot of other articles, however, which he thought well enough in their way, and some of which were sadly needed in his miserable cabin in the wilds of Indiana. Dennis Hanks speaks with great rapture of the "large supply of household goods" which she brought out with her. There was "one fine bureau, one table, one set of chairs, one large clothes-chest, cooking utensils, knives, forks, bedding, and other articles." It was a glorious day for little Abe and Sarah and Dennis when this wondrous collection of rich furniture arrived in the Pigeon Creek settlement. But all this wealth required extraordinary means of transportation; and Lincoln had recourse to his brother-in-law, Ralph Krume, who lived just over the line, in Breckinridge County. Krume came with a four-horse team, and moved Mrs. Johnston, now Mrs. Lincoln, with her family and effects, to the home of her new husband in Indiana. Mrs. Lincoln's own goods furnished

the cabin with tolerable decency. She made Lincoln put down a floor, and hang windows and doors. It was in the depth of winter; and the children, as they nestled in the warm beds she provided them, enjoying the strange luxury of security from the cold winds of December, must have thanked her from the bottoms of their newly comforted hearts. She had brought a son and two daughters of her own—John, Sarah, and Matilda; but little Abe and his sister, the ragged and hapless little strangers to her brood, were given an equal place in her affections. They were half naked, and she clad them from the stores of clothing she had laid up for her own. They were dirty, and she washed them; they had been ill-used, and she treated them with motherly tenderness. In her own modest language, she "made them look a little more human." "In fact," says Dennis Hanks, "in a few weeks all had changed; and where everything was wanting, now all was snug and comfortable. She was a woman of great energy, of remarkable good sense, very industrious and saving, and also very neat and tidy in her person and manners, and knew exactly how to manage children. She took an especial liking to young Abe. Her love for him was warmly returned, and continued to the day of his death. But few children love their parents as he loved his stepmother. She soon dressed him up in entire new clothes, and from that time on he appeared to lead a new life. He was encouraged by her to study, and any wish on his part was gratified when it could be done. The two sets of children got along finely together, as if they had all been the children of the same parents."

Says a biographer of Lincoln: "The influence upon the growing lad of two such women as Nancy Hanks and Sally Bush was worth more than that of the best-appointed college in all the land."

GROWTH IN STATURE AND MIND

The boy grew into youth, and he grew very fast. While still in his teens he reached the full stature of his manhood, six feet and four inches. His strength was astonishing, and many stories were told of this and subsequent periods to illustrate his physical prowess. Like his father, it is said, he was usually victorious in muscular contests.

During the period of his growth into youth he spent much of his time in reading, talking, and, after a fashion, making speeches. He also did some writing, and his political writings won great admiration from his neighbors. He occasionally wrote satires which, while not refined, were very stinging. This would not be worth mentioning were it not for the fact that it shows that from boyhood he knew the force of this formidable weapon which later he used with so much skill. The country store furnished the frontier substitute for the club, and there the men were wont to congregate. Young Lincoln was the life of the gatherings, being an expert story-teller and having a plentiful supply of humorous anecdotes. His speech-making proved so attractive that his father was forced to forbid him to practice it during working hours because the men would always leave their work to listen to him.

During these years he had no regular employ-

ment, but did odd jobs wherever he got a chance. At one time he worked on a ferryboat for 37½ cents a day.

STIRRED BY AN ORATOR

When sixteen years old, Lincoln had his first lesson in oratory. He attended court at Boonville, county-seat of Warrick County, and heard a case in which one of the aristocratic Breckinridges of Kentucky was attorney for the defence. The power of his oratory was a revelation to the lad. At its conclusion the awkward, ill-dressed, bashful, but enthusiastic young Lincoln pressed forward to offer his congratulations and thanks to the eloquent lawyer, who haughtily brushed by him without accepting the proffered hand. In later years the men met again, this time in the White House. The President reminded Breckinridge of the incident, which the latter had no desire to recall.

FLATBOATMAN

When about nineteen years old, Lincoln made his first voyage down the Ohio and Mississippi rivers. Two incidents are worth recording of this trip. The purpose was to find, in New Orleans, a market for produce, which was simply floated down stream on a flatboat. The crew consisted of himself and young Gentry, son of James Gentry, Lincoln's employer for this undertaking.

Near Baton Rouge they had tied up for the night in accordance with the custom of flatboat navigation. It is said that in the night they were

awakened by a gang of seven ruffian negroes who had come aboard to loot the stuff. Lincoln shouted, "Who's there?" Receiving no reply, he seized a handspike and beat off the intruders; then the boatmen loosed their craft and floated safely to their destination.

The goods were sold profitably at New Orleans, and the return trip was made by steamboat. The steamboats then used on the Ohio and Mississippi rivers were primitive affairs, awkward and slow, and subject to frequent boiler-explosions. Without further mishap, however, Lincoln and Gentry duly reached home after their successful expedition.

THE STEPMOTHER'S TRIBUTE

As Lincoln was now nearing his majority, this is a fitting place to present the testimony of Sally Bush, his stepmother, concerning him. "Abe," she tells us, "was a good boy, and I can say what scarcely one woman—a mother—can say in a thousand: Abe never gave me a cross word or look, and never refused, in fact or appearance, to do anything I requested him. I never gave him a cross word in all my life. . . . He was a dutiful son to me always. I think he loved me truly. I had a son John, who was raised with Abe. Both were good boys; but I must say, both being now dead, that Abe was the best boy I ever saw, or expect to see."

THE BOY WAS FATHER OF THE MAN

Lincoln came into the estate of manhood morally clean. He had formed no habits that would cause years of struggle to overcome, he had com-

mitted no deed that would bring the blush of shame to his cheek, he was as free from vice as from crime. He was not profane, was no brawler, never gambled, and he was honest and truthful. He had a genius for making friends, and was the centre of his social circle. Without a thought of the great responsibilities awaiting him, he had thus far fitted himself well for the future by his faithfulness in such duties as fell to him.

HOME-MADE WRITING MATERIALS; WEBSTER'S "SPELLER"; "ARABIAN NIGHTS"

As to the material with which Lincoln learned to write, "Uncle" Dennis says: "Sometimes he would write with a piece of charcoal, or the p'int of a burnt stick, on the fence or floor. We got a little paper at the country town, and I made ink out of blackberry brier-root and a little copperas in it. It was black, but the copperas would eat the paper after a while. I made his first pen out of a turkey-buzzard feather. We had no geese them days. After he learned to write he was scratchin' his name everywhere; sometimes he would write it on the white sand down by the crick bank, and leave it till the waves would blot it out.

"His first reading-book was Webster's 'Speller.' Then he got hold of a book—I can't ricollect the name. It told a yarn about a feller, a nigger or suthin', that sailed a flatboat up to a rock, and the rock was magnetized and drawed the nails out of his boat, an' he got a duckin', or drownded, or suthin', I forget now. [It was the *Arabian Nights.*] Abe would lay on the floor with a

chair under his head, and laugh over them stories by the hour. I told him they was likely lies from end to end; but he learned to read right well in them."

A SCHOOL OF MANNERS

One of Lincoln's teachers, Andrew Crawford, taught "manners" in his school—a new feature of backwoods education. According to Lamon, one of the scholars was required to retire, and re-enter as a polite gentleman is supposed to enter a drawing-room. He was received at the door by another scholar, and conducted from bench to bench, till he had been introduced to all the "young ladies and gentlemen" in the room. Abe went through the ordeal many times. If he took a serious view of the business, it must have put him to exquisite torture; for he was conscious that he was not a perfect type of manly beauty, with his long legs and blue shins, his small head, his great ears, and shriveled skin. If, however, it struck him as at all funny, it must have filled him with unspeakable mirth, and given rise to many antics, tricks, and sly jokes, as he was gravely led about, shamefaced and gawky, under the very eye of the precise Crawford, to be introduced to the boys and girls of his most ancient acquaintance.

But, though Crawford inculcated manners, he by no means neglected spelling. Abe was a good speller, and liked to use his knowledge, not only to secure honors for himself, but to help his less fortunate schoolmates out of their troubles, and he was exceedingly ingenious in the selection of expedients for conveying prohibited hints. One day Crawford gave out the difficult

word *defied*. A large class was on the floor, but they all provokingly failed to spell it. D-e-f-i-d-e, said one; d-e-f-y-d-e, said another; d-e-f-y-d, d-e-f-y-e-d, cried another and another. But it was all wrong; it was shameful, that, among all these big boys and girls, nobody could spell "defied"; and Crawford's wrath gathered in clouds over his terrible brow. He made the helpless culprits shake with fear. He declared he would keep the whole class in all day and all night if *"defied"* was not spelled. There was among them a Miss Roby, a girl fifteen years of age, whom we must suppose to have been pretty, for Abe was evidently half in love with her. "I saw Lincoln at the window," says she. "He had his finger in his eye, and a smile on his face; I instantly took the hint, that I must change the letter *y* into an *i*. Hence I spelled the word—the class let out. I felt grateful to Lincoln for this simple thing."

LINCOLN AS A STRONG MAN

"Abe," we are told, "had now become not only the longest, but also the strongest, man in the settlement." Some of his reported feats almost surpass belief, and those who beheld them with their own eyes stood amazed. Richardson, a neighbor, declares that he could carry a load to which the strength of "three ordinary men" would scarcely be equal. He saw him quietly pick up and walk away with "a chicken-house, made up of poles pinned together, and covered, that weighed at least six hundred, if not much more." At another time the Richardsons were building a corn-crib; Abe was there, and, seeing

three or four men preparing "sticks" upon which to carry some huge posts, he relieved them of all further trouble by shouldering the posts, single-handed, and walking away with them to the place where they were wanted. "He could strike with a maul," says old Mr. Wood, "a heavier blow than any man. He could sink an ax deeper into wood than any man I ever saw."

MAN-OF-ALL-WORK

In 1825 Abraham was employed by James Taylor, who lived at the mouth of Anderson's Creek. He was paid six dollars a month, and remained for nine months. His principal business was the management of a ferry-boat which Mr. Taylor had plying across the Ohio, as well as Anderson's Creek. But, in addition to this, he was required to do all sorts of farm work, and even to perform some menial services about the house. He was hostler, ploughman and ferryman, and man-of-all-work. He ground corn with a hand-mill, or "grated" it when too young to be ground; rose early, built fires, put on the water in the kitchen, "fixed around generally," and had things prepared for cooking before the mistress of the house was stirring. He slept up-stairs with young Green Taylor, who says that he usually read "till near midnight," notwithstanding the necessity for being out of his bed before day. Green was somewhat disposed to ill-use the poor hired boy, and once struck him with an ear of hard corn, and cut a deep gash over his eye. He makes no comment upon this ungenerous act, except that "Abe got mad," but did not thrash him.

ABE OPPOSES CRUELTY TO ANIMALS

While in Crawford's school, the lad made his first essay in writing compositions. The exercise was not required by the teacher, but "he took it up on his own account." He first wrote short sentences against "cruelty to animals," and at last came forward with a regular composition on the subject. He was very much annoyed and pained by the conduct of the boys, who were in the habit of catching terrapins and putting coals of fire on their backs. "He would chide us," says Nat Grigsby, "tell us it was wrong, and would write against it."

One day his stepbrother, John D. Johnston, "caught a terrapin, and brought it to the place where Abe was 'preaching,' threw it against the tree, and crushed the shell. It suffered much, quivered all over. Abe then preached against cruelty to animals, contending that an ant's life was as sweet to it as ours to us."

DEATH OF LINCOLN'S SISTER

Abraham's sister Sarah was warmly attached to her brother. "It is said that her face somewhat resembled his. In repose it had the gravity which they both, perhaps, inherited from their mother, but it was capable of being lighted almost into beauty by one of Abe's ridiculous stories or rapturous sallies of humor. She was a modest, plain, industrious girl, and is kindly remembered by all who knew her. She was married to Aaron Grigsby at eighteen, and died a year after. Like Abe, she occasionally worked out at the houses of the neighbors. She lies buried, not with her mother, but in the yard of the old Pigeon Creek meeting-house."

CHAPTER IV

Early Life in Illinois: Laborer and Storekeeper

THE continued prevalence of the milk-sickness, with which Nancy Hanks, the Sparrows, and others had died, was more than a sufficient reason for a new removal, now in contemplation by Thomas Lincoln. From the first settlement in Indiana, every member of his family, except perhaps Abe and himself, had suffered with it. The cattle, which, it is true, were of little pecuniary value, and raised with great ease and little cost, were swept away by it in great numbers throughout the whole neighborhood. It was an awful scourge, and common prudence suggested flight. It is wonderful that it took a constitutional mover thirteen years to make up his mind to escape from it.

Dennis Hanks explained the removal as follows:

"What made Thomas Lincoln leave? The reason is this: We were perplexed by a disease called milk-sick. I myself being the oldest, I was determined to leave, and hunt a country where the milk-sick was not. I married his eldest daughter. I sold out, and they concluded to go with me. I was tolerably popular at that time, for I had some money. My wife's mother could not think of parting with her, and we ripped up stakes, and started to Illinois, and landed at Decatur. This is the reason for leaving Indiana. I am to blame for it, if any. As for getting more

land, this was not the case, for we could have entered ten thousand acres of the best land. When we left, it was on account of the milk. I had four good milch cows, too, with it in one week, and eleven young calves. This was enough to run me. Besides, liked to have lossed my own life with it. This reason was enough (ain't it?) for leaving."

THE ILLINOIS HOME

In the spring of 1830, before the winter had fairly broken up, Thomas Lincoln and Abe, Dennis Hanks, and Levi Hall, like Dennis, second cousin to Abe, with their respective families—thirteen persons in all—took the road for Illinois. Dennis and Levi were married to the daughters of Mrs. Lincoln. Hall had one son, and Dennis a considerable family of sons and daughters.

Nancy Lincoln's cousin John Hanks had gone to the new country in the fall of 1828, and settled near Decatur, whence he wrote Thomas Lincoln all about it, and advised him to come there. Dennis, whether because of the persuasions of John, or some observations made in a flying trip on his own account, was very full of the move, and would hear of no delay. Lincoln sold his farm to Gentry, senior, if, indeed, he had not done so before, and his corn and hogs to Dave Turnham. The corn brought only ten cents a bushel, and, according to the price-list furnished by Dennis Hanks, the stock must have gone at figures equally mean.

Lincoln took with him to Illinois "some stock-cattle, one horse, one bureau, one table, one clothes-chest, one set of chairs, cooking utensils,

clothing," etc. The goods of the three families—Hanks, Hall, and Lincoln—were loaded on a wagon belonging to Lincoln. This wagon was "ironed," a noticeable fact in those primitive days, and "was positively the first one that he ever owned." It was drawn by four yoke of oxen—two of them Lincoln's and two of them Hanks's.

We have no particulars of the journey, except that Abe held the "gad" and drove the team; that the mud was very deep, that the spring freshets were abroad, and that in crossing the swollen and tumultuous Kaskaskia, the wagon and oxen were nearly swept away. On the first day of March, 1830, after fifteen days' tedious and heavy travel, they arrived at John Hanks's house, four miles northwest of Decatur. Lincoln settled (if anything he did may be called settling) at a point ten miles west of Decatur. Here John Hanks had cut some logs in 1829, which he now gave to Lincoln to build a house with. With the aid of John, Dennis, Abe, and Hall, a house was erected on a small bluff, on the north bank of the north fork of the Sangamon. Abe and John took the four yoke of oxen and "broke up" fifteen acres of land, and then split rails enough to fence it in.

LEAVING FATHER AND MOTHER

Abe was now over twenty-one. He had done something more than his duty by his father; and as that worthy was now again placed in a situation where he might do well if he chose, Abe came to the conclusion that it was time for him to begin life on his own account. It must have cost him some pain to leave his good stepmother; but beyond that, all the old ties were probably broken

without a single regret. From the moment he was a free man, foot-loose, able to go where, and to do what, he pleased, his success in those things which lay nearest his heart—public and social preferment—was astonishing to himself as well as to others.

Abe left the Lincoln family late in March, or early in April, 1830. He did not go far away, but took jobs wherever he could get them, showing that he had separated himself from the family, not merely to rove, but to labor, and be an independent man. He made no engagement of a permanent character during this summer: his work was all done "by the job." All this while he clung close to John Hanks, and either worked where he did, or not far away. In the winter following, he was employed by a Major Warrick to make rails, and walked daily three miles to his work, and three miles back again.

DEATH OF THOMAS LINCOLN

Thomas Lincoln, after Abraham left him, moved at least three times in search of a "healthy" location, and finally got himself fixed near Goose Nest Prairie, in Coles County, where he died of a disease of the kidneys, in 1851, at the age of seventy-three. The little farm (forty acres) upon which his days were ended, he had, with his usual improvidence, mortgaged to the School Commissioners for two hundred dollars—its full value. Induced by love for his stepmother, Abraham had paid the debt and taken a deed for the land, "with a reservation of a life-estate therein, to them, or the survivor of them." At the same time (1841), he gave a helping hand

to John D. Johnston. This he did by binding himself to convey the land to him, or his heirs, after the death of "Thomas Lincoln and his wife," upon payment of the two hundred dollars, which was really advanced to save John's mother from utter penury. No matter how much the land might appreciate in value, John was to have it upon these terms, and no interest was to be paid by him, "except after the death of the survivor, as aforesaid." This, to be sure, was a great bargain for John, but he made haste to assign his bond to another person for "fifty dollars paid in hand."

As soon as Abraham got a little up in the world, he began to send his stepmother money, and he continued to do so till his own death; but it is said to have "done her no good," for it only served to tempt certain persons about her, and with whom she shared it, to continue in a life of idleness. At the close of the Black Hawk War, Lincoln went to see them for a few days, and afterward, when a young lawyer, making the circuits with the courts, he visited them whenever the necessities of his practice brought him to their neighborhood. He did his best to serve Mrs. Lincoln and her son John, but took little notice of his father, although he wrote him an exhortation to believe in God when he thought he was on his death-bed.

AGAIN TO NEW ORLEANS

In February, 1831, one Denton Offutt wanted to engage John Hanks to take a flatboat to New Orleans. John was not well disposed to the business; but Offutt came to the house, and would

take no denial; made much of John's fame as a river-man, and at length persuaded him to present the matter to Abe and John D. Johnston. He did so. The three friends discussed the question with great earnestness: it was no slight affair to them, for they were all young and poor. At length they agreed to Offutt's proposition, and that agreement was the turning-point in Abe's career. They were each to receive fifty cents a day, and the round sum of sixty dollars divided among them for making the trip. These were wages such as Abe had never received before, and might have tempted him to a much more difficult enterprise. When he went with Gentry his pay was much smaller, and he had no such company and assistance as he was to have now. But Offutt, who is described as "a bibulous, devil-may-care sort of person," was lavish with his money, and generous bargains like this ruined him a little while after.

In March, Hanks, Johnston, and Lincoln went down the Sangamon in a canoe to Jamestown (then Judy's Ferry), five miles east of Springfield. Thence they walked to Springfield, and found Mr. Offutt comforting himself at "Elliott's tavern in Old Town." He had contracted to have a boat ready at the mouth of Spring Creek, but, not looking after it himself, was, of course, "disappointed." There was only one way out of the trouble: the three hands must build a boat. They went to the mouth of Spring Creek, five miles north of Springfield, and there consumed two weeks cutting the timber from "Congress land." In the mean time, Abe walked back to Judy's Ferry, by way of Springfield, and brought down the canoe which they had left at the former place.

The timber was hewed and scored, and then "rafted down to Sangamontown." At the mouth of Spring Creek they had been compelled to walk a full mile for their meals; but at Sangamontown they built a shanty and boarded themselves. "Abe was elected cook," and performed the duties of the office much to the satisfaction of the party. The lumber was sawed at Kirkpatrick's mill, a mile and a half from the shanty. Laboring under many disadvantages like this, they managed to complete and launch the boat in about four weeks from the time of beginning.

Offutt was with the party at this point. He was a Whig, and so was Abe; but Abe could not hear Jackson wrongfully abused, especially where a lie and malice did the abuse. Out of this difference arose some disputes, which served to enliven the camp, as well as to arouse Abe's ire, and keep him in practice in the way of debate.

In those days Abe, as usual, is described as being "funny, jokey, full of yarns, stories, and rigs"; as being "long, tall, and green," "frequently quoting poetry," and "reciting proselike orations." They had their own amusements.

Loaded with barrel-pork, hogs, and corn, the boat set out from Sangamontown as soon as finished. Offutt was on board to act as his own merchant, intending to pick up additions to his cargo along the banks of the two Illinois rivers down which he was about to pass. On April 19 they arrived at New Salem, a little village destined to be the scene of six eventful years of Lincoln's life, which immediately followed the conclusion of the present trip. Here the boat stuck on the mill-dam that crossed the Sangamon.

Offutt declared that when he got back from New Orleans, he would build a steamboat for the navigation of the Sangamon, and make Abe captain; he would build it with runners for ice, and rollers for shoals and dams, for with "Abe in command, by thunder, she'd have to go."

From this point they sped very rapidly down the Sangamon and the Illinois. Having constructed curious-looking sails of plank, "and sometimes cloth," they were a "sight to see," as they "rushed through Beardstown," where "the people came out and laughed at them." They swept by Alton and Cairo, and other considerable places, without tying up, but stopped at Memphis, Vicksburg, and Natchez.

SHOCKED BY SLAVERY

In due time they arrived at New Orleans. "There it was," says John Hanks, "we saw negroes chained, maltreated, whipped, and scourged. Lincoln saw it; his heart bled; said nothing much; was silent from feeling; was sad, looked bad, felt bad; was thoughtful and abstracted. I can say, knowing it, that it was on this trip that he formed his opinions of slavery. It run its iron in him then and there—May, 1831. I have heard him say so often and often."

JOHN AND ABE

Abe never worked again in company with his friend and relative, good old John Hanks. Here their paths separated: Abe's began to ascend the heights, while John's continued along the common level. They were in the Black Hawk War

during the same campaign, but not in the same division. But they corresponded, and from 1833 met at least once a year, till Abe was elected President. Then Abe, delighting to honor those of his relatives who were worthy of it, invited John to go with him to see his stepmother. John also went to the inauguration at Washington, and tells, with pardonable pride, how he "was in his [Abe's] rooms several times." He then retired to his old home in Macon County, until the assassination and the great funeral, when he came to Springfield to look in the blackened face of his old friend, and witness the last ceremonies of his splendid burial.

AT NEW SALEM

When Denton Offutt's boat arrived there, New Salem was in the second year of its existence, and had then quite a population. So notable and unusual an occurrence as a flatboat, and especially one fast on their mill-dam, aroused the curiosity of the citizens, and brought the entire hamlet to the river banks, where Lincoln, in the rôle of commander, was the most conspicuous object. So he was not forgotten, when, in August thereafter, he walked into the town with a bundle in a handkerchief slung across his shoulder, and joined the little knot of idlers sitting on the shady side of Hill's store. He opened out his Pandora's box of jokes, affiliated with the crowd at once, and, "as the setting sun cast his lengthened shadow athwart the little village, it showed no sign of his parting from them."

Lincoln gave no intimation as to what brought him there, but soon endeared himself to all by

exhibiting great muscular strength, *bonhomie,* and his propensity to entertain by anecdote.

The country about New Salem was not very important in a commercial sense, but in the village were four "general stores"—stores in which almost everything needed in such a community was kept for sale. The town flourished—at least, survived—about through the period that Lincoln dwelt there, after which it disappeared. Lincoln was ready to take any work that would get him a living. The success of the expedition to New Orleans had won the admiration of Offutt, who gave Lincoln a clerkship in his store.

A WRESTLING MATCH

Offutt's admiration of the young clerk did him credit, but his voluble expression of it was not judicious. He bragged that Lincoln was smart enough to be President, and that he could run faster, jump higher, throw farther, and "wrastle" better than any man in the country. In the neighborhood was a gang of rowdies, kind at heart but very rough, known as "the Clary's Grove boys." They put up a giant, Jack Armstrong, as their champion against Abe, and arranged a "wrastling" match. When Lincoln seemed to be getting the better of his antagonist, the "boys" crowded in and interfered, while Armstrong attempted a foul. Lincoln was furious. Putting forth all his strength he lifted Jack up and shook him as a terrier shakes a rat. The crowd set out to mob Abe, who backed up against a wall and awaited the onset. Armstrong was the first to recover his good sense. Exclaiming, "Boys, Abe Lincoln's the best fellow that

ever broke into the settlement," he held out his hand to Lincoln, who received it with perfect good nature. From that day these boys never lost their admiration for him.

"KEEPING STORE"

Some anecdotes connected with his work in the store are worth preserving because they illustrate traits of his character. He once sold a half-pound of tea to a customer. The next morning, as he was tidying up the store, he saw, by the weights which remained in the scales, that he had inadvertently given her four, instead of eight, ounces. He instantly weighed out the balance and carried it to her, not waiting for his breakfast.

At another time, when he counted up his cash at night, he discovered that he had charged a customer an excess of six and a quarter cents. He closed up the store at once and walked to the home of the customer and returned the money.

One incident illustrates his chivalry. While he was waiting upon some women, a ruffian came into the store using vulgar language. Lincoln asked him to desist, but he became more abusive than ever. After the women had gone, Lincoln took him out of the store, threw him on the ground, rubbed smartweed in his face and eyes till he howled for mercy, and then he gave the fellow a lecture that did him more good than a volume of Chesterfield's letters would have done.

Some time after Offutt's store had "winked out," while Lincoln was looking for employment there came a chance to buy a half-interest in another store, the other half being owned by an

idle, dissolute fellow named Berry, who ultimately drank himself into his grave. Later, another opening came in the following way: The store of one Radford had been wrecked by the horse-play of a party of ruffians, and the lot was bought by a Mr. Greene for four hundred dollars. He employed Lincoln to make an invoice of the goods and he in turn offered Greene two hundred and fifty dollars for the bargain and the offer was accepted. But that was not the last investment. The fourth and only remaining store in the hamlet was owned by one Rutledge. This also was bought out by the firm of Berry & Lincoln. Thus they came to have the monopoly of the mercantile business in the hamlet of New Salem.

PROMISSORY NOTES

In all these transactions not a dollar in money changed hands. Men bought with promissory notes and sold for the same consideration. The mercantile venture was not successful. Berry was drinking and loafing, and Lincoln, who did not work as faithfully for himself as for another, was usually reading or telling stories. So when a couple of strangers, Trent by name, offered to buy out the store, the offer was accepted and more promissory notes changed hands. About the time these last notes came due, the Trent brothers disappeared between two days. Then Berry died.

Lincoln was left with an assortment of promissory notes. With one exception his creditors told him to pay when he was able. He promised to put all of his earnings, in excess of modest living expenses, into the payment of these obligations.

It was the burden of many years and he always called it "the national debt." But he kept his word, paying both principal and the high rate of interest till 1848. Then after fifteen years, when a member of Congress, he paid the last cent.

His only further experience in navigation was the piloting of a Cincinnati steamboat up the Sangamon River (during the high water in springtime), to show that that stream was navigable. Nothing came of it, however, and Springfield was never made the head of navigation, as some had hoped to see it become.

HOW HE SAVED A DOG

One day, when the Lincoln family were on the journey to their Illinois home, Abraham performed a characteristic act that shows his tenderness of heart. It is related by William H. Herndon. Lincoln said the ground had not yet yielded up the frosts of winter; that during the day the roads would thaw out on the surface, and at night freeze over again, thus making traveling, especially with oxen, painfully slow and tiresome. There were, of course, no bridges, and the party were consequently driven to ford the streams, unless by a circuitous route they could avoid them. In the early part of the day the latter were also frozen slightly, and the oxen would break through a square yard of thin ice at every step. Among other things which the party brought with them was a pet dog, which trotted along after the wagon. One day the little fellow fell behind and failed to catch up until after they had crossed the stream. Missing him, they

looked back, and there on the opposite bank he stood, whining and jumping about in great distress. The water was running over the broken edges of the ice, and the poor animal was afraid to cross. It would not pay to turn the oxen and wagon back to ford the stream again in order to recover a dog, so the majority, in their anxiety to move forward, decided to go on without him.

"But I could not endure the idea of abandoning even a dog," said Lincoln. "Pulling off shoes and socks, I waded across the stream and triumphantly returned with the shivering animal under my arm. His frantic leaps of joy and other evidences of a dog's gratitude amply repaid me for all the exposure I had undergone."

THE RAIL-SPLITTER'S JEANS

According to George Close, the partner of Lincoln in the rail-splitting business, who is cited by William D. Howells, Lincoln was at this time a farm laborer, working from day to day, for different people, chopping wood, mauling rails, or doing whatever was to be done. The country was poor, and hard work was the common lot; the heaviest share fell to young unmarried men, with whom it was a continual struggle to earn a livelihood. Lincoln and Close made about one thousand rails together for James Hawks and William Miller, receiving their pay in homespun clothing. Lincoln's bargain with Miller's wife was that he should have one yard of brown jeans (richly dyed with walnut bark) for every four hundred rails made, until he should have enough for a pair of trousers. As Lincoln was already of great altitude, the number of rails that went

to the acquirement of his pantaloons was necessarily immense.

"THE BIG SNOW"

The new settlers did indeed escape the milk-sickness, but they encountered a disease which was nearly as bad. The fall of 1830 was an unusually severe season for chills and fever, and Thomas and his family were so sorely afflicted with it as to become thoroughly discouraged. Their sorry little cabin presented a melancholy sight: the father and mother both shaking at once, and the married daughter, who came to minister to their sufferings, not much better off. So terribly did they suffer that the father vowed a vow that as soon as he got able to travel he would *"git out o' thar!"*

The winter season came on and was one of "ethereal mildness" up to Christmas, when a terrible and persistent snowstorm set in, and lasted without intermission for forty-eight hours, leaving between three and four feet on the ground on the level, a depth never attained before nor since, and remaining so for over two months. Its effect upon the rural districts was disastrous: the wheat crops were totally ruined; cattle, hogs, and even horses perished; all sorts of provisions gave out. There was no means of getting help from abroad. In some places teams would bear up on the crust of the snow; in others, there was no road communication at all, and athletic men would be compelled to journey on foot to neighbors for food. Many perished on the prairie from cold. Some even perished in their houses from hunger. Selfishness was banished by the common calamity.

Charity was universal; the people in the whole interior district of the State were made kin by that one touch of nature—"the big snow."

WRESTLING WITH NEEDHAM

Sometime in June, 1831, Offutt's party, returning from the South, took passage on a steamboat going up the Mississippi, and remained together till they reached St. Louis, where Offutt left the others, and Abe, Hanks, and Johnston started on foot for the interior of Illinois. At Edwardsville, twenty-five miles out, Hanks took the road to Springfield, and Abe and Johnston took that to Coles County, where Tom Lincoln had moved since Abraham's departure from home.

Scarcely had Abe reached Coles County, and begun to think what next to turn his hand to, when he received a visit from a famous wrestler, one Daniel Needham, who regarded him as a growing rival, and had a fancy to try him a fall or two. He considered himself "the best man" in the county, and the report of Abe's achievements filled his big breast with envious pains. His greeting was friendly and hearty, but his challenge was rough and peremptory. Abe met him by public appointment in the "greenwood," at Wabash Point, where he threw his antagonist twice, with such ease that Needham's pride was more hurt than his body.

"Lincoln," said he, "you have thrown me twice, but you can't whip me." "Needham," replied Abe, "are you satisfied that I can throw you? If you are not, and must be convinced through a thrashing, I will do that, too, for your sake." Needham surrendered with such grace as he could command.

INTRODUCTION TO SHAKESPEARE AND BURNS

There lived at New Salem at this time, and for some years afterward, a festive gentleman named Kelso, a school-teacher, a merchant, or a vagabond, according to the run of his somewhat variable "luck." When other people got drunk at New Salem, it was the usual custom to tussle and fight, and tramp each other's toes, and pull each other's noses; but when Kelso got drunk, he astonished the rustic community with copious quotations from Robert Burns and William Shakespeare—authors little known among the literary men of New Salem.

Besides Shakespeare and Burns, Kelso was likewise very fond of fishing, and could catch his game when no other man could "get a bite." Lincoln hated fishing with all his heart. But it is the testimony of the countryside, from Petersburg to Island Grove, that Kelso "drew Lincoln after him by his talk"; that they became exceedingly intimate; that they loitered away whole days together, along the banks of the quiet streams; that Lincoln learned to love our "divine William" and "Scotia's bard." Finally he and Kelso boarded at the same place.

Kelso disappeared suddenly from New Salem. A few faint traces of him have been found in Missouri, and but for the humble boy to whom he was once a gentle master, no human being would now bestow a thought upon his name. In short, as Lincoln himself said, Kelso literally "petered out."

CHAPTER V

Soldier, Postmaster, and Surveyor

Abraham Lincoln had grown rapidly in favor with the people in and around New Salem. He was decidedly the most popular man that ever lived there. He could do more to quell a riot, compromise a feud, and keep peace among the neighbors generally, than any one else; and these were services most agreeable for him to perform.

HOW HE STUDIED

His storekeeping duties did not require the whole of his time. While in the employ of Offutt, hands being scarce, Abe turned in and cut down trees, and split enough rails for Offutt to make a pen sufficiently large to contain a thousand hogs. Here was a fine opportunity to remedy some of the defects in his education. He could read, write, and cipher as well as most men; but as his popularity was growing daily, and his ambition keeping pace, he feared that he might soon be called to act in some public capacity which would require him to speak his own language with some regard to the rules of grammar—of which, according to his own confession, he knew nothing at all. He carried his troubles to Mr. Graham, the schoolmaster, saying, "I have a notion to study English grammar." "If you expect to go before the public in any capacity," replied Mr. Graham, "I think it the best thing you can

do." "If I had a grammar," replied Abe, "I would commence now." There was no grammar to be had about New Salem; but the schoolmaster, having kept the run of that species of property, gladdened Abe's heart by telling him that he knew where there was one. Abe rose from the breakfast at which he was sitting, and learning that the book was at Vaner's, only six miles distant, set off after it as hard as he could tramp. He soon returned and announced, with great pleasure, that he had it. "He then turned his immediate and most undivided attention" to the study of it. Sometimes he would lie under a shade-tree in front of the store, and pore over the book; at other times a customer would find him stretched on the counter intently engaged in the same way. But the store was a bad place for study; and he was often seen quietly slipping out of the village, as if he wished to avoid observation, when, if successful in getting off alone, he would spend hours in the woods, "mastering a book," or in a state of profound abstraction. He continued the habit of sitting up late at night; but, as lights were as necessary to his purpose as they were expensive, the village cooper permitted him to sit in his shop, where he burnt the shavings, and kept a blazing fire to read by, when every one else was in bed. His friends the Greenes lent him books; the schoolmaster gave him instructions in the store, on the road, or in the meadows: every visitor to New Salem who made the least pretension to scholarship was waylaid by Abe, and required to explain something which he could not understand. The result of it all was, that the village and the surrounding country wondered at his growth in knowledge,

and he soon became as famous for the goodness of his understanding as for the muscular power of his body, and the unfailing humor of his talk.

THE BLACK HAWK WAR

In 1831 the Black Hawk War broke out, and the following year saw Lincoln enlisted in a company from Sangamon. Notwithstanding his want of military experience, he had been elected captain of a militia company on the occasion of a muster at Clary's Grove the fall before, and now his friends put him up for the captaincy of this company about to enter active service. William Kirkpatrick, the candidate against him, made a poor showing. Lincoln, it is said, had once worked for Kirkpatrick, and suffered some indignities at his hands. However this may have been, when Lincoln had distanced Kirkpatrick, and was chosen his captain by the suffrages of men who had been intimate with the other long before they had ever heard of Abe, he spoke of Kirkpatrick spitefully, referred in no gentle terms to some old dispute, and said, "I'll be damned but I've beat him!"

Troops rendezvoused at Beardstown and Rushville were formed into four regiments and a spy battalion. Captain Lincoln's company was attached to the regiment of Colonel Samuel Thompson. The whole force was placed under the command of General Whiteside.

THE CAPTAIN FACES HIS MEN

In "this so-called war, replete with wild incidents and some massacre," Lincoln, hampered, as were other officers, by want of discipline

among the recruits, faithfully performed his part, figuring creditably in some exciting episodes.

One day, during the many marches and countermarches, an old Indian found his way into the camp, weary, hungry, and helpless. He professed to be a friend of the whites; and, although it was an exceedingly perilous experiment for one of his race, he ventured to throw himself upon the mercy of the soldiers. But the men first murmured, and then broke out into fierce cries for his blood. "We have come out to fight the Indians," said they, "and by God we intend to do it!" The poor Indian threw down before his assailants a soiled and crumpled paper, which he implored them to read before his life was taken. It was a letter of character and safe-conduct from General Cass, pronouncing him a faithful man, who had done good service in the cause for which this army was enlisted. But it was too late: the men refused to read it, or thought it a forgery, and were rushing with fury upon the defenceless old savage, when Captain Lincoln bounded between them and their appointed victim. "Men," said he, and his voice for a moment stilled the agitation around him, *"this must not be done: he must not be shot and killed by us."* "But," said some of them, "the Indian is a damned spy." Lincoln knew that his own life was now in only less danger than that of the poor creature that crouched behind him, but his firmness subdued most of the turbulent men. One of them, however, a little bolder than the rest, but evidently feeling that he spoke for the whole, cried out, "This is cowardly on your part, Lincoln!" Whereupon the tall Captain looked down con-

temptuously upon these "soldiers" who would have murdered a defenceless old Indian. "If any man thinks I am a coward, let him test it," said he. "Lincoln," responded a new voice, "you are larger and heavier than we are." "This you can guard against: choose your weapons," returned the Captain. There was no more disaffection in Lincoln's camp, and the word "coward" was never coupled with his name again. He often declared that his life and character were both at stake, and would probably have been lost, had he not at that critical moment forgotten the officer and asserted the man.

CAMPAIGN SPORTS

"During this short Indian campaign," says a participant, "we had some hard times—often hungry; but we had a great deal of sport, especially of nights—foot-racing, some horse-racing, jumping, telling anecdotes, in which Lincoln beat all, keeping up a constant laughter and good humor all the time; among the soldiers some card-playing, and wrestling, in which Lincoln took a prominent part. I think it safe to say he was never thrown in a wrestle. While in the army, he kept a handkerchief tied around him near all the time for wrestling purposes, and loved the sport as well as any one could. He was seldom ever beat jumping. During the campaign, Lincoln himself was always ready for an emergency. He endured hardships like a good soldier: he never complained, nor did he fear danger. When fighting was expected, or danger apprehended, Lincoln was the first to say, 'Let's go.' He had the confidence of every man of his com-

pany, and they strictly obeyed his orders at a word. His company was all young men, and full of sport."

LINCOLN AND GENERAL CASS

After all, Lincoln did not see much of the war. His only "casualty" came after its close. He had been mustered out, and his horse was stolen, so that he was compelled to walk most of the way home. After the expiration of his term of enlistment he reënlisted as a private. As he saw no fighting, the war was to him almost literally a picnic. But in 1848, when he was in Congress, the friends of General Cass were trying to make political capital out of his alleged military services. This brought from Lincoln a speech that showed he had not lost the power of satire which he possessed while a lad in Indiana:

"Did you know, Mr. Speaker, I am a military hero? In the days of the Black Hawk War I fought, bled, and—came away. I was not at Stillman's defeat, but I was about as near it as General Cass was to Hull's surrender; and, like him, I saw the place very soon afterward. It is quite certain I did not break my sword, for I had none to break, but I bent my musket pretty bad on one occasion. If General Cass went in advance of me picking whortleberries, I guess I surpassed him in charges on the wild onions. If he saw any live fighting Indians, it was more than I did, but I had a good many bloody struggles with the mosquitoes; and although I never fainted from loss of blood, I can truly say I was often very hungry. If ever I should conclude to doff whatever our Democratic friends may suppose there is of black-cockade Federalism about

me, and thereupon they shall take me up as their candidate for the Presidency, I protest that they shall not make fun of me, as they have of General Cass, by attempting to write me into a military hero."

THE POSTMASTER

On May 7, 1833, Lincoln was appointed postmaster at New Salem. His political opinions were not extreme ; and the Jackson administration could find no man who was at the same time more orthodox and equally competent to perform the duties of the office. He was not able to rent a room, and the business is said to have been carried on in his hat; but it appears probable that he kept the office in Mr. Hill's store, for Lincoln was appointed in place of Hill's partner, John McNamar, who had resigned to go east. He held the position till late in 1836, when New Salem partially disappeared, and the office was removed to Petersburg.

The mail arrived duly once a week, and the labors of distributing and delivering it were by no means great. But Lincoln was determined that the dignity of the place should not suffer while he was the incumbent. He therefore made up for the lack of real business by deciphering the letters of the uneducated portion of the community, and by reading the newspapers aloud to the assembled inhabitants in front of Hill's store.

When Lincoln quit the office, he owed the Government a small balance which some obstacle prevented his placing to the credit of the Post-Office Department; so he wrapped it up in a scrap of paper, indicated its ownership by a memorandum, and laid it by. When years thereafter an agent

of the Department called on him for settlement, Lincoln withdrew from a safe place this identical parcel, and paid it over.

His easy good nature was sometimes imposed upon by inconsiderate acquaintances; and Mr. Hill relates one of the devices by which he sought to stop the abuse. "One Elmore Johnson, an ignorant but ostentatious, proud man, used to go to Lincoln's post-office every day,—sometimes three or four times a day—and inquire, 'Anything for me?' This bored Lincoln, yet it amused him. Lincoln fixed a plan—wrote a letter to Johnson as coming from a negress in Kentucky, saying many good things about oppossum, dances, corn-shuckings, etc.; 'John's! come and see me; and old master won't kick you out of the kitchen any more!' Elmore took it out; opened it; couldn't read a word; pretended to read it; went away; got some friends to read it: they read it correctly; he thought the reader was fooling him, and went to others with the same result. At last he said he would get *Lincoln* to read it, and presented it to Lincoln. It was almost too much for Lincoln, but he read it. The man never asked afterward, 'Anything here for me?' "

THE SURVEYORSHIP

His "war" service finished, Lincoln had his living to make, a running board-bill to pay, and nothing to pay it with. He was, it is true, in the hands of excellent friends, so far as the greater part of his indebtedness was concerned; but he was industrious by nature, and wanted to be working, and paying as he went. He would not have forfeited the good opinion of those confiding

neighbors for a lifetime of ease and luxury. It was therefore a most happy thing for him, and he felt it to be so, when he attracted the attention of John Calhoun, the Surveyor of Sangamon County.

In the early thirties, when the State of Illinois was being settled with great rapidity, the demand for surveyors was greater than the supply. John Calhoun was in urgent need of a deputy, and Lincoln was named as a man likely to be able to fit himself for the duties on short notice. He was appointed. He borrowed the necessary book and went to work in dead earnest to learn the science. Day and night he studied till his friends, noticing the wearing effect on his health, became alarmed. But by the end of six weeks, an almost incredibly brief period of time, he was ready for work.

It is certain that his outfit was of the simplest description, and there is a tradition that at first, instead of a surveyor's chain he used a long, straight, wild-grape vine. Those who understand the conditions and requirements of surveying in early days say that this is not improbable. A more important fact is that Lincoln's surveys have never been called in question, which is something that can be said of few frontier surveyors. Though he learned the science in so short a time, yet here, as always, he was thorough.

"Of course," says Lamon, "he made some money, merely pay for his work; but it is a remarkable fact that, with his vast knowledge of the lands in Sangamon and adjacent counties, he never made a single speculation on his own account. It was not long until he acquired a considerable private business."

SOLD UP

It was said in the preceding chapter that to the holders of Lincoln's notes who consented to await his ability to pay, there was one exception. In the latter part of 1834 Lincoln's personal property was sold under the hammer, and by due process of law, to meet the judgment obtained by Van Bergen on a note assigned to him by Radford. Everything he had was taken; but it was the surveyor's instruments which it hurt him most to part with, for by their use he was making a tolerable living, and building up a respectable business. This time, however, rescue came from an unexpected quarter. A neighbor, James Short, bought in the instruments and returned them to Lincoln. He never forgot this kindness, and when President he appointed Short to an Indian agency.

Lincoln had many residences at New Salem; in fact, there were many homes always eager to welcome him as an inmate. He lived at Bowlin Greene's, Jack Armstrong's, Rowan Herndon's, and at the tavern kept by James Rutledge. Part of the time he slept in the loft over a store; indeed for a time he slept on the counter of Offutt's store.

AT JACK ARMSTRONG'S

Lincoln had no friend more intimate than Jack Armstrong, and none that valued him more highly. Until he finally left New Salem for Springfield, he "rusticated" occasionally at Jack's hospitable cabin, situated "four miles in the country," as the polished metropolitans of New Salem would say. Jack's wife, Hannah, liked Abe, and enjoyed his visits not less than Jack did.

"Abe would come out to our house," she says, "drink milk, eat mush, corn-bread and butter, bring the children candy, and rock the cradle while I got him something to eat. I foxed his pants; made his shirts. He has gone with us to father's; he would tell stories, joke people, girls and boys, at parties. He would nurse babies—do anything to accommodate anybody. I had no books about my house; loaned him none. We didn't think about books and papers. We worked; had to live. Lincoln has staid at our house two or three weeks at a time."

MORE FEATS OF STRENGTH

Lincoln was often seen in the old mill on the river-bank to lift a box of stones weighing from a thousand to twelve hundred pounds. Of course it was not done by a straight lift of the hands; he "was harnessed to the box with ropes and straps." It was even said he could easily raise a barrel of whiskey to his mouth when standing upright, and take a drink out of the bung-hole; but of course one cannot believe it. Frequent exhibitions of strength doubtless had much to do with his unbounded influence over the rougher class of men.

JUDGMENT AND FAIRNESS

He possessed the judicial quality of mind in a degree so eminent, and it was so universally recognized, that he never could attend a horse-race without being importuned to act as a judge, or witness a bet without assuming the responsi-

bility of a stakeholder. "In the spring or summer of 1832," says Henry McHenry, "I had a horse-race with George Warburton. I got Lincoln, who was at the race, to be a judge of the race, much against his will and after hard persuasion. Lincoln decided correctly; and the other judge said, 'Lincoln is the fairest man I ever had to deal with: if Lincoln is in this country when I die, I want him to be my administrator, for he is the only man I ever met with that was wholly and unselfishly honest.'"

"HONEST ABE"

"The year that Lincoln was in Denton Offutt's store," says J. G. Holland, "was one of great advances in many respects. He had made new and valuable acquaintances, read many books, mastered the grammar of his own tongue, won multitudes of friends, and become ready for a step still further in advance. Those who could appreciate brains respected him, and those whose ideas of a man related to his muscles were devoted to him. It was while he was performing the work of the store that he acquired the sobriquet, 'Honest Abe'—a characterization that he never dishonored, and an abbreviation that he never outgrew. He was judge, arbitrator, referee, umpire, authority, in all disputes, games and matches of man-flesh, horseflesh, a pacificator in all quarrels; everybody's friend; the best-natured, the most sensible, the best-informed, the most modest and unassuming, the kindest, gentlest, roughest, strongest, best fellow in all New Salem and the region round about."

A trifling incident exhibited the force of Lincoln's will and the high estimation in which he was held by his followers. There was in Captain Henry L. Webb's company from Union County a very strong and athletic man named Nathan M. Thompson, nicknamed "Dow" Thompson. The question of comparative muscular strength arising between him and Lincoln, they resorted to a wrestling match, in order to decide it.

After struggling for a while with no advantage either way, Lincoln said: "This is the strongest man I ever met."

Soon thereafter, amid great and growing excitement, Lincoln was fairly thrown. This was for the first time in his life. The wrestlers took hold again, and a second time Lincoln was thrown. Instantly a hundred men jerked off their coats crying, *"Foul!"* An equal number on the other side followed suit, crying, *"We'll see if it was."*

A deadly fight seemed imminent, but Lincoln commanded attention, and said: "Boys, this man *can* throw me fairly, if he didn't do it this time; so let us give up that I was beat fairly."

CHAPTER VI

Lincoln Enters Politics: State Legislator

About the year 1832 or 1833, Lamon tells us, Lincoln made his first effort at public speaking in a debating club of which James Rutledge, the founder of New Salem, was president. It was organized and held regular meetings. As he arose to speak, Lincoln's form towered above the little assembly. Both hands were thrust down deep in the pockets of his pantaloons. A perceptible smile at once lit up the faces of the audience, for all anticipated the relation of some humorous story. But he opened up the discussion in splendid style, to the great astonishment of his friends. As he warmed with his subject, his hands would forsake his pockets and would enforce his ideas by awkward gestures, but would very soon seek their easy resting-places. He pursued the question with reason and argument so pithy and forcible that all were amazed. The president of the club, at his fireside after the meeting, remarked to his wife, that there was more in Abe's head than wit and fun; that he was already a fine speaker; that all he lacked was culture to enable him to reach the high destiny which he knew was in store for him. From that time Rutledge took a deeper interest in him, and soon afterward urged him to announce himself as a candidate for the Legislature. This he at first declined to do, averring that it was impossible to be elected. It was suggested that a can-

vass of the county would bring him prominently before the people, and in time would do him good. He reluctantly yielded to the solicitations of his friends, and made a partial canvass.

FIRST STUMPING EXPERIENCE

Lincoln made his first appearance on the stump a few miles from Springfield, on the occasion of a public sale. The sale over, speech-making was about to begin, when Lincoln observed strong symptoms of inattention in his audience, who had taken that particular moment to engage in what James A. Herndon called "a general fight." Lincoln saw that one of his friends was suffering more than he liked in the *mêlée*, and stepping into the crowd, he shouldered them sternly away from his man, until he met a fellow who refused to fall back: him he seized by the nape of the neck and the seat of his breeches, and tossed him "ten or twelve feet easily." After this episode—as characteristic of him as of the times—he mounted the platform and delivered, with awkward modesty, the following speech:

"Gentlemen and fellow-citizens: I presume you all know who I am. I am humble Abraham Lincoln. I have been solicited by many friends to become a candidate for the Legislature. My politics are short and sweet, like the old woman's dance. I am in favor of a national bank. I am in favor of the internal-improvement system and a high protective tariff. These are my sentiments and political principles. If elected, I shall be thankful; if not, it will be all the same."

In these few sentences he espoused the lead-

ing principles of the Whig party—Clay's "American System"—in full. In his view the internal-improvement system required the distribution of the proceeds of the sales of the public lands among the States.

His friend A. Y. Ellis, who was with him during a part of this campaign, says: "He wore a mixed jeans coat, claw-hammer style, short in the sleeves, and bobtail—in fact, it was so short in the tail he could not sit on it—flax and tow linen pantaloons, and a straw hat. I think he wore a vest, but do not remember how it looked. He then wore pot-metal boots."

ELECTIONEERING METHODS

The young candidate's methods of electioneering are thus described by Miss Tarbell: "Wherever he saw a crowd of men he joined them, and he never failed to adapt himself to their point of view in asking for votes. If the degree of physical strength was the test for a candidate, he was ready to lift a weight, or wrestle with the countryside champion; if the amount of grain a man could cut would recommend him, he seized the cradle and showed the swath he could cut." Row Herndon gives an instance of the last-named mode of candidating: "He came to my house, near Island Grove, during harvest. There were some thirty men in the field. He got his dinner, and went out in the field where the men were at work. I gave him an introduction, and the boys said that they could not vote for a man unless he could make a hand. 'Well, boys,' said he, 'if that is all, I am sure of your votes.' He took hold of the

cradle, and led the way all the round with perfect ease. The boys were satisfied, and I don't think he lost a vote in the crowd.

"The next day," continues Herndon, "he was speaking at Berlin. He went from my house with Dr. Barnett, [who] had asked me who this man Lincoln was. I told him that he was a candidate for the Legislature. He laughed and said, 'Can't the party raise no better material than that?' I said, 'Go to-morrow, and hear all before you pronounce judgment.' When he came back, I said, 'Doctor, what say you now?' 'Why, sir,' said he, 'he is a perfect take-in: he knows more than all of them put together.'"

Lincoln had but ten days to devote to the canvass. The time was insufficient, and he was defeated. The vote against him was chiefly in the outlying region where he was little known. It must have been gratifying to him that in his own precinct, where he was so well known, he received the almost unanimous vote of all parties. Biographers differ as to the precise number of votes in the New Salem precinct, but by Nicolay and Hay it is given as 277 for Lincoln and three against him. Of this election Lincoln himself (speaking in the third person) said: "This was the only time Abraham was ever defeated on the direct vote of the people."

His next political experience was as candidate for the Legislature in 1834. As before, he announced his own candidacy. But this time he made a diligent canvass of the district. When the election came off he was not only successful but ran ahead of his ticket.

EXCHANGE OF COMPLIMENTS

One day in 1832, while Lincoln was "clerking" for Offutt, a stranger came into the store, and soon disclosed the fact that his name was Smoot. Abe was behind the counter at the moment; but, hearing the name, he sprang over and introduced himself. Abe had often heard of Smoot, and Smoot had often heard of Abe. They had been as anxious to meet as ever two celebrities were; but hitherto they had never been able to manage it. "Smoot," said Lincoln, after a steady survey of his person, "I am very much disappointed in you: I expected to see an old Probst of a fellow." (Probst, it appears, was the most hideous specimen of humanity in all that country.) "Yes," replied Smoot; "and I am equally disappointed, for I expected to see a good-looking man when I saw you." A few neat compliments like the foregoing laid the foundation of a lasting intimacy between the two men.

"After he was elected to the Legislature," says Smoot, "he came to my house one day in company with Hugh Armstrong. Says he, 'Smoot, did you vote for me?' I told him I did. 'Well,' says he, 'you must loan me money to buy suitable clothing, for I want to make a decent appearance in the Legislature.' I then loaned him two hundred dollars, which he returned to me according to promise."

VOCATION SETTLED

Though Lincoln probably did not realize it, this election put an end forever to his drifting,

desultory, frontier life. Up to this point he was always looking for a job. From this time on he was not passing from one thing to another. In this country politics and law are closely allied. This twofold pursuit, politics for the sake of law, and law for the sake of politics, constituted Lincoln's vocation for the rest of his life.

VANDALIA AND THE VANDALIANS

The capital of Illinois at this time was Vandalia, a village said to be named after the Vandals by innocent citizens who were pleased with the euphony of the word but did not know who the Vandals were. Outwardly the village was rough and forbidding, and many of the Solons were attired in coonskin caps and other rude apparel. The fashionable clothing, which came to be generally adopted as men grew "genteel," was blue jeans. Even these "store clothes" were as yet comparatively unknown.

But one must not be misled by appearances in a frontier town. Frontier life has a marvelous influence in developing brains. In the collection of men at Vandalia were more than a few who afterward came to have national influence and reputation.

LINCOLN AND DOUGLAS

Apart from Lincoln himself, the most prominent member of the Legislature was his antagonist, Stephen A. Douglas, whom perhaps no man in the history of our political system ever surpassed in astuteness. The personal appearance of Douglas, who was five feet and one inch high, and then weighed about one hundred

pounds, greatly amused Lincoln. Douglas was active, adroit, and insinuating, and Lincoln pronounced him to be "the *least* man he ever saw," little dreaming of the time to come, when this same dwarf was to bear him on his shoulders to the Executive Mansion.

LEGISLATIVE CAREER COMPLETED

Lincoln was reëlected to the Legislature as often as he was willing to be a candidate, and served continuously for eight years. One session was much like another, and of his legislative experience only two prominent facts need be narrated. One was the removal of the capital to Springfield. To Lincoln was entrusted the difficult task of accomplishing this—difficult, because there were almost as many claims for the honor of being the capital city as there were towns and villages in the central part of the State. He was entirely successful, and thenceforward he was inseparably connected with Springfield. It was his home as long as he lived, and there his remains were buried.

The prophetic event of his legislative work was what is known as the Lincoln-Stone protest. This looks to-day so harmless that it is not easy to understand the situation in 1837. The pro-slavery feeling was running high; an abolitionist was looked on as a monster and a menace to national law and order. It was in that year that the Reverend Elijah P. Lovejoy was murdered—martyred—at Alton, Ill. The Legislature had passed pro-slavery resolutions. There were many in the Legislature who did not approve of these, but in the condition of

public feeling it was regarded as political suicide to express opposition openly. There was no politic reason why Lincoln should protest. His protest could do no practical good. To him it was solely a matter of conscience. Slavery was wrong, the resolutions were wrong, and to him it became necessary to enter the protest. He succeeded in getting but one man to join him, and he did so because he was about to withdraw from politics and therefore had nothing to lose. Here is the document as it was spread on the journal:

"Resolutions upon the subject of domestic slavery having passed both branches of the General Assembly at its present session, the undersigned hereby protest against the passage of the same.

"They believe that the institution of slavery is founded on both injustice and bad policy, but that the promulgation of abolition doctrines tends rather to increase than abate its evils.

"They believe that the Congress of the United States has no power under the Constitution to interfere with the institution of slavery in the different States.

"They believe that the Congress of the United States has the power, under the Constitution, to abolish slavery in the District of Columbia, but that the power ought not to be exercised, unless at the request of the people of the District.

"The difference between these opinions and those contained in the above resolutions is their reason for entering this protest.

(Signed) "Dan Stone,
"A. Lincoln,
"Representatives from the county of Sangamon."

LIGHTNING-ROD POLITICS

In 1836 Lincoln made an electioneering speech which was fortunately heard by Joshua Speed, and he has given an account of it. At that time lightning-rods were rare and attracted an unreasonable amount of attention. George Forquer, a man of wealth and ability, who had been a Whig, but had turned his coat and received the appointment of Register of the Land Office, was Lincoln's opponent. He had recently rodded his house—and every one knew it. This man made a speech partly in ridicule of Lincoln, his bigness, his awkwardness, his dress, his youth. Lincoln heard him through without interruption, then took the stand and said:

"The gentleman commenced his speech by saying that this young man would have to be taken down, and he was sorry the task devolved upon him. I am not so young in years as I am in the tricks and trades of a politician; but live long or die young, I would rather die now than, like the gentleman, change my politics and simultaneous with the change receive an office worth three thousand dollars a year, and then have to erect a lightning-rod over my house to protect a guilty conscience from an offended God."

It need hardly be said that that speech clung to its victim like a bur. Wherever he went, some one would be found to tell about the guilty conscience and the lightning-rod. The house and its lightning-rod were long a centre of interest in Springfield. Visitors to the city were taken to see the house and its lightning-rod, while the story was told with great relish.

HOW LINCOLN SUCCEEDED

In no element of political controversy did Lincoln fail during this canvass. He was, as thereafter, clear and skilful in statement and logical in discussion; he generally preserved his equanimity and good humor, and discomfited his enemies, but when it was apparent that forbearance had ceased to be a virtue, Lincoln made points and gained friends by the force, spirit, and defiance of his replies. In his first and second canvass he was bashful and timid, and confined himself to the strictly rural districts; this time he put away his maiden reserve, and spoke as unrestrainedly at Springfield as at New Salem. He gained the approval and applause of his friends and the respect and fear of his enemies, and became, by that very canvass, a leader of his party in Sangamon County, which distinction he never lost.

"THE LONG NINE"

Of the Sangamon County legislators chosen at this time, seven Representatives, including Lincoln, and two Senators, were men over six feet in height. This group became known as the "Long Nine" and was otherwise distinguished in what was a remarkable legislative body. One member of the "Long Nine" was Robert L. Wilson, from whom, as quoted by Henry C. Whitney, we have the following description of Lincoln.

A BORN POLITICIAN

"From Mr. Wilson," says Whitney, "whom I knew intimately in after life, I learned much of the career of the great President in those early days. Wilson said: 'Lincoln was a natural debater; he was always ready and always got right down to the merits of his case, without any nonsense or circumlocution. He was quite as much at home in the Legislature as at New Salem; he had a quaint and peculiar way, all his own, of treating a subject, and he frequently startled us by his modes—but he was always right. He seemed to be a born politician. We followed his lead, but he followed nobody's lead; he hewed the way for us to follow, and we gladly did so. He could grasp and concentrate the matters under discussion, and his clear statement of an intricate or obscure subject was better than an ordinary argument. It may almost be said that he did our thinking for us, but he had no arrogance, nothing of the dictatorial; it seemed the right thing to do as he did. He excited no envy or jealousy. He was felt to be so much greater than the rest of us that we were glad to abridge our intellectual labors by letting him do the general thinking for the crowd. He inspired absolute respect, although he was utterly careless and negligent. We would ride while he would walk, but we recognized him as a master in logic; he was poverty itself when I knew him, but still perfectly independent. He would borrow nothing and never ask favors. He seemed to glide along in life without any friction or effort.'"

A TILT WITH TAYLOR

The campaign above dwelt on was a vituperative one. Whitney's account, which here follows, is graphic enough to bring the times and the men clearly before us. Among the Democratic orators was Edmund D. Taylor, a professional politician, having held office for most of his life; in fact, both he and his brother had a weakness for land-office appointments, and one or the other, and sometimes both, were constantly feeding, in some way, at the public crib.

So Taylor, in one of his speeches, took occasion to appeal to the prejudices of the people by calling the Whigs "English aristocrats," and speaking of them as bankers, capitalists, *toadies* to the English, etc., and to laud his party as the lover of the poor man, plain manners, honest workmen, etc. In point of fact, Taylor himself, with a strange inconsistency of conduct, was a consummate fop. He never appeared in public without a ruffled shirt, a blue coat and brass buttons, and a gold-headed cane. This habit he persisted in to his ninetieth year, when, with his oiled and glossy locks and erect deportment, he would easily pass for a youth of sixty. When Taylor had concluded this demagogic appeal, Lincoln caught the lower edge of his vest and suddenly jerked it open, exhibiting a huge ruffled shirt and a ponderous gold watch-chain with a lot of ornamental appendages, which Taylor had designed to conceal for the occasion, to the dire confusion of Taylor and the infinite merriment of the crowd. Then Lincoln "sailed into" the pretensions launched forth by Taylor, in this style: "And here's Dick Taylor charging us with

aristocracy and gilt manners, and claiming to be an exponent of the farmers and cattle-raisers; and while he's doing this, he stands in a hundred-dollar suit of clothes in a dancing master's pomp and parade, with a ruffled shirt just such as his master, General Jackson, wears, and a gold log-chain around his neck to keep his watch from being stole by some of us, and with a big gold-headed cane. And while he was raised in this style, I was a-steering a flatboat down the river for eight dollars a month, with a torn shirt, one pair of buckskin breeches, and a *warmus* as my only suit. The Bible says, 'By their fruits ye shall know them'; now I have got on my best to-day, and Taylor has got on his shabbiest. You can judge which one of us is the aristocrat by our appearance."

THE "SKINNING OF THOMAS"

Jesse B. Thomas, a leader of the Democracy, in the absence of Lincoln made a good deal of sport of him, which some friends of the latter reported in time for him to reach the meeting before it broke up. As soon as Thomas had concluded, there were vociferous shouts for Lincoln from all over the house. He was on hand. Having heard of Thomas's line of remark, he was wrought up to his extremest tension, and abused Thomas in a merciless way. He mimicked Thomas perfectly, showed off all his peculiarities and weaknesses, and kept the audience in a roar of derision at poor Thomas, who was in full view during the whole scene, and could not escape. It was a long time before this incident, called the "skinning of Thomas," was

forgotten in Springfield; but Lincoln himself, to whose nature the attack was entirely foreign, after it was over felt very sorry for it, and even went so far as to apologize to Thomas.

LEAVING NEW SALEM

The time came at last when Mr. Lincoln must leave the place where he had lived for nearly six years—where he had evolved from a mere adventurer to a lawyer and a legislator. He had served two terms in the Legislature, and had acquired considerable distinction; he had seen the rise, growth, development and decay of New Salem; and he probably foresaw its speedy downfall, for Petersburg had been established, and was growing at the expense of the earlier settlement.

And so, immediately after the adjournment of the Legislature in March, 1837, Lincoln sold his compass, chain, marking-pins, and Jacob's staff; packed his little clothing and few effects into his saddle-bags, borrowed a horse of his friend Bowlin Greene and bade adieu to the scene of so much of life, so much of sorrow, to him. In less than a year from that time New Salem ceased to exist.

When Bowlin Greene died, Lincoln was invited by the Masons, under whose auspices Greene was buried, to make a funeral address; he manfully attempted it and ignominiously failed. His feelings overpowered him as the past rose in his memory, and the disinterested affection of his departed friend passed in review before him; his sobs choked his utterance, and he withdrew from the mournful scene to accompany Mrs. Greene to her desolate home.

CHAPTER VII

Lincoln as a Lawyer

SINCE the versatile powers of Abraham Lincoln have come to be better understood by those who have made a special study of his life, his legal experience has been treated as not the least important part of the training that fitted him for his supreme task. Lamon tells interesting things about this phase of Lincoln's career.

READING LAW

He began to read law while he lived with Herndon. Some of his acquaintances insist that he began even earlier than this, and assert, by way of proof, that he was known to borrow a well-worn copy of Blackstone from A. V. Bogue, a pork-dealer at Beardstown. At all events, he now went to work in earnest, and studied law as faithfully as if he had never dreamed of any other business in life. As a matter of course, his slender purse was unequal to the purchase of the needful books. This circumstance, however, gave him little trouble; for, although he was short of funds, he was long in the legs, and had nothing to do but to walk off to Springfield, where his friend, John T. Stuart, cheerfully loaned him books. Mr. Stuart's partner, H. C. Dummer, says, "He was an uncouth-looking lad, did not say much, but what he did say he said straight and sharp."

"He used to read law," says Henry McHenry, "in 1832 or 1833, barefooted, seated in the shade of a tree, and would grind around with the shade, just opposite Berry's grocery-store, a few feet south of the door." He occasionally varied the attitude by lying flat on his back, and *"putting his feet up the tree"*—a situation which might have been unfavorable to mental application in the case of a man with shorter extremities.

"The first time I ever saw Abe with a law book in his hand," says Squire Godbey, "he was sitting astride of Jake Bales's woodpile in New Salem. Says I, 'Abe, what are you studying?' 'Law,' says Abe. 'Great God Almighty!' responded I." It was too much for Godbey: he could not suppress the blasphemy at seeing such a figure acquiring science in such an odd situation.

Minter Graham asserts that Abe did a little "of what we call sitting up to the fine gals of Illinois"; but, according to other authorities, he always had his book with him "when in company," and would read and talk alternately. He carried it along in his walks to the woods and the river; read it in daylight under the shade-tree by the grocery, and at night by any friendly light he could find.

Abe's progress in the law was as surprising as the intensity of his application to study. He never lost a moment that might be improved. It is even said that he read and recited to himself on the road and by the wayside as he came down from Springfield with the books he had borrowed from Stuart. The first time he went up he had "mastered" forty pages of Blackstone before he got back.

PRELIMINARY PRACTICE

It was not long until, with his restless desire to be doing something practical, he began to turn his acquisitions to account in forwarding the business of his neighbors. He wrote deeds, contracts, notes, and other legal papers for them, "using a small dictionary and an old form-book"; "pettifogged" incessantly before the justice of the peace, and probably assisted that functionary in the administration of justice as much as he benefited his own clients. This species of country "student's" practice was entered upon very early, and kept up until long after he was quite a distinguished man in the Legislature. But in all this he was only trying himself: as he was not admitted to the bar until 1837, he did not regard it as legitimate practice, and never charged a penny for his services. Although this fact is mentioned by a great number of persons, and the generosity of his conduct much enlarged upon, it is seriously to be regretted that no one has furnished us with a circumstantial account of any of his numerous cases before the magistrate.

GENERAL STUDY AND READING

But Mr. Lincoln did not confine himself entirely to the law. He was not yet quite through with Kirkham nor the schoolmaster. The "valuable copy" of the grammar "he delighted to peruse" is still in the possession of R. B. Rutledge, with the thumb-marks of the President all over it. "He also studied natural philosophy, chemistry, astronomy, etc. He had no regular teacher,

but perhaps received more assistance from Minter Graham than from any other person."

He read with avidity all the newspapers that came to New Salem—chiefly the *Sangamon Journal*, the *Missouri Republican*, and the *Louisville Journal*. The last-named was his favorite. Its wit and anecdotes were after his own heart, and he was a regular subscriber for it through several years when he could ill afford a luxury so costly.

LAW PARTNERSHIP

In the year of his admission to the bar Lincoln entered into partnership with John T. Stuart of Springfield. Stuart wished to get into politics, and it was essential that he should have a trustworthy partner. So the firm of Stuart and Lincoln was established in 1837 and lasted for four years. In 1841 Lincoln became a partner of Stephen T. Logan, and this connection also lasted about four years. In 1845 was established the firm of Lincoln and Herndon, which continued formally till the President's death.

After a brief period Lincoln himself got deeper into politics, and consequently neglected the law more or less. But late in 1848, or early in 1849, he returned to the law with renewed vigor and zeal, giving it his undivided attention for six years. It was the repeal of the Missouri Compromise that called him back into the arena of politics.

HOW LINCOLN "MOVED"

His partnership with Stuart of course necessitated his removal to Springfield. This event, small in itself, gives such a pathetic picture of

his poverty, and his cheerful endurance, that it is well worth narrating. It is preserved by Joshua F. Speed, who became, and through life continued, Lincoln's fast friend.

"He rode into town," says Speed, "on a borrowed horse, without earthly goods but a pair of saddle-bags, two or three law books, and some clothing in his saddle-bags. He came into my store, set his saddle-bags on the counter, and said:

" 'Speed, tell me what the furniture for a single bedroom will cost.'

"I took my pencil, figured it up, and found it would cost seventeen dollars.

"Lincoln replied: 'It is cheap enough, but I want to say, cheap as it is, I have not the money to pay. But if you will credit me until Christmas, and my experiment here is a success, I will pay you then. If I fail, I will probably never be able to pay you.'

"The voice was so melancholy, I felt for him."

Lincoln was evidently suffering from one of his fits of depression and sadness. Speed kindly replied:

"I have a very large double bed which you are perfectly welcome to share with me, if you choose."

"Where is your bed?" said Lincoln.

"Up-stairs," replied Speed.

He took his saddle-bags on his arm, went up-stairs, placed them on the floor, and came down, laughing, saying: "Speed, I am moved." The ludicrous idea of "moving" all his goods and chattels, by taking his saddle-bags up-stairs, made him as mirthful as he had been melancholy.

From that time on, Springfield was his home until when, twenty-three years thereafter, he left his humble residence to occupy the White House as President of the United States. When he thus settled and became established in the profession of the law, Springfield was not a large city, but it was a very active one, and was the capital of the State. Lincoln was favorably known there because, as previously stated, he had been chiefly instrumental in getting the capital moved to that place from Vandalia. His first law partner was very helpful to him, and he had abundant reason all his life to be thankful for the friendship of Joshua F. Speed.

THE LAWYER AND HIS FEES

In his law practice Lincoln never could bring himself to charge large fees. Lamon, who was his limited partner (with the office in Danville and Bloomington) for many years, tells one instance that illustrates this trait. There was a case of importance for which the fee was fixed in advance at $250, a very moderate fee under the circumstances. It so happened that the case was not contested, and the business required only a short time. The client cheerfully paid the fee as agreed. As he went away Lincoln asked his partner how much he charged. He replied, "$250." "Lamon," he said, "that is all wrong. Give him back at least half of it." Lamon protested that it was according to agreement and the client was satisfied. "That may be, but *I* am not satisfied. This is positively wrong. Go, call him back and return him half the money at least, or I will not receive one cent of it for my share."

The largest fee he ever received was from the Illinois Central Railroad. The case was tried at Bloomington before the Supreme Court, and was won for the road. Lincoln went to Chicago and presented a bill for $2,000 at the offices of the company. "Why," said the official, in real or feigned astonishment, "this is as much as a first-class lawyer would have charged."

Lincoln was greatly depressed by this rebuff, and would have let the matter drop then and there had not his neighbors heard of it. They persuaded him to raise the fee to $5,000, and six leading lawyers of the State testified that that sum was a moderate charge. Lincoln sued the road for the larger amount and won his case. It is interesting to recall the fact that at that time the vice-president of the railroad was George B. McClellan.

CONSCIENCE VERSUS CLIENTAGE

Lincoln put his conscience into his legal practice. He held (with Blackstone) that law is for the purpose of securing justice, and he would never make use of any technicality for the purpose of thwarting justice. When others manœuvered, he met them by straightforward dealing. He never did or could take an unfair advantage. On the wrong side of a case he was worse than useless to his client, and he knew it. He would never take such a case if it could be avoided. His partner Herndon tells how he gave some free and unprofessional advice to one who offered him such a case: "Yes, there is no reasonable doubt but that I can gain your case for you. I can set a whole neighborhood at loggerheads;

I can distress a widowed mother and her six fatherless children, and thereby get for you six hundred dollars, which rightfully belongs, it appears to me, as much to them as it does to you. I shall not take your case, but will give a little advice for nothing. You seem a sprightly, energetic man. I would advise you to try your hand at making six hundred dollars in some other way."

Sometimes, after having entered on a case, he discovered that his clients had imposed on him. In his indignation he has even left the court-room. Once when the judge sent for him he refused to return. "Tell the judge my hands are dirty; I came over to wash them."

LINCOLN'S SELF-SURRENDER

The most important lawsuit in which Lincoln was ever engaged was the McCormick case. McCormick instituted a suit against one Manny for alleged infringement of patents. McCormick virtually claimed the monopoly of the manufacture of harvesting machines. The suit involved a large sum of money, besides incidental considerations. The leading attorney for the plaintiff was Reverdy Johnson, one of the foremost at the bar in the entire country. It was the opportunity of crossing swords with Johnson that more than anything else stirred Lincoln's interest. With him, for the defence, was associated Edwin M. Stanton.

The case was to be tried at Cincinnati, and all parties were on hand. Lincoln gave an extraordinary amount of care to the preparation of the case. But some little things occurred. Through

an open doorway he heard Stanton make some scornful remarks of him—ridiculing his awkward appearance, and particularly his dress, for Lincoln wore a linen duster, soiled and disfigured by perspiration. When the time came for apportioning the speeches, Lincoln, although he was thoroughly prepared and by the customs of the bar it was his right to make the argument, courteously offered the privilege to Stanton, who promptly accepted. It was a great disappointment to Lincoln to miss thus the opportunity of arguing with Reverdy Johnson. Neither did Stanton know what he missed. Nor did Johnson know what a narrow escape he had.

PER CONTRA

On December 3, 1839, Mr. Lincoln was admitted to practice in the Circuit Court of the United States; and on the same day the names of Stephen A. Douglas, S. H. Treat, Schuyler Strong, and two other gentlemen were placed on the same roll.

The first speech he delivered in the Supreme Court of the State was one the like of which will never be heard again, and must have led the judges to doubt the sanity of the new attorney. We give it in the form in which it appears to be authenticated by Judge Treat:

"A case being called for hearing in the Court, Mr. Lincoln stated that he appeared for the appellant, and was ready to proceed with the argument. He then said, 'This is the first case I have ever had in this Court, and I have therefore examined it with great care. As the Court will perceive, by looking at the abstract of the record,

the only question in the case is one of authority. I have not been able to find any authority sustaining *my* side of the case, but I *have found* several cases directly in point on the *other* side. I will now give *these* cases, and then submit the case.'"

WAS LINCOLN A GREAT LAWYER?

For many years Judge David Davis was the near friend and the intimate associate of Mr. Lincoln. He presided in the court where Lincoln was oftenest heard: year in and year out they traveled together from town to town, from county to county, riding frequently in the same conveyance, and lodging in the same room. We may fairly consider him a competent judge of the professional character of Mr. Lincoln.

At Indianapolis, Judge Davis spoke of Lincoln as follows:

"In all the elements that constitute the great lawyer, he had few equals. He was great both at *nisi prius* and before an appellate tribunal. He seized the strong points of a cause, and presented them with clearness and great compactness. His mind was logical and direct, and he did not indulge in extraneous discussion. Generalities and platitudes had no charms for him. An unfailing vein of humor never deserted him; and he was always able to chain the attention of court and jury, when the cause was the most uninteresting, by the appropriateness of his anecdotes.

"His power of comparison was large, and he rarely failed in a legal discussion to use that mode of reasoning. The framework of his mental and moral being was honesty, and a wrong

cause was poorly defended by him. The ability which some eminent lawyers possess, of explaining away the bad points of a cause by ingenious sophistry, was denied him. In order to bring into full activity his great powers, it was necessary that he should be convinced of the right and justice of the matter which he advocated. When so convinced, whether the cause was great or small, he was usually successful. He read law books but little, except when the cause in hand made it necessary; yet he was usually self-reliant, depending on his own resources, and rarely consulting his brother lawyers, either on the management of his case or on the legal questions involved.

"He hated wrong and oppression everywhere; and many a man whose fraudulent conduct was undergoing review in a court of justice has writhed under his terrific indignation and rebukes. He was the most simple and unostentatious of men in his habits, having few wants, and those easily supplied. To his honor be it said, that he never took from a client, even when the cause was gained, more than he thought the service was worth and the client could reasonably afford to pay. The people where he practised law were not rich, and his charges were always small.

"When he was elected President, I question whether there was a lawyer in the circuit, who had been at the bar as long a time, whose means were not larger. It did not seem to be one of the purposes of his life to accumulate a fortune. In fact, outside of his profession, he had no knowledge of the way to make money, and he never even attempted it."

WORSTED IN A HORSE-TRADE

When Lincoln was a young lawyer in Illinois, he and a certain judge got to bantering each other about trading horses; and it was agreed that the next morning at nine o'clock they should make a trade, the horses to be unseen up to that hour, and no backing out, under a forfeiture of twenty-five dollars.

At the hour appointed, the judge came up, leading the "sorriest" looking specimen of a horse ever seen in those parts. In a few minutes Mr. Lincoln was seen approaching with a wooden sawhorse on his shoulder.

Loud were the shouts and laughter of the crowd, and both were greatly increased when Lincoln, on surveying the judge's animal, set down the sawhorse and exclaimed:

"Well, Judge, this is the first time I ever got the worst of it in a horse-trade."

SETTLING AN ANCIENT CONTROVERSY

Whenever the people of Lincoln's neighborhood engaged in dispute; whenever a bet was to be decided; when they differed on points of religion or politics; when they wanted to get out of trouble, or desired advice regarding anything on the earth, below it, above it, or under the sea, they went to "Abe."

Two fellows, after a hot dispute lasting some hours, over the problem as to how long a man's legs should be in proportion to the size of his body, stamped into Lincoln's office one day and put the question to him.

Lincoln listened gravely to the arguments ad-

vanced by both contestants, spent some time in "reflecting" upon the matter, and then, turning around in his chair and facing the disputants, delivered his opinion with all the gravity of a judge sentencing a fellow-being to death.

"This question has been a source of controversy," he said, slowly and deliberately, "for untold ages, and it is about time it should be definitely decided. It has led to bloodshed in the past, and there is no reason to suppose it will not lead to the same in the future.

"After much thought and consideration, not to mention mental worry and anxiety, it is my opinion, all side issues being swept away, that a man's lower limbs, in order to preserve harmony of proportion, should be at least long enough to reach from his body to the ground."

AN AD CAPTANDUM VICTORY

Once, when Lincoln was pleading a case, the opposing lawyer had all the advantage of the law; the weather was warm, and his opponent, as was permissible in frontier courts, pulled off his coat and vest as he grew warm in the argument.

At that time shirts with buttons behind were unusual. Lincoln took in the situation at once. Knowing the prejudices of the primitive people against pretension of all sorts, or any affectation of superior social rank, he arose and said:

"Gentlemen of the jury, having justice on my side, I don't think you will be at all influenced by the gentleman's pretended knowledge of the law, when you see he does not even know which side of his shirt should be in front."

There was a general laugh, and Lincoln's case was won.

EQUITY AGAINST TECHNICALITY

A lawyer who studied in Mr. Lincoln's office tells a story illustrative of the tenderness of Lincoln's conscience. After listening one day for some time to a client's statement of his case, Lincoln, who had been staring at the ceiling, suddenly swung round in his chair and said:

"Well, you have a pretty good case in technical law, but a pretty bad one in equity and justice. You'll have to get some other fellow to win this case for you. I couldn't do it. All the time, while talking to that jury, I'd be thinking: 'Lincoln, you're a liar,' and I believe I should forget myself and say it out loud."

CHAPTER VIII

Life on the Circuit

LAMON tells us that "when Mr. Lincoln first began to 'ride the circuit,' he was too poor to own horse-flesh or vehicle, and was compelled to borrow from his friends. But in due time he became the proprietor of a horse, which he fed and groomed himself, and to which he was very much attached. On this animal he would set out from home, to be gone for weeks together, with no baggage but a pair of saddle-bags, containing a change of linen, and an old cotton umbrella to shelter him from sun or rain. When he got a little more of this world's goods, he set up a one-horse buggy—a very sorry and shabby-looking affair, which he generally used when the weather promised to be bad. But the lawyers were always glad to see him, and the landlords hailed his coming with pleasure."

Courts lasted nearly six months in the year, and the judge and lawyers generally contrived to spend as many Sundays at home as they could. Lincoln did not join in this effort, but when he set out on a tour of the circuit, generally continued till the end.

PLAIN LIVING AND PRUDENCE

He was utterly indifferent as to the appearance or merits of any tavern or place he stopped

at; it was a matter of no consequence to him whether a caravansary was good, bad, or indifferent—the chief solicitude with him was the magnitude of the bill, for from necessity he was very prudent in his expenditures, and so would stop at the cheaper taverns. He did not, however, violate good policy in that regard, and whenever it was convenient, roomed with the judge while out on the circuit, the general knowledge of this fact being helpful in the way of securing business from people who argued therefrom that advantages accrued to him in consequence.

Judge Davis told Henry C. Whitney that he never saw Lincoln angry at poor accommodations on the circuit but once. They arrived at Charleston on a cold, wet afternoon, chilled through and uncomfortable; the landlord was away; there were no fires nor wood. Lincoln was thoroughly incensed; he threw off his coat, went to the woodpile, and cut wood with an ax for an hour. Davis built a fire, and when the landlord made his appearance late, Lincoln gave him a good scoring.

PRIMITIVE COURT-HOUSES

The court-houses were sometimes framed and boarded, but more frequently of logs. The judge sat upon a raised platform, behind a rough board, sometimes covered with green baize, for a table on which to write his notes. A small table stood on the floor in front, for the clerk, and another larger one in front of the clerk and in the area in the centre of the room, around which in rude chairs the lawyers were grouped,

too often with their feet on top of it. Rough benches were placed there for the jury, parties, witnesses, and bystanders.

The court-house, as Arnold observes, has always been very attractive to the people of the frontier, supplying the place of theatres, lecture and concert rooms, etc., that add to the social facilities of older settlements and towns. The leading lawyers and judges were the star actors, and had each his partisans. Hence crowds attended the courts to see the judges, to hear the lawyers contend with argument, and law, and wit for success, victory, and fame.

From one to another of these rude court-houses, the gentlemen of the bar passed, following the judge around his circuit from county to county, traveling generally on horseback, with saddle-bags, brushes, an extra shirt or two, and perhaps two or three law books. Sometimes two or three lawyers would unite and travel in a buggy, and the poorer and younger ones not seldom walked.

THE TALL PILOT

This "circuit-riding" involved all sorts of adventures. Hard fare at miserable country taverns, sleeping on the floor, and fording swollen streams were every-day occurrences. All such experiences were met with good humor and often turned into sources of frolic and fun. In fording swollen streams, Lincoln was frequently sent forward as a pioneer. His extremely long legs enabled him, by taking off his boots and stockings, and by rolling up or otherwise disposing of his trousers, to test the depth of the stream, find

the most shallow water, and thus to pilot the party through the current without wetting his garments.

SAVING THE BIRDS

One day Lincoln, Baker, Hardin, Speed, and others were riding on horseback along the road, two-and-two, some distance from Springfield. In passing a thicket of wild-plum and crab-apple trees, Lincoln and Hardin being in the rear, the former discovered by the roadside two young birds not old enough to fly. They had been shaken from their nest by a recent gale.

"The old bird," said Mr. Speed, "was fluttering about and wailing as a mother ever does for her babes. Lincoln stopped, hitched his horse, caught the birds, hunted the nest, and placed them in it. The rest of us rode on to a creek, and while the horses were drinking, Hardin rode up.

" 'Where is Lincoln?' said one.

" 'Oh, when I saw him last he had two little birds in his hand hunting for their nest.' "

In perhaps an hour he came. They laughed at him. He said, with much emphasis:

"Gentlemen, you may laugh, but I could not have slept well to-night if I had not saved those birds. Their cries would have rung in my ears."

This act was characteristic, and illustrates a tenderness of heart that never failed him.

COMPARATIVE CRIMINALITY

Lincoln had assisted in the prosecution of a man who had robbed his neighbor's hen-roosts.

Jogging home along the highway, the foreman of the jury, that had convicted the hen-stealer complimented Lincoln on the zeal and ability of the prosecution, and then remarked:

"Why, when the country was young, and I was stronger than I am now, I didn't mind packing off a sheep now and then—but, stealing hens!"—the good man's scorn could not find words to express his opinion of a man who would steal *hens*.

LINCOLN'S READY WIT

Lamon testifies that "Mr. Lincoln was from the beginning of his circuit-riding the light and life of the court. The most trivial circumstance furnished a background for his wit. The following incident, which illustrates his love of a joke, occurred in the early days of our acquaintance. I, being at the time on the infant side of twenty-one, took particular pleasure in athletic sports. One day when we were attending the circuit court which met at Bloomington, Ill., I was wrestling near the court-house with some one who had challenged me to a trial, and in the scuffle made a large rent in the rear of my trousers. Before I had time to make any change I was called into court to take up a case. The evidence was finished. I being the prosecuting attorney at the time, got up to address the jury. Having on a short coat, my misfortune was rather apparent.

"One of the lawyers, for a joke, started a subscription paper, which was passed from one member of the bar to another as they sat by a long table fronting the bench, to buy a pair of

pantaloons for Lamon—he being, the paper said, 'a poor but worthy young man.' Several put down their names with some ridiculous subscription, and finally the paper was laid by some one in front of Mr. Lincoln, he being engaged in writing at the time. He quietly glanced over the paper, and, immediately taking up his pen, wrote after his name,

"'I can contribute nothing to the end in view!'"

THE FAITHFUL FRIEND

Although the humble condition and disreputable character of some of his relations and connections were the subject of constant annoyance and most painful reflections, Lincoln never tried to shake them off, and never abandoned them when they needed his assistance. A son of his stepbrother John D. Johnston was arrested for stealing a watch. Mr. Lincoln went to address a mass-meeting in the town where the boy was in jail. He waited until the dusk of the evening, and then, in company with Mr. H. C. Whitney, visited the prison. "Lincoln knew he was guilty," says Mr. Whitney, "and was very deeply affected—more than I ever saw him. At the next term of the court, upon the State's Attorney's consent, Lincoln and I went to the prosecution witnesses and got them to come into open court and state that they did not care to prosecute." The boy was released; and that evening, as the lawyers were leaving the town in their buggies, Mr. Lincoln was observed to get down from his, and walk back a short distance to a poor, distressed-looking young man who stood by the roadside. It was young Johnston. Mr.

Lincoln engaged for a few moments apparently in earnest and nervous conversation with him, then giving him some money, and returning to his buggy, drove on.

A TRAVELING STUDENT

It is well known that Lincoln used to carry with him, on what Mr. Stuart calls "the tramp around the circuit," ordinary school-books—from Euclid down to an English grammar—and study them as he rode along, or at intervals of leisure in the towns where he stopped. He supplemented these with a copy of Shakespeare, got much of it by rote, and recited long passages from it to any chance companion by the way.

THE ABLE AXMAN

He was intensely fond of cutting wood with an ax; and he was often seen to jump from his buggy, seize an ax out of the hands of a roadside chopper, take his place on the log in the most approved fashion, and, with his tremendous long strokes, cut it in two before the man could recover from his surprise.

CHAPTER IX

In Congress

When in 1846 a Congressional election engaged the attention of political workers in Lincoln's district, he and his friend Judge Logan were both candidates for the nomination, but the latter withdrew, in consequence, probably, of an agreement that he should run next time. Logan presented Lincoln's name to the convention, which met at Petersburg in May, and he was unanimously nominated.

The Democrats nominated the Reverend Peter Cartwright, the most eminent and widely known Methodist preacher in the State. Cartwright was an untiring worker and personally very popular, owing to his force of character. The canvass on both sides was made with great vigor and spirit, not to say acrimony. Cartwright, says Whitney, appealed to the prejudices of the religious community against Lincoln, branding him as an infidel, which was a more terrible accusation then than now. That the reverend gentleman took no pride in this canvass is patent in this, that in an autobiography published by him afterward the circumstance is not alluded to at all. Lincoln was elected by an unprecedented majority—1,511 votes—the usual majority in the district being about 500. This was a great honor, in view of the kind of canvass which was made against him.

TAKES HIS SEAT

In December, 1847, Lincoln took his seat in Congress—the only Whig member from Illinois. His great rival, Douglas, had already run a brilliant career in the House, and now for the first time had become a member of the United States Senate. These two had met at Vandalia, and in the Illinois Legislature had always been rivals, and each was now the acknowledged leader of his party in Illinois. The Democratic party had, since the year 1836, been strongly in the majority, and Douglas in his State, more than any other man, directed and controlled it. Among Lincoln's colleagues in Congress from Illinois, were John Wentworth, John A. McClernand, and William A. Richardson. This Congress had among its members many very distinguished men. Among them were ex-President John Quincy Adams; Robert C. Winthrop, Speaker; Jacob Collamer, Postmaster-General; Andrew Johnson, elected Vice-President with Lincoln on his second election; Alexander H. Stephens, Vice-President of the Confederacy; besides Toombs, Rhett, Cobb, and other prominent leaders in the rebellion.

In the Senate were Daniel Webster, John P. Hale, John A. Dix, Simon Cameron, Lewis Cass, Thomas H. Benton, John C. Calhoun, and Jefferson Davis. Lincoln entered Congress with the reputation of being an able and effective popular speaker. "It is curious," says Arnold, "to learn the impression which this prairie orator, with no college culture, made upon his associates." Arnold adds the interesting account that substantially follows.

WINTHROP AND STEPHENS ON LINCOLN

Robert C. Winthrop, a scholarly and conservative man, representing the intelligence of Boston, says, when writing thirty-four years thereafter: "I recall vividly the impressions I then formed, both of his ability and amiability. We were old Whigs together, and agreed entirely upon all questions of public interest. I could not always concur in the policy of the party which made him President, but I never lost my personal regard for him. For shrewdness and sagacity, and keen practical sense, he has had no superior in our day and generation."

Alexander H. Stephens, writing seventeen years after Lincoln's death, and recalling their service together in Congress, from 1847 to 1849, says:

"I knew Mr. Lincoln well and intimately, and we were both ardent supporters of General Taylor for President in 1848.

"Mr. Lincoln was careful as to his manners, awkward in his speech, but was possessed of a very strong, clear, vigorous mind. He always attracted and riveted the attention of the House when he spoke. His manner of speech as well as thought was original. He had no model. He was a man of strong convictions, and what Carlyle would have called an earnest man. He abounded in anecdote. He illustrated everything he was talking about by an anecdote, always exceedingly apt and pointed, and socially he always kept his company in a roar of laughter."

SPEAKING IN CONGRESS

Lincoln took a more prominent part in the debates than is usual for new members. On January 8, 1848, writing to his young partner, Herndon, he says: "By way of experiment, and of getting 'the hang of the house,' I made a little speech two or three days ago on a post-office question of no general interest." (He was second on the Committee of Post-Offices and Post-Roads.) "I find speaking here and elsewhere almost the same thing. I was about as badly scared, and no more than when I speak in court." Writing to his partner again soon after, he gave the young gentleman some very good advice. "The way for a young man to rise," said he, "is to improve himself every way he can, never suspecting anybody wishes to hinder him. Allow me to assure you that suspicions and jealousy never did help any man in any station."

On January 12, 1848, he made an able and elaborate speech on the Mexican War, which established his reputation in Congress as an able debater. Douglas, long afterward, in their joint debate at Ottawa, charged him with taking the side of the enemy against his own country in this Mexican War. To which Lincoln replied: "I was an old Whig, and whenever the Democratic party tried to get me to vote that the war had been righteously begun by the President, I would not do it. But when they asked money, or land-warrants, or anything to pay the soldiers, I gave the same vote that Douglas did."

ABOLITION BILL

The most important and significant act of Lincoln at this Congress, was the introduction by him into the House, of a bill to abolish slavery in the District of Columbia. The bill provided that no person from without the District should be held to slavery within it, and that no person born thereafter within the District should be held to slavery. It provided for the gradual emancipation of all the slaves in the District, with compensation to their masters, and that the act should be submitted to a vote of the people of the District.

Even this bill, mild as it was, would not be tolerated by the slave States, and their opposition was so decided and unanimous that he was not able even to bring it to a vote. He also at about that time voted against paying for slaves lost by officers in the Seminole War. His term as member of Congress expired March 4, 1849, and he was not a candidate for reëlection.

AUTOBIOGRAPHY FOR THE CONGRESSIONAL DIRECTORY

Among the papers of the late Charles Lanman there is a sketch of Mr. Lincoln, written in his own hand. Mr. Lanman was editor of the *Congressional Directory* at the time that Mr. Lincoln was elected to Congress, and, according to the ordinary custom, forwarded to him, as well as to all other members elect, a blank to be filled out with facts and dates which might be made the basis for a biographical sketch in the *Directory*. Lincoln's blank was promptly filled

up in his own handwriting, with the following information:

"Born February 12, 1809, in Hardin County, Kentucky.

"Education defective.

"Profession, lawyer.

"Military service, Captain of Volunteers in Black Hawk War.

"Offices held: Postmaster at a very small office; four times a member of the Illinois Legislature, and elected to the Lower House of the next Congress."

CHAMPION STORY-TELLER OF THE CAPITOL

During the Christmas holidays Mr. Lincoln found his way into the small room used as the post-office of the House, where a few jovial *raconteurs* used to meet almost every morning, after the mail had been distributed into the members' boxes, to exchange such new stories as any of them might have acquired since they last met. After modestly standing at the door for several days, Mr. Lincoln was "reminded" of a story, and by New Year's he was recognized as the champion story-teller of the Capitol.

Mr. Lincoln boarded with Mrs. Spriggs, on Capitol Hill, where he had as messmates the veteran Joshua R. Giddings of Ohio; John Blanchard, John Dickey, A. R. McIlvaine, John Strohm, and James Pollock, of Pennsylvania; Elisha Embree of Indiana; and P. W. Tompkins of Mississippi—all Whigs.

CHAPTER X

The Debates with Douglas

THE Illinois Republican State convention that met at Springfield on June 16, 1858, nominated Lincoln by acclamation "as the first and only choice" of the Republican party for United States Senator. This time-honored phrase was used sincerely on that occasion. There was great enthusiasm, absolute unanimity.

On the evening of the following day he addressed the convention in a speech which has become historic. His opening words were:

"If we could first know where we are and whither we are tending, we could better judge what to do and how to do it. We are now far into the fifth year since a policy was initiated, with the avowed object and confident promise of putting an end to the slavery agitation. Under the operation of that policy, that agitation has not only not ceased, but has constantly augmented. In my opinion it will not cease until a crisis shall have been reached and passed. 'A house divided against itself cannot stand.' I believe this Government cannot endure permanently half slave and half free. I do not expect the Union to be dissolved—I do not expect the house to fall—but I do expect it will cease to be divided. It will become all one thing or all the other. Either the opponents of slavery will arrest the further spread of it, and place it where the public mind shall rest in the belief

that it is in the course of ultimate extinction; or its advocates will push it forward till it shall become alike lawful in all the States, old as well as new, North as well as South."

This speech came quickly to be known as "the house-divided-against-itself speech." By that name it is still known. Concluding he said: "Our cause, then, must be entrusted to and conducted by its own undoubted friends, those whose hands are free, whose hearts are in the work, who do care for the result. . . . The result is not doubtful. We shall not fail. If we stand firm we shall not fail. Wise counsels may accelerate or mistakes delay it, but sooner or later the victory is sure to come."

CHALLENGE TO DOUGLAS

On July 9 Douglas made an elaborate speech in Chicago. Lincoln was in the audience. It was unofficially arranged that he should reply. He did so the following evening. A week later a similar thing occurred in Springfield. Douglas made a speech in the afternoon to which Lincoln replied in the evening. Shortly after this Lincoln wrote Douglas a letter proposing a series of joint discussions, or challenging him to a series of joint debates. Douglas replied in a patronizing and irritating tone, asked for a slight advantage in his own favor, but he accepted the proposal. He did not do it in a very gracious manner, but he did it. They arranged for seven discussions in towns, the locations being scattered fairly over the entire territory of the State.

THE TRAVELING RIVALS

At the outset Douglas had the advantage of prestige. Nothing succeeds like success. Douglas had all his life had little but success. He twice had missed the nomination for the Presidency, but he was still the most formidable man in the Senate. He was very popular in his own State. He was everywhere greeted by large crowds, with bands of music and other demonstrations. He always traveled in a special car, and often in a special train, which was freely placed at his disposal by the Illinois Central Railroad. Lincoln traveled by accommodation train, freight-train, or wagon, as best he could. As both the men were every day speaking independently between the debates, the question of transportation was serious. The inconveniences of travel made a great drain upon nervous force and health. One day when the freight-train bearing Lincoln was side-tracked to let his rival's special train roll by, he good-humoredly remarked that Douglas "did not smell any royalty in this car."

METHODS COMPARED

The methods of the two men were as diverse as their bodily appearance. Douglas was master of the art of "making the worse appear the better reason." He was able to misstate his antagonist's position so shrewdly as to deceive the very elect. And with equal skill he could escape from the real meaning of his own statements. Lincoln's characterization is apt: "Judge Douglas is playing cuttlefish—a small species of

fish that has no mode of defending itself when pursued except by throwing out a black fluid which makes the water so dark the enemy cannot see it, and thus it escapes."

Lincoln's method was to hold the discussion down to the point at issue with clear and forcible statement. He arraigned the iniquity of slavery as an offence against God. He made the phrase "all men" of the Declaration of Independence include the black as well as the white. Said he: "There is no reason in the world why the negro is not entitled to all the natural rights enumerated in the Declaration of Independence —the right to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness. . . . In the right to eat the bread, without the leave of anybody else, which his own hand earns, he is my equal, and the equal of Judge Douglas, and the equal of every living man."

These debates occupied seven different evenings of three hours each. The speeches were afterward published in book form and had a wide circulation. The speeches, numbering twenty-one in all, filled a large volume. It is not the purpose of this chapter to give an outline of the debates, for they will be found in full in another volume of the present edition. Here it is only intended to give a general idea of their result. Out of them came one prominent effect, which so influenced the careers of the two men that it must be briefly recorded. This went by the name of the "Freeport doctrine."

CROSS-QUESTIONING

In the first debate Douglas had asked Lincoln a series of questions. The trickery of these questions was in the innuendo. They began, "I desire to know whether Lincoln stands to-day, as he did in 1854, in favor of," etc. Douglas then quoted from the platform of a convention which Lincoln had not attended, and with which he had nothing to do. Lincoln denied these insinuations, and said that he had never favored those doctrines; but the trick succeeded, and the impression was made that Douglas had cornered him. The questions, to all intents and purposes, were a forgery. This forgery was quickly exposed by a Chicago paper, and the result was not helpful to Douglas. It was made manifest that he was not conducting the debates in a fair and manly way.

Further than this, the fact that these questions had been asked gave Lincoln, in turn, the right to ask questions of Douglas. This right he used. For the next debate, which was to be at Freeport, he prepared, among others, the following question: "Can the people of a United States Territory, in any lawful way, against the wish of any citizen of the United States, exclude slavery from its limits prior to the formation of a State constitution?" If this were answered "No," it would alienate the citizens of Illinois. If it were answered "Yes," it would alienate the Democrats of the South.

On the way to Freeport he met a number of friends and took counsel of them. When he read question number two, the one above quoted, his friends earnestly and unanimously advised

him not to put that question. "If you do," said they, "you never can be Senator." To which Lincoln replied: "Gentlemen, I am killing larger game. If Douglas answers, he can never be President, and the battle of 1860 is worth a hundred of this."

AFTER THE BATTLE

It is not probable that Lincoln expected to be in 1860 the nominee of the Republican party, but he did see the danger of the election of Douglas to the Presidency. He was willing to surrender the senatorial election to save the country from a Douglas administration. The sacrifice was made. The prediction proved true. Lincoln lost the senatorship, Douglas lost the Presidency.

The popular verdict, as shown in the election, was in favor of Lincoln. The Republicans polled 125,430 votes; the Douglas Democrats, 121,609, and the Buchanan Democrats, 5,071. But the apportionment of the legislative districts was such that Douglas had a majority on the joint ballot of the Legislature. He received 54 votes to 46 for Lincoln. This secured his reëlection to the Senate.

The popular verdict outside the State of Illinois was in favor of Lincoln. The Republican party circulated the volume containing the full report of the speeches. It does not appear that the Democrats did so. This forces the conclusion that the intellectual and moral victory was on the side of Lincoln.

LINCOLN AND DOUGLAS CONTRASTED

The opposite qualities of the debaters are well shown in the following statements by a shrewd observer, David R. Locke, once known all over the country for his clever writings under the pseudonym of "Petroleum V. Nasby":

The difference between the two men was illustrated that day in their opening remarks. Lincoln said (I quote from memory):

"I have had no immediate conference with Judge Douglas, but I am sure that he and I will agree that your entire silence when I speak and he speaks will be most agreeable to us."

Douglas said at the beginning of his speech: "The highest compliment *you can pay* ME is by observing a strict silence. *I desire rather to be heard than applauded.*"

The inborn modesty of the one and the boundless vanity of the other could not be better illustrated. Lincoln claimed nothing for himself—Douglas spoke as if applause *must* follow *his* utterances.

The character of the two men was still better illustrated in their speeches. The self-sufficiency of Douglas in his opening might be pardoned, for he had been fed on applause; . . . but his being a popular idol could not justify the demagogy that saturated the speech itself. Douglas was the demagogue all the way through. There was no trick of presentation that he did not use. He suppressed facts, twisted conclusions, and perverted history. He wriggled and turned and dodged; he appealed to prejudices; in short, it was evident that what he was laboring for was Douglas and nothing else. . . .

Lincoln, on the other hand, kept strictly to the questions at issue, and no one could doubt but that the cause for which he was speaking was the only thing he had at heart; that his personal interests did not weigh a particle. . . . He knew that the people had intelligence enough to strike the average correctly. His great strength was in trusting the people instead of considering them as babes in arms. He did not profess to know everything.

The audience admired Douglas, but they respected his simple-minded opponent.

STONING STEPHEN

In one of the debates, it is said, Douglas led off with so captivating a discourse that his opponent's adherents believed the battle was fairly won. But Lincoln got up as soon as the cheers died away, looking taller and more angular than ever. Taking off his long linen duster, he dropped it on the arm of a young bystander, remarking in his far-pervading voice:

"Hold my coat *while I stone Stephen!*"

This went far toward annulling the good effect of Stephen A. Douglas's harangue and Lincoln was heard with keen attention.

THE SIXTH JOINT DEBATE, AT QUINCY

Our account of this debate is taken from *The Reminiscences of Carl Schurz*, a fascinating work by a public man who knew Lincoln's character well, and who has written elsewhere of the great President with high appreciation and brilliant analysis.

The great debate took place in the afternoon on the open square, where a large pine-board platform had been built for the committee of arrangements, the speakers, and the persons they wished to have with them. I thus was favored with a seat on that platform. In front of it many thousands of people were assembled, Republicans and Democrats standing peaceably together, only chaffing one another now and then in a good-tempered way.

As the champions arrived they were demonstratively cheered by their adherents. The presiding officer agreed upon by the two parties called the meeting to order and announced the program of proceedings. Mr. Lincoln was to open with an allowance of an hour, and Senator Douglas was to follow with a speech of one hour and a half, and Mr. Lincoln was to speak half an hour in conclusion. The first part of Mr. Lincoln's opening address was devoted to a refutation of some things Douglas had said at previous meetings. This refutation may, indeed, have been required for the settlement of disputed points, but it did not strike me as anything extraordinary, either in substance or in form. . . .

There was, however, in all he said, a tone of earnest truthfulness, of elevated, noble sentiment, and of kindly sympathy, which added greatly to the strength of his argument, and became, as in the course of his speech he touched upon the moral side of the question in debate, powerfully impressive. . . .

When Lincoln had sat down amid the enthusiastic plaudits of his adherents, I asked myself with some trepidation in my heart, "What will Douglas say now?" . . .

No more striking contrast could have been imagined than that between those two men as they appeared upon the platform. By the side of Lincoln's tall, lank, and ungainly form, Douglas stood almost like a dwarf, very short of stature, but square-shouldered and broad-chested, a massive head upon a strong neck, the very embodiment of force, combativeness, and staying power. . . . While he was listening to Lincoln's speech, a contemptuous smile now and then flitted across his lips, and when he rose, the tough parliamentary gladiator, he tossed his mane with an air of overbearing superiority, of threatening defiance, as if to say, "How dare any one stand up against me?" . . .

No language seemed too offensive for him, and even inoffensive things he would sometimes bring out in a manner which sounded as if intended to be insulting; and thus he occasionally called forth, instead of applause from his friends, demonstrations of remonstrance from the opposition. But his sentences were well put together, his points strongly accentuated, his argumentation seemingly clear and plausible, his sophisms skilfully woven so as to throw the desired flood of darkness upon the subject and thus beguile the untutored mind, his appeals to prejudice unprincipled and reckless, but shrewdly aimed, and his invectives vigorous and exceedingly trying to the temper of the assailed party. On the whole, his friends were well pleased with his performance, and rewarded him with vociferous cheers.

But then came Lincoln's closing speech of half an hour, which seemed completely to change the temper of the atmosphere. He replied to Doug-

las's arguments and attacks with rapid thrusts so deft and piercing, with humorous retort so quaint and pat, with witty illustrations so clinching, and he did it all so good-naturedly, that the meeting, again and again, broke out into bursts of delight by which even many of his opponents were carried away, while the scowl on Douglas's face grew darker and darker.

LINCOLN THE ORATOR

If the question still be asked, Was Lincoln an orator? the answer must be: Yes, at times as great as the greatest of orators. He was always simple, earnest, and entirely sincere. At times he rose to the very highest eloquence—on rare occasions when greatly moved. When carried away by some great theme, with some vast audience before him, he seemed at times like one inspired. He would begin in a diffident and awkward manner, but, as he became absorbed in his subject, then would come that wonderful transformation, of which many have spoken. Self-consciousness, diffidence, and awkwardness disappeared. His attitude became dignified, his figure seemed to expand, his features were illuminated, his eyes blazed with excitement, and his action became bold and commanding. Then his voice and everything about him became electric, his cadence changed with every feeling, and his whole audience became completely magnetized. Every sentence called forth a responsive emotion. To see Lincoln, on such great occasions, on an open prairie, the central figure of ten thousand people, every sound but that of his voice hushed to perfect silence, every eye

bent upon him, every ear open, eager to catch each word, his voice clear and powerful, and of a key that could be distinctly heard by all the vast multitude, was to see a prophet with a message inspired. To hear him on such occasions, speaking on the great themes of freedom and slavery, was to think of Demosthenes thundering against Philip; better than that, it was like hearing Patrick Henry plead for American liberty.

CHAPTER XI

Widening Renown

In September, 1859, Lincoln made a few masterly speeches in Ohio, where Douglas had preceded him on his new hobby of "squatter sovereignty," or "unfriendly legislation." Lincoln spoke at Columbus, Cincinnati, and several other places, each time devoting the greater part of his address to Douglas and his theories, as if the habit of combating that illustrious chieftain were hard to break.

In December he went to Kansas, speaking at Elwood, Donaphan, Troy, Atchison, and twice at Leavenworth. Wherever he went he was met by vast assemblages of people. His speeches were principally repetitions of those previously made in Illinois; but they were very fresh and captivating to his new audiences. These journeys, which turned out to be continuous ovations, spread his name and fame far beyond the limits to which they had heretofore been restricted.

NEW YORK INVITATION

It was in October, 1859, that Lincoln received an invitation to speak in New York. It delighted him. No event of his life had given him more heartfelt pleasure. He went straight to his office, and Herndon says he "looked pleased, not to say *tickled*. He said to me, 'Billy, I am invited to deliver a lecture in New York. Shall

I go?' 'By all means,' I replied; 'and it is a good opening too.' 'If you were in my fix, what subject would you choose?' said Lincoln. 'Why, a political one: that's your forte,' I answered."

Lincoln wrote, in response to the invitation, that he would avail himself of it the coming February, provided he might be permitted to make a political speech, in case he found it inconvenient to get up one of another kind. He had purposely set the day far ahead, that he might thoroughly prepare himself; and it may safely be said that no effort of his life cost him so much labor as this. Some of the party managers who were afterward put to work to verify its statements, and get it out as a campaign document, are said to have been three weeks in finding the historical records consulted by him.

THE COOPER UNION (INSTITUTE) SPEECH

On February 25, 1860, he arrived in New York. It was Saturday, and he spent the whole day in revising and retouching his speech. The next day he heard Beecher preach, and on Monday wandered about the city to see the sights. When the committee under whose auspices he was to speak waited upon him, they found him dressed in a sleek and shining suit of new black, covered with very apparent creases and wrinkles, acquired by being packed too closely and too long in his little valise. He felt uneasy in his new clothes and in a strange place. His confusion was increased when the reporters called to get the printed slips of his speech in advance of its delivery. Mr. Lincoln knew nothing of such a custom among the orators, and had no

slips. He was, in fact, not quite sure that the press would desire to publish his speech. When he reached the Cooper Institute, and was ushered into the vast hall, he was surprised to see the most cultivated men of the city awaiting him on the stand, and an immense audience assembled to hear him. Mr. Bryant introduced him as "an eminent citizen of the West, hitherto known to you only by reputation."

The speech then delivered (reprinted in another volume of this series) was strictly intellectual from beginning to end. Though Lincoln was not known in New York, Douglas was. So he fittingly took his start with a quotation from Douglas—words uttered at Columbus a few months before: "Our fathers, when they framed the Government under which we live, understood this question [the question of slavery] just as well, and even better, than we do now." To this proposition Lincoln assented. That raised the inquiry, What was their understanding of the question? This was a historical question, and could be answered only by honest and painstaking research.

HOW IT WAS RECEIVED

Not only was this speech received with unbounded enthusiasm by the mass of the people, but it was a revelation to the more intellectual and cultivated. Lincoln afterward told of a professor of rhetoric at Yale College who was present. He made an abstract of the speech and the next day presented it to the class as a model of cogency and finish. This professor followed Lincoln to Meriden to hear him again.

The morning after its delivery the *New York Tribune* presented a report of the speech, and in doing so, said, "the tones, the gestures, the kindling eye, and the mirth-provoking look defy the reporter's skill. . . . No man ever before made such an impression on his first appeal to a New York audience." The *Evening Post* said, "We have made room for Mr. Lincoln's speech, notwithstanding the pressure of other matters; and our readers will see that it was well worthy of the deep attention with which it was heard." For the publication of such arguments the editor was "tempted to wish" that his columns "were indefinitely elastic." These are fair examples of the general tone of the press.

NEW ENGLAND TOUR

From New York Mr. Lincoln traveled into New England, to visit his son Robert, who was a student at Harvard; but he was overwhelmed with invitations to address Republican meetings. In Connecticut he spoke at Hartford, Norwich, New Haven, Meriden, and Bridgeport; in Rhode Island, at Woonsocket; in New Hampshire, at Concord and Manchester. Everywhere the people poured out in multitudes, and the press lavished encomiums. Upon his speech at Manchester, the *Mirror*, a neutral paper, passed the following criticisms of his style of oratory—criticisms familiar enough to the people of his own State: "He spoke an hour and a half with great fairness, great apparent candor, and with wonderful interest. He did not abuse the South, the administration, or the Democrats, or indulge in any personalities, with the exception of a few

hits at Douglas's notions. He is far from prepossessing in personal appearance, and his voice is disagreeable; and yet he wins your attention and good will from the start. At the close of this Eastern tour Lincoln had become prominent as a "Presidential possibility."

"THE GREATEST MAN SINCE ST. PAUL"

This is the testimony of one who was present on that historic occasion, as given by Noah Brooks in his *Abraham Lincoln and the Downfall of Slavery.*

"When Lincoln rose to speak, I was greatly disappointed. He was tall, tall—oh, how tall! —and so angular and awkward that I had, for an instant, a feeling of pity for so ungainly a man. His clothes were black and ill-fitting, badly wrinkled—as if they had been jammed carelessly into a small trunk. His bushy head, with stiff black hair thrown back, was balanced on a long and lean head-stalk, and when he raised his hands in an opening gesture, I noticed that they were very large. He began in a low tone of voice—as if he were used to speaking outdoors, and was afraid of speaking too loud. He said, 'Mr. *Cheerman*,' instead of 'Mr. *Chairman*,' and employed many other words with an old-fashioned pronunciation. I said to myself:

" 'Old fellow, you won't do; it's all very well for the wild West, but this will never go down in New York.'

"But pretty soon he began to get into his subject; he straightened up, made regular and graceful gestures; his face lighted as with an

inward fire; the whole man was transfigured. I forgot his clothes, his personal appearance, his individual peculiarities. Presently, forgetting myself, I was on my feet with the rest, yelling like a wild Indian, cheering this wonderful man. In the close parts of his argument, you could hear the gentle sizzling of the gas-burners. When he reached a climax the thunders of applause were terrific. It was a great speech.

"When I came out of the hall, my face glowing with excitement and my frame all a-quiver, a friend, with his eyes aglow, asked me what I thought of Abe Lincoln the rail-splitter. I said:

" 'He's the greatest man since St. Paul.' And I think so yet."

LINCOLN AND THE BIRTH OF THE REPUBLICAN PARTY

The growing influence and widening recognition of Lincoln had not, as we know, been due to any sudden or fortuitous turn in his career to this time. In order to get a better view of his advance toward the larger political field in which he was to become the commanding figure, it may be well here to go back a few years and trace his connection with the beginnings of the great party that he led to its first national victory.

The year 1856 saw the dissolution of the old Whig party. It had become too narrow and restricted to answer the needs of the hour. A new platform was demanded, that would admit the great principles and issues growing out of the slavery agitation. A convention of the Whig leaders throughout the country met at Pittsburg, Pa., on February 22, 1856, to consider the neces-

sity of a new organization. A little later, Mr. Herndon, in the office of Mr. Lincoln, called a convention at Bloomington, Ill., "summoning together all those who wished to see the Government conducted on the principles of Washington and Jefferson."

The call was signed by the most prominent abolitionists of Illinois, with the name of A. Lincoln at the head. The morning after its publication, Major Stuart entered Mr. Herndon's office in a state of extreme excitement, and, as the latter relates, demanded: " 'Sir, did Mr. Lincoln sign that abolition call which is published this morning?' I answered, 'Mr. Lincoln did not sign that call.' 'Did Lincoln authorize you to sign it?' 'No, he never authorized me to sign it.' 'Then do you know that you have ruined Mr. Lincoln?' 'I did not know that I had ruined Mr. Lincoln; did not intend to do so; thought he was a made man by it; that the time had come when conservatism was a crime and a blunder.' 'You, then, take the responsibility of your acts, do you?' 'I do, most emphatically.' However, I instantly sat down and wrote to Mr. Lincoln, who was then in Pekin or Tremont—possibly at court. He received my letter, and instantly replied, either by letter or telegraph—most likely by letter—that he adopted, *in toto*, what I had done, and promised to meet the radicals—Lovejoy and such like men—among us." Mr. Herndon adds: "Never did a man change as Lincoln did from that hour. No sooner had he planted himself right on the slavery question than his whole soul seemed burning. *He blossomed right out.* Then, too, other spiritual things grew more real to him."

ANTI-SLAVERY LITERATURE

Mr. Herndon had been an abolitionist from birth. It was an inheritance with him; but Lincoln's conversion was a gradual process, stimulated and confirmed by the influence of his companion. "From 1854 to 1860," says Mr. Herndon, "I kept putting into Lincoln's hands the speeches and sermons of Theodore Parker, Wendell Phillips, and Henry Ward Beecher. I took the *Anti-slavery Standard* for years before 1856, the *Chicago Tribune*, and the *New York Tribune*; kept them in my office; kept them purposely on my table, and would read to Lincoln the good, sharp, and solid things well put. Lincoln was a natural anti-slavery man, as I think, and yet he needed watching—needed hope, faith, energy; and I think I *warmed him*."

HERNDON'S "BONE PHILOSOPHY"

It is stated that "when Herndon was very young—probably before Mr. Lincoln made his first protest in the Legislature of the State in behalf of liberty—Lincoln once said to him: 'I cannot see what makes your convictions so decided as regards the future of slavery. What tells you the thing must be rooted out?' 'I feel it in my bones,' was Herndon's emphatic answer. 'This continent is not broad enough to endure the contest between freedom and slavery!' It was almost in these very words that Mr. Lincoln afterward opened the great contest between Douglas and himself. From this time forward he submitted all public questions to what he called 'the test of Bill Herndon's *bone philoso-*

phy'; and their arguments were close and protracted."

Long before Mr. Herndon published the call for the Bloomington convention, he had said to a deputation of men from Chicago, in answer to the inquiry whether Mr. Lincoln could be trusted for freedom: "Can you trust yourselves? If you can, you can trust Lincoln forever."

THE BLOOMINGTON CONVENTION—LINCOLN'S GREAT SPEECH

The convention met at Bloomington, May 29, 1856; "and it was there," says Mr. Herndon, in one of his lectures, "that Lincoln was baptized, and joined our church. He made a speech to us. I have heard or read all of Mr. Lincoln's great speeches; and I give it as my opinion that the Bloomington speech was the grand effort of his life. Heretofore, and up to this moment, he had simply argued the slavery question on grounds of policy—on what are called the *statesman's* grounds—never reaching the question of the radical and eternal right. Now he was newly baptized and freshly born; he had the fervor of a new convert; the smothered flame broke out; enthusiasm unusual to him blazed up; his eyes were aglow with inspiration; he felt justice; his heart was alive to the right; his sympathies burst forth; and he stood before the throne of the eternal Right, in presence of his God, and then and there unburdened his penitential and fired soul.

"This speech was fresh, new, genuine, odd, original; filled with fervor not unmixed with a divine enthusiasm; his head breathing out through his tender heart its truths, its sense of

right, and its feeling of the good and for the good. This speech was full of fire and energy and force; it was logic; it was pathos; it was enthusiasm; it was justice, equity, truth, right, and good, set ablaze by the divine fires of a soul maddened by wrong; it was hard, heavy, knotty, gnarly, edged, and heated. I attempted for about fifteen minutes, as was usual with me, to take notes; but at the end of that time I threw pen and paper to the dogs, and lived only in the inspiration of the hour. If Mr. Lincoln was six feet four inches high usually, *at Bloomington he was seven feet*, and inspired at that. From that day to the day of his death, he stood firm on the right. He felt his great cross, had his great idea, nursed it, kept it, taught it to others, and in his fidelity bore witness of it to his death, and finally sealed it with his precious blood."

FOLLOWING LINCOLN'S LEAD

The committee on resolutions, at the convention, found themselves, after hours of discussion, unable to agree; and at last they sent for Lincoln. He suggested that all could unite on the principles of the Declaration of Independence and hostility to the extension of slavery. "Let us," said he, "in building our new party, make our corner-stone the Declaration of Independence; let us build on this rock, and the gates of hell shall not prevail against us." The problem was mastered, and the convention adopted the following:

"*Resolved*, That we hold, in accordance with the opinions and practices of all the great statesmen of all parties for the first sixty years of

the administration of the Government, that, under the Constitution, Congress possesses full power to prohibit slavery in the Territories; and that while we will maintain all constitutional rights of the South, we also hold that justice, humanity, the principles of freedom, as expressed in our Declaration of Independence and our national Constitution, and the purity and perpetuity of our Government, require that that power should be exerted to prevent the extension of slavery into Territories heretofore free."

The Bloomington convention concluded its work by choosing delegates to the Republican national convention to be held at Philadelphia the following month, for the nomination of candidates for the Presidency and Vice-Presidency of the United States. And thus was organized the Republican party in Illinois, which revolutionized the State and elected Lincoln to the Presidency. Lincoln's speech to this convention has rarely been equaled. "Never," says one of the delegates, "was an audience more completely electrified by human eloquence. Again and again, during the delivery, the audience sprang to their feet, and by long-continued cheers, expressed how deeply the speaker had aroused them."

FIRST REPUBLICAN NATIONAL CONVENTION: FRÉMONT AND DAYTON

The first national convention of the Republican party met at Philadelphia, in June, 1856, and adopted a declaration of principles substantially based upon those of the Bloomington convention. John C. Frémont was nominated as candidate

for President. Among the names presented for Vice-President was that of Abraham Lincoln. He received, however, but 110 votes, against 259 for Mr. Dayton, and 180 scattered; and Mr. Dayton was unanimously declared the nominee.

When the news reached Mr. Lincoln, in Illinois, that he had received 110 votes, some of the lawyers in the court-house insisted that it must have been *their* Lincoln; but he said, "No, it could not be; it must have been the great [Levi] Lincoln of Massachusetts!" He was then in one of his melancholy moods, full of depression and despondency.

LINCOLN ON THE POLITICAL FUTURE

Noah Brooks made Mr. Lincoln's acquaintance at a Republican mass-meeting during the campaign of 1856. After Lincoln had spoken, and while some of the other orators were entertaining the audience, the two drew a little off from the crowd and fell into a discussion over the political situation and prospects. "We crawled under the pendulous branches of a tree," says Mr. Brooks, "and Lincoln, lying flat on the ground, with his chin in his hands, talked on, rather gloomily as to the present, but absolutely confident as to the future. I was dismayed to find that he did not believe it possible that Frémont could be elected. As if half pitying my youthful ignorance, but admiring my enthusiasm, he said, 'Don't be discouraged if we don't carry the day this year. We can't do it, that's certain. We can't carry Pennsylvania; those old Whigs down there are too strong for us. But we shall, sooner or later, elect our President. I feel con-

fident of that.' 'Do you think we shall elect a Free-soil President in 1860?' I asked. 'Well, I don't know. Everything depends on the course of the Democracy. There's a big anti-slavery element in the Democratic party, and if we could get hold of that we might possibly elect our man in 1860. But it's doubtful, very doubtful. Perhaps we shall be able to fetch it by 1864; perhaps not. As I said before, the Free-soil party is bound to win in the long run. It may not be in my day; but it will be in yours, I do really believe.'" The defeat of Frémont soon verified Lincoln's prediction on that score. And the possibility of 1860—could he have had some prevision of its fulfilment, notwithstanding his expressed doubt?

CHAPTER XII

Love Affairs and Marriage

We have already spoken of James Rutledge as the founder of New Salem. At one time, along with his other business—which appears to have been quite extensive and various—Mr. Rutledge kept the tavern, the small house with four rooms on the main street of New Salem, just opposite Lincoln's grocery. There Mr. Lincoln came to board late in 1832, or early in 1833. The family consisted of the father, mother, and nine children—three of them born in Kentucky and six in Illinois; three grown up, and the rest quite young. Ann, the third child, was born January 7, 1813, and was about nineteen years of age when Mr. Lincoln came to live in the house.

When Ann was just turned of seventeen, and still attending the school of that redoubtable pedagogue Minter Graham, there came to New Salem a young gentleman of singular enterprise, tact, and capacity for business. He engaged board with Mr. Rutledge's friend and partner, James Cameron, and gave out his name as John McNeil. He came to New Salem with no other capital than good sense and an active and plucky spirit; but somehow fortune smiled indiscriminately on all his endeavors, and very soon—as early as the latter part of 1832—he found himself a well-to-do and prosperous man, owning

a snug farm seven miles north of New Salem, and a half-interest in the largest store of the place.

JOHN McNAMAR

In the mean time McNeil and his partner, Hill, had both fallen in love with Ann Rutledge, and both courted her with devoted assiduity. But the contest had long since been decided in favor of McNeil, and Ann loved him with all her susceptible and sensitive heart. When the time drew near for McNeil to depart, he confided to Ann a strange story—and, in the eyes of a person less fond, a very startling story. His name was not John McNeil at all, but John McNamar. His family was a highly respectable one in the State of New York; but a few years before his father had failed in business, and there was great distress at home. He (John) then conceived the romantic plan of running away, and, at some undefined place in the far West, making a sudden fortune with which to retrieve the family disaster. He fled accordingly, changed his name to avoid the pursuit of his father, found his way to New Salem, and—she knew the rest. He was now able to perform that great act of filial piety which he set out to accomplish, would return at once to the relief of his parents, and, in all human probability, bring them back with him to his new home in Illinois. At all events, she might look for his return as speedily as the journey could be made with ordinary diligence; and thenceforward there should be no more partings between him and his fair Ann. She believed this tale, because she loved the man that told it; and she would

have believed it all the same if it had been ten times as incredible.

McNamar wrote to Ann that there was sickness in the family, and he could not return at the time appointed. Then there were other and still other postponements; "circumstances over which he had no control" prevented his departure from time to time, until years had rolled away, and Ann's heart had grown sick with hope deferred. She never quite gave him up, but continued to expect him until death terminated her melancholy watch. His inexplicable delay, however, the infrequency of his letters, and their unsatisfactory character—these and something else had broken her attachment, and toward the last she waited for him only to ask a release from the engagement, and to say that she preferred another and a more urgent suitor.

LINCOLN AND ANN RUTLEDGE

When Mr. Lincoln first saw Ann she was probably the most refined woman with whom he had then ever spoken—a modest, delicate creature, fascinating by reason of the mere contrast with the rude people by whom they were both surrounded. She had a secret, too, and a sorrow—the unexplained and painful absence of McNamar—which no doubt made her all the more interesting to him whose spirit was often even more melancholy than her own. It would be difficult to trace the growth of an attachment at a time and place so distant; but it actually grew, and became an intense and mutual passion.

It is probable that the family looked upon

McNamar's delay with more suspicion than Ann did herself. At all events, all her adult relatives encouraged the suit which Lincoln early began to press; and as time, absence, and apparent neglect gradually told against McNamar, she listened to him with growing interest, until, in 1835, we find them formally and solemnly betrothed.

Ann now waited only for the return of McNamar to marry Lincoln. She was urged to marry immediately, without regard to anything but her own happiness; but she said she could not consent to it until McNamar came back and released her from her pledge. At length, however, as McNamar's reappearance became more and more hopeless, she took a different view of it, and then thought she would become Abe's wife as soon as he found the means of a decent livelihood.

ANN'S DEATH: LINCOLN'S GRIEF

In the summer of 1835 Ann showed unmistakable symptoms of failing health, attributable, as most of the neighborhood believed, to the distressing attitude she felt bound to maintain between her two lovers. On August 25 in that year she died of what the doctors chose to call brain-fever.

A few days before her death Lincoln was summoned to her bedside. What happened in that solemn conference was known only to him and the dying girl. But when he left her, and stopped at the house of John Jones, on his way home, Jones saw signs of the most terrible distress in his face and his conduct. When Ann

actually died, and was buried, his grief became frantic: he lost all self-control, even the consciousness of identity, and every friend he had in New Salem declared that Lincoln was crazy. "He was watched with especial vigilance," as William Greene tells us, "during storms, fogs, damp, gloomy weather, for fear of an accident." At such times he raved piteously, declaring, among other wild expressions of his woe, "I can never be reconciled to have the snow, rains, and storms to beat upon her grave!"

"The death of Ann Rutledge," says Ida M. Tarbell, "plunged Lincoln into the deepest gloom. He was seen walking alone by the river and through the woods, muttering strange things to himself. He seemed to his friends to be in the shadow of madness. They kept a close watch over him, and at last Bowlin Greene, one of the most devoted friends Lincoln then had, took him home to his little log cabin, half a mile north of New Salem. Here, under the loving care of Greene and his good wife Nancy, Lincoln remained until he was once more master of himself.

"But though he had regained self-control, his grief was deep and bitter. Ann Rutledge was buried in Concord cemetery, a country burying-ground seven miles northwest of New Salem. To this lonely spot Lincoln frequently journeyed to weep over her grave. 'My heart is buried there,' he said to one of his friends.

"When McNamar returned (for McNamar's story was true, and two months after Ann Rutledge died he drove into New Salem with his widowed mother and his brothers and sisters in the 'prairie schooner' beside him) and learned of

Ann's death, he 'saw Lincoln at the post-office,' as he afterward said, and 'he seemed desolate and sorely distressed.'

"In later life, when Lincoln's sorrow had become a memory, he told a friend who questioned him: 'I really and truly loved the girl and think often of her now.' There was a pause, and then the President added:

" 'And I have loved the name of Rutledge to this day.' "

LINCOLN'S FAVORITE POEM

"With all his love of fun and frolic," says Isaac N. Arnold, "with all his wit and humor, with all his laughter and anecdotes, Lincoln, from his youth, was a person of deep feeling, and there was always mingled with his mirth, sadness and melancholy. He always associated with the memory of Ann Rutledge the plaintive poem which in his hours of melancholy he so often repeated, and whose familiar first stanzas are as follows:

Oh, why should the spirit of mortal be proud?
Like a swift fleeting meteor, a fast flying cloud,
A flash of the lightning, a break of the wave,
He passeth from life to his rest in the grave.

The leaves of the oak and the willow shall fade,
Be scattered around, and together be laid,
And the young and the old, and the low and the high
Shall moulder to dust and together shall lie.

"Lincoln loved at twilight, or when in the country, or in solitude, or when with some confidential friend, to repeat this poem. I think he exaggerated its merits, and I attribute his

great love of the poem to its association with Ann Rutledge." It has been surmised that the lines may also have been dear to Miss Rutledge herself, and that Lincoln may have prized them more on that account.

MARY OWENS

About three-quarters of a mile north of Bowlin Greene's, and on the summit of a hill, stood the house of Bennett Able, a small frame building eighteen by twenty feet. Able and his wife were warm friends of Mr. Lincoln; and many of his rambles through the surrounding country, reading and talking to himself, terminated at their door, where he always found the latch-string on the outside, and a hearty welcome within. In October, 1833, Mr. Lincoln met there Miss Mary Owens, a sister of Mrs. Able, and, as we shall presently learn from his own words, admired her, although not extravagantly. She remained but four weeks, and then went back to her home in Kentucky.

Miss Owens's mother being dead, her father married again; and Miss Owens, for good reasons of her own, thought she would rather live with her sister than with her stepmother. Accordingly, in the fall of 1836, she reappeared at Able's.

LINCOLN AND MARY OWENS

Thereafter Mr. Lincoln was unremitting in his attentions to her; and wherever she went he was at her side. She had many relatives in the neighborhood—the Bales, the Greenes, the Grahams—and if she went to spend an afternoon or an

evening with any of these, Lincoln was very likely to be on hand to conduct her home. He asked her to marry him; but she prudently evaded a positive answer till she could make up her mind about questionable points of his character. She did not think him coarse or cruel; but she did think him thoughtless, careless, not altogether as polite as he might be—in short, "deficient," as she expresses it, "in those little links which make up the great chain of woman's happiness." His heart was good, his principles were high, his honor sensitive; but still, in the eyes of this refined young lady, he did not seem to be quite the gentleman. "He was lacking in the smaller attentions"; and, in fact, the whole affair is explained when she tells us that *"his education was different from" hers.*

WHAT MIGHT HAVE BEEN

"It appears to me conclusive," says Whitney, "that if Lincoln had dealt with this estimable and refined young lady in a spirit of his usual candor and naturalness, and had properly wooed her, there would have been no difficulty in the way of a match. Lincoln felt a sense of inferiority, for which the fair charmer gave no occasion, and he only played at courting, not pressing his suit in the manly and dignified way so characteristic of him in other rôles.

"For instance, Nancy Greene was carrying a heavy child from her house, up a steep hill, to Able's house, and was accompanied by Miss Owens. It was evident that Mrs. Greene was very much exhausted, yet Lincoln, who joined and accompanied them, made no offer of assist-

ance. Miss Owens could not fail to take note of her gallant's delinquency, and told her sister, who repeated it to Lincoln, that she did not think Lincoln would make a good husband. Yet his reason was, as he informed Greene, who informed me, that he was ashamed to be seen by a lady of Miss Owens's culture carrying a baby. At another time Miss Owens, with Lincoln as her escort, went out riding with a party. In crossing a deep stream, Lincoln forged on ahead, leaving his partner to get on as she could. Being reproved for this, he told her she was smart enough to get over alone; but the probabilities are that he had embarked upon, and was lost in the midst of, some reflections, or else he felt that his awkwardness in attempting to be gallant to a cultured lady would be worse than neglect. . . .

"Lincoln wrote her some letters after he settled in Springfield as a lawyer, but they were of a decidedly repelling character; and the lady took him at his word. As I have said, he felt himself beneath her in a social sense, and the mistakes, misunderstandings, and *contretemps* which arose from this anomalous condition of affairs prevented, in my judgment, a matrimonial union which would have been congenial and prosperous, for Miss Owens was polished, brilliant, and amiable, and Lincoln had nearly every element to make a good husband."

PRACTICAL CONSIDERATIONS

Born in the humblest circumstances, uneducated, poor, acquainted with flatboats and groceries, but a stranger to the drawing-room, it was natural that Lincoln should seek in a matri-

monial alliance those social advantages which he felt were necessary to his political advancement. This was, in fact, his own view of the matter, and it was strengthened and enforced by the counsels of those whom he regarded as friends.

MARY TODD

In 1839 Miss Mary, daughter of Hon. Robert S. Todd of Lexington, Ky., came to live with her sister, Mrs. Ninian W. Edwards, at Springfield. She was young—just twenty-one—her family was of the best, and her connections in Illinois among the most refined and distinguished people. She was gifted with rare talents, had a keen sense of the ridiculous, a ready insight into the weaknesses of individual character, and a most fiery and ungovernable temper. Her tongue and her pen were equally sharp. High-bred, proud, brilliant, witty, and with a will that often swayed others to her purpose, she took Mr. Lincoln captive, although he proved a vacillating lover.

Mr. Lincoln was a rising politician, fresh from the people, and possessed of great power among them: Miss Todd was of aristocratic and distinguished family, able to lead through the awful portals of "good society" whomsoever they chose to countenance. She was very ambitious, and even before she left Kentucky announced her belief that she was "destined to be the wife of some future President."

"Her sister's spacious dwelling," says James Morgan, "was the social centre of the town, and Miss Todd never was without attentions and admirers. In an open competition among them,

Lincoln, poor and awkward, would have been easily distanced, for in her train were graceful courtiers like Stephen A. Douglas. Notwithstanding her pride of family, for she was descended from governors and generals, her interest was enlisted in the character of the former wood-chopper, and the bright promise of future distinction which he wore excited her ambition.

"IRRESOLUTION AND MISERY

"Her family did not look kindly upon her preference for him, and the halting and doubting suitor himself would have discouraged a less resolute woman. She and Lincoln were not only opposites in breeding but in temperament as well, and the course of their love never ran smoothly. Whether in his conflicting emotions and morbid presentiments of unhappiness he failed her on the appointed wedding day, history is not certain. There is no question, however, that he brought his relations with her to an abrupt end, and plunged into a period of desperate melancholy.

"Friends watched him and cared for him with anxious solicitude. He wrote to his partner, then in Congress, that he was the most miserable man living, and that if his misery were distributed among the human family, there would not be one cheerful face on earth. He could not tell if he would ever recover; 'I awfully forebode I shall not.' . . .

"After months of this unhappy mood a good friend, who was going to Kentucky to see his betrothed, took Lincoln with him. There the heart-sick patient gained some relief amid new

scenes and faces, and most of all in striving to cure his friend, who was strangely stricken with the same tormenting doubts in his own love-affair. When he had seen this case end in a happy marriage and he had returned to Illinois, he wrote to the bridegroom with glowing satisfaction: 'I always was superstitious. I believe God made me one of the instruments of bringing you and Fanny together, which union I have no doubt he had foreordained. Whatever he designs, he will do for me yet.'

"Ever present in his mind was the sad plight in which he had placed Miss Todd. It was a wound in his honor. He reproached himself for even wishing to be happy when he thought of her whom he had made unhappy. 'That,' he wrote, 'still kills my soul.' When he heard, after a year, that she had taken a short journey and had said she enjoyed it, he exclaimed, 'God be praised for that.' "

QUARREL WITH SHIELDS

Among the admirers of Miss Todd was James Shields, a red-haired little Irishman, with a peppery temper and an air of inordinate vanity. He must have had genuine ability in some directions, or else he was wonderfully lucky, for he was not only a general in the Mexican War and also (in the Federal army) in the Civil War, but likewise an office-holder of one kind or another, in different States of the Union, during a great part of his life.

At this particular time Shields was Auditor of the State of Illinois. The State finances were in a shocking condition. The State banks were

not a success, and the paper currency was nearly worthless, but it was the only money in use, and it was the money of the State. In these circumstances, the Governor, Auditor, and Treasurer issued a circular forbidding the payment of State taxes in the State currency. This was clearly an outrage upon the taxpayers.

Against this Lincoln protested. Not by serious argument, but by the merciless satire which he knew so well how to use upon occasion. Under the pseudonym of "Aunt Rebecca," he wrote a letter to the *Sangamon Journal*. The letter was written in the style of Josh Billings, and purported to come from a widow residing in the "Lost Townships." It was an attempt to laugh down the unjust measure, and in pursuance of this the writer plied Shields with ridicule. The town was convulsed with laughter, and Shields with fury. The wrath of the little Irishman was funnier than the letter, and the joy of the neighbors increased.

MARY TODD HELPS ON THE SPORT

Miss Todd and her friend Miss Jayne, afterward wife of Senator Lyman Trumbull, entered into the spirit of the fun. They wrote a letter in which "Aunt Rebecca" proposed to soothe his injured feelings by accepting Shields as her husband. This was followed by a doggerel rhyme celebrating the event.

Shields's fury knew no bounds. He went to the editor of the paper and demanded the name of the author of the letters. The editor consulted with Lincoln, who was unwilling to permit any odium to fall on the ladies, and sent

word to Shields that he would hold himself responsible for those letters.

THE UNFOUGHT DUEL

If Shields had not been precisely the kind of man he was, the matter might have been explained and settled amicably. But no, he must have blood. He sent an insulting and peremptory challenge. When Lincoln became convinced that a duel was necessary, he exercised his right, as the challenged party, of choosing the weapons. He selected "broadswords of the largest size." This was another triumph of humor. The midget of an Irishman was to be pitted against the giant of six feet four inches, who possessed the strength of a Hercules, and the weapons were—"broadswords of the largest size."

The bloody party repaired to Alton, and thence to an island or sand-bar on the Missouri side of the river. There a reconciliation was effected, honor was satisfied all around, and they returned home in good spirits. For some reason Lincoln was always ashamed of this farce. Why, we do not know. It may have been because he was drawn into a situation in which there was a possibility of his shedding human blood. And he who was too tender-hearted to shoot wild game could not make light of that situation.

MARRIAGE OF LINCOLN AND MARY TODD

The engagement between Lincoln and Miss Todd was renewed, and they were quietly married at the home of the bride's sister, Mrs. Edwards, November 4, 1842. Lincoln made a

loyal, true, indulgent husband. Mrs. Lincoln made a home that was hospitable, cultured, unostentatious. They lived together till the tragic death of the President, more than twenty-two years later.

ROBERT TODD LINCOLN

They had four children, all boys. Only the eldest, Robert Todd Lincoln, grew to manhood. He has had a career which is, to say the least, creditable to the name he bears. For a few months at the close of the war he was on the staff of General Grant. He was Secretary of War under Garfield, and retained the office through the Administration of Arthur. Under President Harrison, from 1889 to 1893, he was Minister to England. He is a lawyer by profession, residing in Chicago—the city that loved his father—and at the present writing is president of the Pullman Company.

CHAPTER XIII

Education and Literary Traits

THE power to which Lincoln attained in fitting language to thought is a matter of general wonder. It made him the matchless story-teller, and gave sublimity to his graver addresses. His thoroughness and accuracy were a source of admiration and delight to scholars. He had a masterful grasp of great subjects. He was able to look at events from all sides, so as to appreciate how they would appear to different grades of intelligence, different classes of people, different sections of the country. More than once this many-sidedness of his mind saved the country from ruin. Wit and humor are usually joined with their opposite, pathos, and it is therefore not surprising that, being eminent in one, he should possess all three characteristics. In his conversation humor frequently predominated; in his public speeches pure reasoning often deepened to pathos.

HOW LINCOLN EDUCATED HIMSELF

The following account of Lincoln's self-education is given by Hamilton Wright Mabie:

"Abraham Lincoln is often numbered among the uneducated, and his career is pointed out among those careers which are supposed to stimulate men who rely wholly on natural capacity, native pluck, and ambition. All these qualities

Abraham Lincoln had, but I venture to say that no man in Abraham Lincoln's time was better educated than he, and perhaps no man was so well educated as he to do the work which God appointed him to do. . . .

"FEW BOOKS, BUT SUFFICIENT

"Lincoln had a few books. It has been said that only three books are necessary to make a library—the Bible, Shakespeare, and Blackstone's *Commentaries*. All these books Lincoln had. But Lincoln had other books as well. He had, to begin with, that great literature in sixty-six volumes, with which many of us are now so unfamiliar, that we call the Bible: a library which includes almost every literary form, which touches the loftiest heights of human aspiration, and sounds the depths of human experience, and conveys truth to us in the noblest eloquence both of prose and verse. This library was sufficient in itself for a man who could read it as Lincoln could, without the aid of commentaries, and with the flash of the imagination, the power of going to the place where a book lives, which is worth all other kinds of power in dealing with a book. Such a man could be lifted out of provincialism, not only into the great movement of the world, but into the companionship of some of the loftiest souls that have ever lived, by this single book. And then he had that mine of knowledge and life and of character, Æsop's *Fables*, at his fingers' ends, so that in all his talk, and in later life, these fables served the happiest uses of illustration; and he had that masterpiece of clear presentation, *Robinson Crusoe*. He was inti-

mately familiar with that well of English undefiled, which I think more than any other influence colored and shaped his style, Bunyan's *Pilgrim's Progress.*

"THOROUGH MASTERY OF READING

"He borrowed that old-fashioned book which is responsible for a great deal of misinformation —Weems's *Life of Washington*—and when in 1861 he spoke in the Senate at Trenton he said that so thoroughly had he absorbed that book that he could see Washington crossing the Delaware, and he could recall all the details of the brilliant march on Trenton and the brilliant march on Princeton. Later he came upon Shakespeare and Burns, whom he learned afterward to love, and whom he knew so intimately that he became an acute critic of both writers. Now, the man who knows his Shakespeare knows pretty much all that is to be known of life; and if he can put the Bible back of it he has a complete education.

"WHAT HE TOLD THE PROFESSOR

"Years afterward, when he was making those marvelous speeches which began in Cooper Union, a professor of English in one of our universities who went to hear him, attracted by his attitude on public questions, was astonished at his command of English, the purity, lucidity, and persuasiveness of his style. He heard him three times in succession, and then called at his hotel and sent up his card, and when Mr. Lincoln came into the room he said to him, 'Mr.

Lincoln, I have come here to ask you a single question: where did you get your style?' Mr. Lincoln was astonished to know he had such a thing as style, but the question being pressed home to him, he thought a minute and said: 'When I was a boy I began, and kept up for many years afterward, the practice of taking note of every word spoken during the day or read during the day which I did not understand, and after I went to bed at night I thought of it in connection with the other words until I saw its meaning, and then I translated it into some simpler word which I knew.'

"THE BEST EDUCATION

"Now, if you knew *The Pilgrim's Progress* by heart, and if you made it a practice every night to translate everything you had heard during the day into language of the quality of *The Pilgrim's Progress*, there is no English education, I venture to say, in any university, which would so thoroughly equip you to a command of language and the power of persuasion. And that was the way that Abraham Lincoln learned to use the kind of English that he had at his fingers' ends."

THE SECOND INAUGURAL

Consider Lincoln's second inaugural, delivered March 4, 1865. There was in this little to discuss, for he had no new policy to proclaim, he was simply to continue the policy of the past four years, of which the country had shown its approval by reëlecting him. The end of the war was almost in sight; it would soon be finished.

In this address breathes a spirit of grandeur. Isaiah was a prophet who was also a statesman. Lincoln—we say it with reverence—was a statesman who was also a prophet. He had foresight. He had *in*sight. He saw the hand of God shaping events; he saw the spirit of God in events. Such is his spiritual elevation of thought, such his tenderness of yearning, that there is no one but Isaiah to whom we may fittingly compare him, in the manly piety of his closing words in this inaugural:

"With malice toward none, with charity for all, with firmness in the right, as God gives us to see the right, let us strive on to finish the work we are in; to bind up the nation's wounds; to care for him who shall have borne the battle, and for his widow, and his orphan; to do all which may achieve and cherish a just and lasting peace among ourselves, and with all nations."

The study of his principal speeches and papers (contained in the present edition) will enable one to understand the salient points of his political philosophy, and incidentally the secret of his intellectual development. These are not enough completely to show the *man* Lincoln, but they do give a true idea of the great statesman. They show a symmetrical and wonderful growth. Great as was his "House-divided-against-itself" speech (1858), there is yet a wide difference between that and the second inaugural; and the seven years intervening accomplished this growth of mind and of spirit only because they were years of great stress.

Apart from all his other utterances, by reason of its tender associations, but one with the second inaugural in its noble strain, stands the ad-

dress at the dedication of Gettysburg Cemetery, November 19, 1863. This was not intended for an oration. Edward Everett was the orator of the occasion. Lincoln's part was to pronounce the formal words of dedication. It was a busy time—all times were busy with him, but this was unusually busy—and he wrote the address on a sheet of foolscap, in such odd moments as he could command. In form it is prose, but in effect it is a poem. Many of its sentences are rhythmical. The occasion lifted him into a higher realm of thought. The hearers were impressed by his unusual gravity and solemnity of manner quite as much, perhaps, as by the words themselves. They were awed, many were moved to tears. The address follows in full.

THE GETTYSBURG ADDRESS

"Fourscore and seven years ago our fathers brought forth on this continent a new nation, conceived in liberty, and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal. Now we are engaged in a great civil war, testing whether that nation, or any nation so conceived and so dedicated, can long endure. We are met on a great battlefield of that war. We have come to dedicate a portion of that field as a final resting-place for those who here gave their lives that that nation might live. It is altogether fitting and proper that we should do this. But, in a larger sense, we cannot dedicate—we cannot consecrate—we cannot hallow—this ground. The brave men, living and dead, who struggled here have consecrated it far above our poor power to add or detract. The world will little note, nor

long remember, what we say here, but it can never forget what they did here. It is for us, the living, rather, to be dedicated here to the unfinished work which they who fought here have thus far so nobly advanced. It is rather for us to be here dedicated to the great task remaining before us—that from these honored dead we take increased devotion to that cause for which they gave the last full measure of devotion—that we here highly resolve that these dead shall not have died in vain—that this nation, under God, shall have a new birth of freedom—and that government of the people, by the people, for the people, shall not perish from the earth."

COMPARISONS

The simplicity and sublimity of these sentences, which for their purpose have never, according to Charles Sumner, been equaled since Simonides wrote the epitaph for the Spartans who fell at Thermopylæ, surpass our power of characterization. It is worth while, however, to call attention to the fact that three-quarters of the address is composed of Anglo-Saxon words of one syllable!

At the moment of its delivery the address was not generally appreciated. But after a few days the public awoke to the fact that Lincoln's "few remarks" were immeasurably superior to Everett's brilliant and learned oration. Sumner, as we have said, compared it to the words of Simonides, and it has also been compared to the oration of Pericles in memory of the Athenian dead who fell in the Peloponnesian War. Competent judges have said that there has been no

memorial oration from that date to Lincoln's Gettysburg Address of equal power. The two orations are very different: Lincoln's was less than three hundred words long, that of Pericles near three thousand. But both orators alike appreciated the glory of sacrifice for one's country. And it is safe to predict that this Gettysburg Address, brief, hastily prepared, underestimated by its author, will last as long as the Republic itself, as long as English speech shall endure.

LINCOLN'S STYLE COMPARED WITH SEWARD'S

Secretary Seward was a brilliant scholar, a polished writer, a trained diplomatist. But in literary matters Lincoln was plainly the master and Seward was the pupil. We select from an admirable article by Richard Watson Gilder, entitled "Lincoln as a Writer," the following passage comparing the literary style of these two men.

"The first inaugural concludes with a passage of great tenderness. We learn from Nicolay and Hay that the suggestion of that passage, its first draft indeed, came from Seward. But compare this first draft with the passage as amended and adopted by Lincoln! This is Seward's:

" 'I close. We are not, we must not be, aliens or enemies, but fellow-countrymen and brethren. Although passion has strained our bonds of affection too hardly, they must not, I am sure they will not, be broken. The mystic chords which, proceeding from so many battlefields and so many patriot graves, pass through all the hearts and all hearths in this broad continent of ours, will yet again harmonize in their ancient music

when breathed upon by the guardian angel of the nation.' And this is Lincoln's:

"'I am loath to close. We are not enemies, but friends. We must not be enemies. Though passion may have strained, it must not break our bonds of affection. The mystic chords of memory, stretching from every battlefield and patriot grave to every living heart and hearthstone all over this broad land, will yet swell the chorus of the Union when again touched, as surely they will be, by the better angels of our nature.'"

It requires no trained critical faculty to see that this passage as amended by Lincoln is a marked improvement on the original by Seward. It shows that Lincoln had by far the better command of vigorous, precise, and melodious English.

CHAPTER XIV

Personal Characteristics: Physical and Mental

In considering Lincoln's great stature of six feet and four inches, it has been often noted that his length of leg was out of all proportion to his body-length, and his figure and movements have commonly been described as awkward. Expert students of anatomy and eminent artists have nevertheless credited him with admirable physical proportions and endowments, including a natural grace, but with characters so unique as to escape recognition by eyes accustomed to see men cast in the ordinary mould.

His usual weight was about one hundred and eighty pounds. He was thin through the breast, narrow across the shoulders, and had the general appearance of a consumptive subject. Standing up, he stooped slightly forward; sitting down, he usually crossed his long legs, or threw them over the arms of the chair, as the most convenient mode of disposing of them. His "head was long, and tall from the base of the brain and the eyebrow"; his forehead high and narrow, but inclining backward as it rose. The size of his hat was seven and an eighth. There was a large mole on his right cheek, and an uncommonly prominent Adam's apple on his throat.

His countenance was haggard and careworn, exhibiting all the marks of deep and protracted suffering. Every feature of the man—the hol-

low eyes, with the dark rings beneath; the long, sallow, cadaverous face, intersected by peculiar deep lines; his whole air; his walk; his long, silent reveries, broken at long intervals by sudden and startling exclamations, as if to confound an observer who might suspect the nature of his thoughts—showed he was a man of sorrows, not sorrows of to-day or yesterday, but long-treasured and deep, bearing with him a continual sense of weariness and pain.

THE EVERY-DAY LINCOLN

On a winter's morning, when he lived in Springfield, this man could be seen wending his way to the market, with a basket on his arm, and a little boy at his side, whose small feet rattled and pattered over the ice-bound pavement, attempting to make up by the number of his short steps for the long strides of his father. The little fellow jerked at the bony hand which held his, and prattled and questioned, begged and grew petulant, in a vain effort to make his father talk to him. But the latter was probably unconscious of the other's existence, and stalked on, absorbed in his own reflections.

As he moved along thus silent, abstracted, his thoughts dimly reflected in his sharp face, men turned to look after him as an object of sympathy as well as curiosity: "his melancholy," in the words of Mr. Herndon, "dripped from him as he walked." If, however, he met a friend in the street, and was roused by a loud, hearty "Good-morning, Lincoln!" he would grasp the friend's hand with one or both of his own, and with his usual expression of "Howdy, howdy,"

would detain him to hear a story: something reminded him of it; it happened in Indiana, and it must be told, for it was wonderfully pertinent.

IN HIS OFFICE

After his breakfast-hour, he would appear at his office, and go about the labors of the day with all his might, displaying prodigious industry and capacity for continuous application, although he never was a fast worker. Sometimes it happened that he came without his breakfast; and then he would have in his hands a piece of cheese, or Bologna sausage, and a few crackers, bought by the way. At such times he did not speak to his partner Herndon, nor to his friends, if any happened to be present: the tears were, perhaps, struggling into his eyes, while his pride was struggling to keep them back. Mr. Herndon knew the whole story at a glance: there was no speech between them; but neither wished the visitors to the office to witness the scene; and, therefore, Mr. Lincoln retired to the back office, while Mr. Herndon locked the front one, and walked away with the key in his pocket. In an hour or more the latter would return, and perhaps find Mr. Lincoln calm and collected; otherwise he went out again, and waited until he was so. Then the office was opened, and everything went on as usual.

When Mr. Lincoln had a speech to write, which happened very often, he would put down each thought, as it struck him, on a small strip of paper, and, having accumulated a number of these, generally carried them in his hat or his pockets until he had the whole speech composed

in this odd way, when he would sit down at his table, connect the fragments, and then write out the whole speech on consecutive sheets in a plain, legible handwriting.

IN HIS HOME

Mrs. Chapman, daughter of Dennis Hanks, and therefore a relative of Mr. Lincoln, made him a long visit previous to her marriage. "You ask me," she said to an inquirer, "how Mr. Lincoln acted at home. I can say, and that truly, he was all that a husband, father, and neighbor should be—kind and affectionate to his wife and child ('Bob' being the only one they had when I was with them), and very pleasant to all around him. Never did I hear him utter an unkind word. For instance: one day he undertook to correct his child, and his wife was determined that he should not, and attempted to take it from him; but in this she failed. She then tried 'tongue-lashing,' but met with the same fate; for Mr. Lincoln corrected his child as a father ought to do, in the face of his wife's anger, and that, too, without even changing his countenance or making any reply to his wife.

"His favorite way of reading, when at home, was lying down on the floor. I fancy I see him now, lying full-length in the hall of his old house reading. When not engaged reading law books, he would read literary works, and was very fond of reading poetry, and often, when he would be, or appear to be, in deep study, commence and repeat aloud some piece that he had taken a fancy to. He often told laughable jokes and stories when he thought we were looking gloomy."

LITERARY TASTES

Some of Mr. Lincoln's literary tastes indicated strongly his prevailing gloominess of mind. He read Byron extensively, especially *Childe Harold, The Dream,* and *Don Juan.* Burns, as we have seen, was one of his earliest favorites. "Holy Willie's Prayer" he memorized. Of Shakespeare, he especially liked *Macbeth, King Lear,* and *The Merry Wives of Windsor.* But whatever was suggestive of death, the grave, the sorrows of man's days on earth, charmed his disconsolate spirit, and captivated his sympathetic heart. Solemn-sounding rhymes, with no merit but the sad music of their numbers, were more enchanting to him than the loftiest songs of the masters. Of these were, "Oh! Why should the Spirit of Mortal be Proud?" and a pretty commonplace little piece, entitled "The Inquiry." To take an example of high-class poetry, one verse of Holmes's "Last Leaf" he thought "inexpressibly touching."

> The mossy marbles rest
> On the lips that he has prest
> In their bloom;
> And the names he loved to hear
> Have been carved for many a year
> On the tomb.

HUMOR

Lincoln frequently said that he lived by his humor, and would have died without it. His manner of telling a story was irresistibly comical, the fun of it dancing in his eyes and playing over every feature. His face changed in an in-

stant, the hard lines faded out of it, and the mirth seemed to diffuse itself all over him, "like a spontaneous tickle." You could see it coming long before he opened his mouth, and he began to enjoy the point before his eager auditors could catch the faintest glimpse of it. Telling and hearing ridiculous stories was one of his ruling passions.

Judges, lawyers, jurors, and suitors carried home with them select budgets of his stories, to be retailed to itching ears as "Old Abe's last." When the court adjourned from village to village, the taverns and the groceries left behind were filled with the sorry echoes of his "best." He generally located his little narratives with great precision—in Kentucky, Indiana, Illinois; and if he was not personally "knowing" to the facts himself, he was intimately acquainted with a gentleman who was.

Lincoln used his stories variously—to illustrate or convey an argument; to make his opinions clear to another, or conceal them altogether; to cut off a disagreeable conversation, or to end an unprofitable discussion; to cheer his own heart, or simply to amuse his friends. But most frequently he had a practical object in view, and employed them simply "as labor-saving contrivances."

THE POLITICIAN

"Lincoln," says Charles A. Dana, in his *Recollections of the Civil War*, "was a supreme politician. He understood politics because he understood human nature. I had an illustration of this in the spring of 1864. The Administration had decided that the Constitution of the

United States should be amended so that slavery should be prohibited. This was not only a change in our national policy, it was also a most important military measure. It was intended not merely as a means of abolishing slavery forever, but as a means of affecting the judgment and the feelings and the anticipations of those in rebellion. It was believed that such an amendment to the Constitution would be equivalent to new armies in the field, that it would be worth at least a million men, that it would be an intellectual army that would tend to paralyze the enemy and break the continuity of his ideas.

"In order thus to amend the Constitution, it was necessary first to have the proposed amendment approved by three-fourths of the States. When that question came to be considered, the issue was seen to be so close that one State more was necessary. The State of Nevada was organized and admitted to the Union to answer that purpose. I have sometimes heard people complain of Nevada as superfluous and petty, not big enough to be a State; but when I hear that complaint, I always hear Abraham Lincoln saying:

" 'It is easier to admit Nevada than to raise another million soldiers.' "

PROFOUND IN THOUGHT, STRONG IN STATEMENT

Lincoln was in no sense a brilliant conversationalist, yet he was so logical in his discourse and his illustrations were so pertinent, that he always commanded the attention, and seldom failed to excite the admiration of his listeners. John B. Alley tells us that in conversation with

some of the most eminent Senators during Lincoln's Administration, it was remarked that the President had said some things which exhibited more profound thought, more intellectual grasp, and more power of statement than anything that had ever been said before. The Gettysburg Address may well be cited in support of such judgment.

HIS PATIENCE ABUSED

"He was an exceedingly patient and even-tempered man," says Alley. "I have often seen him placed in the most provoking and trying positions, and never but once knew him to lose his temper. That was the day after he had received very bad news from the army. A couple of office-seekers who knew him well intercepted him, on his way from the White House to the War Department, and teased him for an office which he told them he could not give. They persisted in their importunity until it was unbearable. The President, evidently worn out by care and anxiety, turned upon them, and such an angry and terrific tirade, against those two incorrigible bores, I never before heard from the lips of mortal man."

CHAPTER XV

Personal Characteristics: Moral and Religious

THE sobriquet "Honest Abe," which his neighbors fastened on Lincoln in his youth, was never lost, shaken off, or outgrown. It meant something more than such exactness of commercial honesty as forbade him to touch a penny of the funds that remained over from the extinct post-office of New Salem, though the Government was for years negligent in the matter of settling up. In youth, as we have seen, he always insisted on fairness in sports, so that he came to be the standing umpire of the neighborhood. The same honesty came out also in his practice of the law, when he would not lend his influence to further scoundrel schemes, nor consent to take an unfair advantage of an opponent.

HIS PUBLIC PROBITY

But the glory of his honesty appeared in his Administration. It is a remarkable fact that there was never any suspicion, even among his enemies, that he used the high powers of his office for gain, or for the furtherance of his political ambition. When contracts, to the amount of many millions of dollars, were being constantly given out for a period of four years, there was never a thought that a dishonest dollar would find its way, either directly or indi-

rectly, into the hands of the President, or with his consent into the hands of his friends. When he was a candidate for reëlection he was fully aware that some officials of high station were using their influence for the purpose of injuring him. It was in his power to dismiss these in disgrace, and they deserved it. This he refused to do. So long as they did well their official duties he overlooked their injustice to him. No President has surpassed him in the cleanness of his record, and only Washington, perhaps, has equaled him.

HIS MAGNANIMITY AND FORBEARANCE

The greatness of Lincoln's spirit was shown in the forming of his Cabinet and in his relations with its members. Certain acts on the part of Seward and Chase would have led almost any other man in the President's place to dismiss them summarily. But, thanks to Lincoln's patience and sagacity, Seward, as Secretary of State, became not only useful to the country, but devotedly loyal to his chief. After Chase's voluntary retirement from the Treasury Department, Lincoln appointed him Chief Justice. To his credit be it said that he adorned the judiciary, although he never did appreciate the man who saved him from oblivion, if not disgrace. Up to the year 1862, Lincoln's only personal knowledge of Stanton was such as to recall occasions of resentment, but when he believed that Stanton would make a good Secretary of War he did not hesitate to appoint him. It is safe to say that this appointment gave Stanton the greatest surprise of his life.

FIRMNESS IN THE RIGHT

The President was always ready to set aside his own preference, and to do the expedient thing, when no moral principle was involved. When such a principle was involved he was ready to stand alone against the world. He was never known to betray cowardice. In early youth he championed the cause of temperance in a community where the use of liquors was almost universal. In the Illinois Legislature and in Congress he expressed his repugnance to the institution of slavery, although this expression could do him no possible good politically, while it might do him infinite harm. When he practised law, he was one of comparatively few lawyers of ability who did not dread the odium sure to attach to those who befriended negroes.

In 1861 he stood out almost alone against the clamors of his constituents and directed the release of Mason and Slidell.

PERSONAL HABITS

Personally he was a clean man. The masculine vices were abhorrent to him. He was not profane. He was not vulgar. He was as far removed from suspicion as Cæsar could have demanded of his wife. He did not drink intoxicants. When a young man, he could not be tricked into swallowing whiskey. At the close of the war a barrel of whiskey was sent him from some cellar in Richmond, as a souvenir of the fall of the city, but he declined to receive it. If wine was served at the table of the White House, it was in deference to foreign guests.

As a matter of courtesy he went through the form of touching the glass to his lips, but he never drank. How widely in such things his life separated him from many of his associates! The atmosphere of the White House has been sweeter and purer ever since he occupied it, and this is largely due to the influence of his own incorruptible purity.

TRIUMPHS OF COURAGE

"Dining with Mr. Herndon in Springfield," says Thomas Hicks, "I asked about his [Lincoln's] courage; he answered me by saying: 'Lincoln never had any personal fear, and he has the courage of a lion. In the old political struggles in this State, I have seen him go upon the platform, when a dozen revolvers were drawn on him, but before he had spoken twenty words they would go back into the pockets of their owners; and such were the methods of his eloquence that, likely as not these men would be the first to shake hands with him when he came among them after the meeting. Lincoln is a number one man in every way.' "

Isaac N. Arnold describes the way in which, during an Illinois canvass in 1840, Lincoln protected Edward D. Baker from a mob which threatened to drag him off the stand. Baker was speaking in a large room, rented and used for the court sessions, and Lincoln's office was in an apartment over the court-room, and communicating with it by a trap-door. Lincoln was in his office, listening to Baker through the open trap-door, when Baker, becoming excited, abused the Democrats, many of whom were present. A

cry was raised, "Pull him off the stand!" The instant Lincoln heard the cry, knowing a general fight was imminent, his athletic form was seen descending from above through the opening of the trap-door, and springing to the side of Baker, and waving his hand for silence, he said with dignity: "Gentlemen, let us not disgrace the age and country in which we live. This is a land where freedom of speech is guaranteed. Baker has a right to speak, and a right to be permitted to do so. I am here to protect him, and no man shall take him from this stand if I can prevent it." Quiet was restored, and Baker finished his speech without further interruption.

THE PRESIDENT AND THE CHILDREN

Dana, in his *Recollections*, narrates the following pleasing incidents:

"It was not only in matters of life and death that Mr. Lincoln was merciful. He was kind at heart toward all the world. I never heard him say an unkind thing about anybody. Now and then he would laugh at something jocose or satirical that somebody had done or said, but it was always pleasant humor. He would never allow the wants of any man or woman to go unattended to if he could help it. I noticed his sweetness of nature particularly with his little son, a child at that time perhaps seven or nine years old, who used to roam the departments, and whom everybody called 'Tad.' He had a defective palate, and couldn't speak very plainly. Often I have sat by his father, reporting to him some important matter that I had been ordered to inquire into, and he would have this boy on his

knee. While he would perfectly understand the report, the striking thing about him was his affection for the child.

"He was good to everybody. Once there was a great gathering at the White House on New Year's Day, and all the diplomats came in their uniforms, and all the officers of the army and navy in Washington were in full costume. A little girl of mine said, 'Papa, couldn't you take me over to see that?' I said, 'Yes'; so I took her over and put her in a corner, where she beheld this gorgeous show. When it was finished, I went up to Mr. Lincoln and said, 'I have a little girl here who wants to shake hands with you.' He went over to her, and took her up and kissed her and talked to her. She will never forget it if she lives to be a thousand years old."

LINCOLN'S RELIGIOUS VIEWS

Jesse W. Fell of Illinois, who had the best opportunities of knowing Lincoln intimately, makes the following statement of his religious opinions, derived from repeated conversations with him on the subject:

"On the innate depravity of man, the character and office of the great Head of the Church, the atonement, the infallibility of the written revelation, the performance of miracles, the nature and design of present and future rewards and punishments (as they are popularly called), and many other subjects, he held opinions utterly at variance with what are usually taught in the Church. I should say that his expressed views on these and kindred topics were such as, in the estimation of most believers, would place him

entirely outside the Christian pale. Yet, to my mind, such was not the true position, since his principles and practices and the spirit of his whole life were of the very kind we universally agree to call Christian; and I think this conclusion is in no wise affected by the circumstance that he never attached himself to any religious society whatever.

"His religious views were eminently practical, and are summed up, as I think, in these two propositions: 'the Fatherhood of God, and the brotherhood of man.' He fully believed in a superintending and overruling Providence, that guides and controls the operations of the world, but maintained that law and order, and not their violation or suspension, are the appointed means by which this providence is exercised."

According to his law partner, Herndon, "in one sense of the word, Mr. Lincoln was a Universalist, and in another sense he was a Unitarian; but he was a theist, as we now understand that word; he was so fully, freely, unequivocally, boldly, and openly, when asked for his views. Mr. Lincoln," continues Herndon, "was supposed by many people to be an atheist. I can put that supposition at rest forever. I hold a letter of Mr. Lincoln in my hand, addressed to his stepbrother, John D. Johnston, and dated the twelfth day of January, 1851. He had heard from Johnston that his father, Thomas Lincoln, was sick, and that no hopes of his recovery were entertained. Mr. Lincoln wrote back to Mr. Johnston these words:

" 'I sincerely hope that father may yet recover his health; but, at all events, tell him to remember to call upon and confide in One great and

good and merciful Maker, who will not turn away from him in any extremity. He notes the fall of a sparrow, and numbers the hairs of our heads; and he will not forget the dying man who puts his trust in him. Say to him, that, if we could meet now, it is doubtful whether it would not be more painful than pleasant; but that, if it be his lot to go now, he will soon have a joyous meeting with many loved ones gone before, and where the rest of us, through the help of God, hope ere long to join them. A. Lincoln.'

" . . . It has been said to me that Mr. Lincoln wrote the above letter to an old man simply to cheer him up in his last moments, and that the writer did not believe what he said. The question is, Was Mr. Lincoln an honest and truthful man? If he was, he wrote that letter honestly, believing it. It has to me the sound, the ring, of an honest utterance. I admit that Mr. Lincoln, in his moments of melancholy and terrible gloom, was living on the borderland between theism and atheism—sometimes quite wholly dwelling in atheism. In his happier moments he would swing back to theism, and dwell lovingly there. It is possible that Mr. Lincoln was not always responsible for what he said or thought, so deep, so intense, so terrible, was his melancholy. I maintain that Mr. Lincoln was a deeply religious man at all times and places, in spite of his *transient doubts*."

THE "SUNDAY ORDER"

The religious strain that runs through Lincoln's papers and addresses is known to all, and it need not be dwelt on here. But the "Sunday

Order," which follows, should have special remembrance, as showing how the President in war-time was practically mindful of religious things.

"The importance for man and beast of the prescribed weekly rest, the sacred rights of Christian soldiers and sailors, a becoming deference to the best sentiment of a Christian people, and a due regard for the Divine will, demand that Sunday labor in the army and navy be reduced to the measure of strict necessity. The discipline and character of the national forces should not suffer, nor the cause they defend be imperiled, by the profanation of the day or the name of the Most High."

CHAPTER XVI

Nomination and Election

At the beginning of the year 1860 Lincoln was in no sense in the race for the Presidential nomination. About that time a list of twenty-one names of possible condidates was published in New York; Lincoln's name was not on the list. A list of thirty-five was published in Philadelphia. Lincoln's name was not on that list. After the speech at Cooper Institute the New York *Evening Post* mentioned Lincoln's name along with others. That was the only case in the East.

In Illinois his candidacy developed in February and came to a head at the Republican State convention at Decatur. Lincoln's name had been prominent in the preceding local conventions, and the enthusiasm was growing. When Abraham Lincoln came into this convention he was greeted with an outburst of enthusiasm. After order had been restored, the chairman, Governor Oglesby, announced that an old-time Macon County Democrat desired to make a contribution to the convention. The offer being accepted, a banner was borne up the hall upon two old fence-rails. This, of course, was especially calculated to rouse the members of the convention to the highest pitch of excitement. The whole affair was gaily decorated and the inscription was:

'ABRAHAM LINCOLN,
THE RAIL CANDIDATE
FOR PRESIDENT IN 1860.

TWO RAILS FROM A LOT OF 3,000 MADE IN 1830 BY THOS. HANKS AND ABE LINCOLN—WHOSE FATHER WAS THE FIRST PIONEER OF MACON COUNTY.

This incident was the means of enlarging the sobriquet "Honest Abe" to "Honest Old Abe, the Rail-splitter." The enthusiasm over the rails spread far and wide. That he had split rails, and that he even had done it well, was no test of his statesmanship. But it was a reminder of his humble origin, and it attached him to the common people, between whom and himself there had always been a warm feeling of mutual sympathy.

THE NATIONAL CONVENTION AND ITS NOMINEE

The second Republican national convention met in Chicago, May 16, 1860. A temporary wooden structure, called a wigwam, had been built for the purpose. It was, for those days, a very large building, and would accommodate about ten thousand persons.

The most prominent candidate for the nomination was William H. Seward of New York. He had had thirty years of experience in political life. He was a man of wide learning, fine culture, unequaled as a diplomatist; he was a patriot, a statesman, and loyal to the principles of the Republican party. He had a plurality of the delegates by a wide margin, though not a major-

ity. It seemed a foregone conclusion that he would be nominated. Horace Greeley, who was determinedly opposed to him, gave up the contest and telegraphed to his paper, the *New York Tribune*, that Seward would be nominated. The opposition, he said, could not unite on any one man.

The next most prominent name was Lincoln's. He had the full delegation of Illinois, who, at Decatur, had been instructed to vote for him as "the first and only choice" of the State. He had many votes, too, from the neighboring States.

Besides these two candidates before the convention, there were half a dozen others, all "favorite sons" of their own States, but at no time developing any great strength.

Now came in a political ruse which has been often used in later years. Seward's friends had taken to Chicago an army of claqueurs, numbering nearly or quite two thousand. These were distributed through the audience and were apparently under orders to shout whenever Seward's name was mentioned. This gave the appearance of spontaneous applause and seemed to arouse great enthusiasm for the candidate.

Lincoln's friends soon came to understand the situation and planned to beat their rivals at their own game. They sent out into the country and secured two men with phenomenal voices. It was said, with playful exaggeration, that these two men could shout so as to be heard across Lake Michigan. They were made captains of two stentorian bands of followers. These were placed on opposite sides of the auditorium and were instructed to raise the shout at a preconcerted signal and keep it up as long as desired. The plan worked.

Leonard Swett describes the result: "Caleb B. Smith of Indiana then seconded the nomination of Lincoln, and the West came to his rescue. No mortal before ever saw such a scene. The idea of us Hoosiers and Suckers being out-screamed would have been as bad to them as the loss of their man. Five thousand people at once leaped to their seats, women not wanting in the number, and the wild yell made soft vesper breathings of all that had preceded. No language can describe it. A thousand steam-whistles, ten acres of hotel gongs, a tribe of Comanches headed by a choice vanguard from pandemonium, might have mingled in the scene unnoticed."

GIDDINGS AND CURTIS

A dramatic scene had occurred at the adoption of the platform. When the first resolution was read, Joshua R. Giddings, an old-time abolitionist of the extreme type, moved as an amendment to incorporate the words from the Declaration of Independence which announce the right of all men to "life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness." The hostility to this amendment was not so much owing to an objection to the phrase, as to its being introduced upon the motion of so extreme a partisan as Giddings. The new party was made up of men of various old parties, and it was important that the moderate Democrats should not be antagonized by the extreme abolitionists. The motion was lost by a decided vote, and the old man, almost broken-hearted, left the hall amid the protestations of his associates.

Then came to his rescue a man, about thirty-

six years of age, not yet widely known, but who afterward more than once decidedly influenced Republican conventions at a critical stage of their proceedings. It was George William Curtis of New York. When the second resolution was under consideration he presented the amendment of Giddings in a form slightly modified. He then urged it in an impassioned speech, and by his torrent of eloquence carried the enthusiasm of the convention with him. "I have to ask this convention," he concluded, "whether they are prepared to go upon the record before the country as voting down the words of the Declaration of Independence. . . . I rise simply to ask gentlemen to think well before, upon the free prairies of the West, in the summer of 1860, they dare to wince and quail before the assertion of the men of Philadelphia in 1776—before they dare to shrink from repeating the words that these great men enunciated."

The amendment was adopted in a storm of applause. Giddings, overjoyed at the result, returned to the hall. He threw his arms about Curtis and, with deep emotion, exclaimed—"God bless you, my boy! You have saved the Republican party. God bless you!"

THE BALLOTING

On the first ballot Seward received 173½, and Lincoln 102. The rest were scattering. On the second ballot Seward received 184½, and Lincoln 181. Seward was still ahead, but Lincoln had made by far the greater gain. On the third ballot Seward received 180, and Lincoln 231½. But this ballot was not announced. The delegates

kept tally during the progress of the vote. When it became evident that Lincoln was almost nominated, while the feeling of expectancy was at the highest degree of tension, an Ohio delegate mounted his chair and announced a change of four Ohio votes from Chase to Lincoln. There was instantly a break. On every side delegates announced their change of votes to Lincoln. The result was evident to every one, and after a moment's pause, the crowd went mad with joy.

REJOICINGS AT THE NEWS

During all this time Lincoln remained at Springfield, where he was in telegraphic communication with his friends at Chicago, though not by private wire. At the time of his nomination he had gone from his office to that of the *Sangamon Journal*. A messenger boy came rushing up to him, carrying a telegram and exclaiming, "You are nominated!" The friends who were present joyously shook his hands and uttered their eager congratulations. Lincoln thanked them for their good wishes, and said: "There is a little woman on Eighth Street who will be glad to hear this, and I guess I'll go up and carry her the news." Pocketing the telegram, he walked home.

At the wigwam, the news spread quickly. A man had been stationed on the roof as picket. He shouted, "Hallelujah! Abe Lincoln is nominated. Fire the cannon!" The frenzy of joy spread to the immense throng of citizens outside the wigwam, then through the city, then through the State, then through the neighboring States. At Washington that night some one asked, "Who

is this man Lincoln, anyhow?" Douglas replied, "There won't be a tar-barrel left in Illinois to-night." With unprecedented enthusiasm the Republican party started on this campaign, which led to its first victory in the election of Abraham Lincoln of Illinois, and Hannibal Hamlin of Maine.

"NO BARGAINS"

In his interesting book *Six Months in the White House*, F. B. Carpenter records the following significant incident.

"Among my visitors in the early part of May was the Hon. Mr. Alley, of Massachusetts, who gave me a deeply interesting inside glimpse of the Chicago Republican convention of 1860. The popular current had, at first, set very strongly in favor of Mr. Seward, who, many supposed, would be nominated almost by acclamation. The evening before the balloting the excitement was at the highest pitch. Mr. Lincoln was telegraphed at Springfield, that his chances with the convention depended on obtaining the votes of two delegations which were named in the despatch; and that, to secure this support, he must pledge himself, if elected, to give places in his Cabinet to the respective heads of those delegations. A reply was immediately returned over the wires, characteristic of the man. It was to this effect:

"'*I authorize no bargains and will be bound by none.*

A. Lincoln.'"

THE FORMAL NOTIFICATION

After the nomination the committee of the convention duly called on Lincoln to give him the formal notification. This committee included some men already widely known, and still more so later. Among them were three from Massachusetts: George Ashmun, who presided over the Chicago convention, Samuel Bowles, editor of the *Springfield Republican*, and George S. Boutwell. Other members of the committee were Gideon Welles, Carl Schurz, Francis P. Blair, and W. M. Evarts. The chairman of this committee notified Lincoln of his nomination in a brief speech, to which he responded with equal brevity. Even these few words impressed his hearers with a sense of dignity and manliness which they were only too glad to perceive. Said Mr. Boutwell: "Why, sir, they told me he was a rough diamond. Nothing could have been in better taste than that speech."

One who had opposed Lincoln in the convention said: "We might have done a more daring thing [than nominate him], but we certainly could not have done a better thing." Carl Schurz evidently shared this feeling.

COMPARATIVE ALTITUDES

Judge Kelley of Pennsylvania was a very tall man and was proud of the fact. During the brief ceremony he and Lincoln had been measuring each other with the eye, and at its conclusion the President elect demanded:

"What's your height?"

"Six feet three. What is yours, Mr. Lincoln?"

"Six feet four."

"Then," said the Judge, "Pennsylvania bows to Illinois. My dear man, for many years my heart has been aching for a President I could *look up to*, and I've found him at last in the land where we thought there were none but *little* giants," alluding to Douglas, popularly known as the "Little Giant."

The general feeling of the committee was that the convention had made no mistake. This feeling quickly spread throughout the entire party. Some of Seward's friends wanted him to run on an independent ticket. It is to his credit that he scouted the idea.

DIVIDED DEMOCRATS

The Democrats, at least the opponents of Lincoln, were divided into three camps. The first was the regular party, headed by Douglas. The second was the bolting party of fire-eaters, who nominated Breckinridge. The third was the party that nominated Bell and Everett. This was wittily called the Kangaroo ticket, because the tail was the most important part. Lincoln's popular vote at the November election was about forty per cent. of the total. It was plain that if his supporters held together and his opponents were divided, he could readily get a plurality. There were attempts on the part of the opponents of Lincoln to run fusion tickets in New York, New Jersey, and Pennsylvania, so as to divert the electoral votes from him; but these came to nothing more than that New

Jersey diverted three of her seven electoral votes.

A curious feature of the campaign was that all four candidates declared emphatically for the Union. Breckinridge, who was the candidate of the Southern disunionists, wrote: "The Constitution and the equality of the States, these are symbols of everlasting union." Lincoln himself could hardly have used stronger language. Some were doubtless deceived by these protestations, but not Douglas. He declared: "I do not believe that every Breckinridge man is a disunionist, but I do believe that every disunionist in America is a Breckinridge man."

AWAITING THE EVENT

During the period of nearly six months between nomination and election, Lincoln continued simple, patient, wise. He was gratified by the nomination. He was not elated, for he was not, in the ordinary sense, an ambitious man. He felt the burden of responsibility. He was a far-seeing statesman, and no man more distinctly realized the coming conflict. He felt the call of duty, not to triumph, but to sacrifice.

There was no unnecessary change in his simple manners and unpretentious mode of living. Friends and neighbors came, and he was glad to see them. He answered the door-bell himself and accompanied visitors to the door. Some of his friends, desiring to save his strength in these little matters, procured a negro valet, Thomas by name; but Abraham continued to do most of the duties that by right belonged to Thomas.

The campaign was one of great excitement.

Lincoln's letter of acceptance was of the briefest description and simply announced his adherence to the platform. For the rest, his previous utterances in the debates with Douglas, the Cooper Institute speech, and other addresses, were in print, and he was content to stand by the record. He showed his wisdom in refusing to be diverted, or to allow his party to be diverted, from the one important question of preventing the further extension of slavery. The public were not permitted to lose sight of the fact that this was the real issue.

THE MOMENTOUS ELECTION

The election occurred on the sixth day of November. Lincoln received 1,866,452 popular votes, and one hundred and eighty electoral votes. Douglas received 1,375,157 popular votes, and twelve electoral votes. Breckinridge received 847,953 popular votes, and seventy-two electoral votes. Bell received 590,631 popular votes, and thirty-nine electoral votes.

Lincoln carried all the free States, except that in New Jersey the electoral vote was divided, he receiving four out of seven. In the fifteen slave States he received no electoral vote. In ten States not one person had voted for him.

Of the 303 electoral votes he had received 180, while the aggregate of all against him numbered 123, giving him an absolute majority of 57. The electoral vote was duly counted in the joint session of the two Houses of Congress February 13, 1861, and it was officially announced that Abraham Lincoln, having received a majority of the votes of the Presidential electors, was duly

elected President of the United States for four years, beginning March 4, 1861.

"MARY, MARY! WE ARE ELECTED!"

On the day of the election, Lincoln said he was calm and sure of the result. The first news he received, mostly from New York, was unfavorable, and he felt a little discouraged. Later the despatches indicated a turn in the tide, and when he learned of his election he said his heart overflowed with thanksgiving to God for his providential goodness to our beloved country. He continued:

"I cannot conceal the fact that I was a very happy man," and he added, with much feeling, "who could help being so under such circumstances?" He then said that "the enthusiastic greetings of his neighbors and friends during the evening, at the Club," together with the numerous telegrams which poured in upon him, "well-nigh upset him with joy."

At a late hour he left the club-rooms and went home to talk over matters with his wife. Before going to the Club that evening to get the election news as it came in, he said:

"I told my wife to go to bed, as probably I should not be back before midnight. When at about twelve o'clock the news came informing me of my election, I said: 'Boys, I think I will go home now: for there is a little woman there who would like to hear the news.' The Club gave me three rousing cheers, and then I left. On my arrival I went to my bedroom and found my wife sound asleep. I gently touched her shoulder and said 'Mary'; she made no answer. I

spoke again, a little louder, saying, 'Mary, Mary! *we are elected!*' Well, . . . I then went to bed, but before I went to sleep I selected every member of my Cabinet, save one. I determined on Seward for my Secretary of State, Chase for Secretary of the Treasury, Welles, whose acquaintance I made in Hartford, for Secretary of the Navy, and Blair and others for the other positions. . . . My Cabinet was substantially fixed upon that night. I wanted Seward, for I had the highest respect for him, and the utmost confidence in his ability. I wanted Chase, also; I considered him one of the ablest, best, and most reliable men in the country, and a good representative of the progressive, anti-slavery element of the party."

In a word, he said he "wanted all his competitors to have a place in his Cabinet in order to create harmony in the party."

CHAPTER XVII

The President Elect

THE election over, Lincoln was sorely beset by office-seekers. Individuals, deputations, "delegations," from all quarters, pressed in upon him in a manner that might have killed a man of less robust constitution. The hotels of Springfield were filled with gentlemen who came with light baggage and heavy schemes. The party had never been in office: a "clean sweep" of the "ins" was expected; and all the "outs" were patriotically anxious to take the vacant places. It was a party that had never fed; and it was voraciously hungry. Lincoln and Artemus Ward saw a great deal of fun in it; and in all human probability it was the fun alone that enabled Lincoln to bear it.

Judge Davis said that Lincoln had determined to appoint "Democrats and Republicans alike to office." Many things confirm this statement. Lincoln felt deeply the responsibility of his great trust; and he felt still more keenly the supposed impossibility of administering the Government for the sole benefit of an organization which had no existence in one-half of the Union. He was therefore willing not only to appoint Democrats to office, but to appoint them to the very highest offices within his gift. At this time he thought very highly of Alexander H. Stephens of Georgia, and would gladly have taken him into

his Cabinet but for the fear that Georgia might secede, and take Stephens along with her.

VISITS OLD FRIENDS AND RELATIONS

After his election, Lincoln began to think very tenderly of his friends and relatives in Coles County, especially of his good stepmother and her daughters. By the first of February, he concluded that he could not leave his home to assume the vast responsibilities that awaited him without paying them a visit. Accordingly, he left Springfield on the first day of that month, and went straight to Charleston, where Colonel Chapman and his family resided. He was accompanied by Mr. Marshall, the State Senator from that district, and was entertained at his house. The people crowded to see him; and he was serenaded by "both the string and brass bands of the town, but declined making a speech." Early the next morning, he repaired "to his cousin, Dennis Hanks"; and the jolly Dennis had the satisfaction of seeing a grand levee under his own roof.

It was all very pleasant to Lincoln to see such multitudes of familiar faces smiling upon his wonderful successes. But the chief object of his solicitude was not here. Mrs. Lincoln, his stepmother, lived in the southern part of the county, and he was all impatience to see her. As soon, therefore, as he had taken a frugal breakfast with Dennis, he and Colonel Chapman started off in a "two-horse buggy" toward Farmington, where the stepmother was living with her daughter, Mrs. Moore. They had much difficulty in crossing the Kickapoo River, which was running

full of ice; but they finally made the dangerous passage, and arrived at Farmington in safety. The meeting between him and the old lady was of a most affectionate and tender character. She fondled him as her own "Abe," and he her as his own mother. It was soon arranged that she should return with him to Charleston, so that they might enjoy by the way the unrestricted and uninterrupted intercourse which they both desired above all things, but which they were not likely to have where the people could get at him. Then Lincoln and Colonel Chapman drove to the house of John Hall, who lived "on the old Lincoln farm," where Abe split the celebrated rails, and fenced in the little clearing in 1830. Thence they went to the spot where old Tom Lincoln was buried. The grave was unmarked and utterly neglected. Abraham said he wanted to "have it enclosed, and a suitable tombstone erected." He told Colonel Chapman to go to a marble-dealer, ascertain the cost of the work proposed, and write him in full. He would then send Dennis Hanks the money, and an inscription for the stone; and Dennis would do the rest.

MOTHER AND SON

The parting between Lincoln and his mother was very touching. She embraced him with deep emotion, and said she was sure she would never behold him again, for she felt that his enemies would assassinate him. He replied, "No, no, mamma: they will not do that. Trust in the Lord, and all will be well: we will see each other again." Inexpressibly affected by this new evidence of her tender attachment and deep concern

for his safety, he gradually and reluctantly withdrew himself from the arms of the woman who had been as devoted to him as his own mother before her, and he departed feeling still more oppressed by the heavy cares which time and events were rapidly augmenting.

The fear that Lincoln would be assassinated was not peculiar to his stepmother. It was shared by very many of his neighbors at Springfield; and the friendly warnings he received were as numerous as they were silly and gratuitous.

FOUR MONTHS OF ANXIETY

Four months would not ordinarily be considered a long period of time. But when one is compelled to see the working of a vast amount of mischief, powerless to prevent it, and knowing one's self to be the chief victim of it all, the time is long. Such was the fate of Lincoln. The election was not the end of a life of toil and struggle, it was the beginning of a new career of sorrow. The period of four months between the election and the inauguration could not be devoted to rest or to the pleasant plans for a prosperous term of service. A scheme was developing for the disruption of the Government. The excuse was Lincoln's election. But he was for four months only a private citizen. He had no power. He could only watch the growing mischief and realize that he was the ultimate victim.

BUCHANAN AND HIS BOURBON CABINET

Buchanan, who was then President, had a genius for doing the most unwise thing. He was

a Northern man with Southern principles, and this may have unfitted him to see things in their true relations. He certainly was putty in the hands of those who wished to destroy the Union, and his vacillation precisely accomplished what they wished.

President Buchanan sent in his annual message to Congress December 3, 1860. In his discussion of the subject of slavery, he recommended that it be extended to the Territories—the very thing that the people had just voted should not be done. Concerning secession, he said in substance that the Government had the power to suppress revolt, but that it could not use that power in reference to South Carolina, the State then under consideration. The secessionists had apparently tied the hands of the executive effectually.

Now observe what was going on in the Cabinet. Lewis Cass had been Secretary of State, but resigned in indignation over the inaction of the President when he failed to succor the forts in Charleston (S. C.) harbor. He was succeeded by Jeremiah S. Black, who, as Attorney-General, had given to Buchanan an opinion that the Federal Government had no power to coerce a seceding State.

Howell Cobb, Secretary of the Treasury, having wasted the funds and destroyed the credit of the Government, resigned and left an empty treasury.

John B. Floyd, Secretary of War, was not the least active. He carried out fully the plan which Jefferson Davis had begun to operate several years before. Northern arsenals were stripped of arms and ammunition, which were sent to the

South for storage or use. The number of regular troops was small, but the few soldiers there were, he scattered in distant places, so that they should be out of reach. They were not to be available for the use of the Government until the conspirators should have time to complete their work.

Not worse, perhaps, but more flagrant, was the action of the Secretary of the Interior, Thompson of Mississippi. With the advice and consent of Buchanan, he left his post at Washington to visit North Carolina and help on the work of secession, and then returned and resumed his official prerogatives under the Government he had sworn to sustain.

Meanwhile Isaac Toucey, Secretary of the Navy, had been prevailed on to put the navy out of reach. The armed vessels were sent to the ends of the earth. At the first critical period only two were available to the Government.

WHAT WAS GOING ON IN CONGRESS

Congress was very busy doing nothing. Both Senate and House raised committees for the purpose of devising means of compromise. But every measure of concession was promptly voted down by the body that had appointed the committees. In the Senate the slave power was in full control. In the House the slave power was not in majority, but its servants enjoyed the advantage of being able to work together, while the Representatives of the free States were usually divided among themselves.

On January 7, 1861, Senator Yulee, of Florida, wrote: "By remaining in our places until the 4th

of March, it is thought we can keep the hands of Mr. Buchanan tied, and disable the Republicans from effecting any legislation which will strengthen the hands of the incoming Administration."

On December 14, 1860, thirty of the Southern Senators and Representatives had issued a circular to their constituents. They said that argument was exhausted, that all hope of relief was extinguished, that the Republicans would grant nothing satisfactory, and that the honor, safety, and independence of the Southern people required the organization of a Southern Confederacy.

South Carolina was the first to act. Six days later that State passed the ordinance of secession.

Upon this, one of the extreme delinquents was forced out of the Cabinet. Floyd, the Secretary of War, was displaced by Holt, a loyal man. Floyd, however, had done nearly all the mischief he could have done. Stanton had already replaced Black as Attorney-General.

The conspirators then held a caucus. It is supposed that this caucus was held in one of the rooms of the Capitol. At all events it was held in the city of Washington. It was composed of the extreme Southern Congressmen. It decided to recommend immediate secession, the formation of the Southern Confederacy, and, not least, that the Congressmen should remain in their seats to keep the President's hands tied. The committee to carry out these plans consisted of Jefferson Davis, Slidell, and Mallory. By the first day of February, seven States had passed ordinances of secession.

LINCOLN'S PREDICAMENT

All this preparation for dissolving the Union was going on during the four months Lincoln was waiting for the appointed time when he should enter upon his Presidential duties. Imagine a man looking upon a house he was shortly to occupy, and seeing vandals applying the torch and ax of destruction, while he was not permitted to go to the rescue, all the while knowing that he would be held accountable for the preservation of the building. So the helpless Lincoln saw this work of destruction going on at Washington. It was plain that the mischief ought to be, and could be, stopped. But Buchanan would not stop it, and till March 4 Lincoln, we repeat, was a private citizen and could do nothing for its prevention.

CHAPTER XVIII

Journey to Washington and Inauguration

On February 11, 1861, the arrangements for Lincoln's departure from Springfield were completed. It was intended to occupy the time remaining between that date and March 4 with a grand tour from State to State and city to city.

Having reached the train made ready for him, Lincoln ascended the rear platform, and, facing about to the throng which had closed around him, drew himself up to his full height, removed his hat, and stood for several seconds in profound silence.

To those who were anxiously waiting to catch words upon which the fate of the nation might hang, it seemed long until he had mastered his feelings sufficiently to speak. At length he began in a husky tone of voice, and slowly and impressively delivered his farewell to his neighbors. Imitating his example, every man in the crowd stood with his head uncovered in the fast-falling rain.

"Friends: No one who has never been placed in a like position can understand my feelings at this hour, nor the oppressive sadness I feel at this parting. For more than a quarter of a century I have lived among you, and during all that time I have received nothing but kindness at your hands. Here I have lived from my youth, until now I am an old man. Here the most sacred ties of earth were assumed. Here all my chil-

dren were born; and here one of them lies buried. To you, dear friends, I owe all that I have, all that I am. *All the strange, checkered past seems to crowd now upon my mind.* To-day I leave you. I go to assume a task more difficult than that which devolved upon Washington. Unless the great God, who assisted him, shall be with and aid me, I must fail; but if the same omniscient mind and almighty arm that directed and protected him shall guide and support me, I shall not fail—I shall succeed. Let us all pray that the God of our fathers may not forsake us now. To him I commend you all. Permit me to ask that, with equal security and faith, you will invoke his wisdom and guidance for me. With these few words I must leave you: for how long I know not. Friends, one and all, I must now bid you an affectionate farewell."

"It was a most impressive scene," said a local newspaper. "We have known Mr. Lincoln for many years; we have heard him speak upon a hundred different occasions; but we never saw him so profoundly affected, nor did he ever utter an address which seemed to us so full of simple and and touching eloquence, so exactly adapted to the occasion, so worthy of the man and the hour."

The party was in charge of Colonel Ward H. Lamon, afterward Marshal of the District of Columbia. He was a trained athlete, a Hercules in strength, a man who knew not what fear was, and, with an enthusiasm akin to religious zeal, he was devoted to his chief soul and body.

SPEECHES ON THE WAY

During the memorable journey Lincoln made many brief speeches. These were closely scanned in the hope of finding some intimation of his inaugural. But not one such word escaped him. He declared that though he had in his day done much hard work, this was the hardest work he had ever done—to keep speaking without saying anything. It was not quite true that he did not say anything, for the speeches were thoughtful and full of interest. But he did not anticipate his inaugural, and to that the popular curiosity was alive. He did not say the things that were uppermost in his mind.

At Trenton, N. J., historic in the annals of the Revolutionary War, he spoke with simple candor of the influence upon his own life of Weems's *Life of Washington*, one of the first books he ever read. The audience broke into cheers, loud and long, when he appealed to them to stand by him in the discharge of his patriotic duty. "I shall endeavor," said he, "to take the ground I deem most just to the North, the East, the West, the South, and the whole country. I take it, I hope, in good temper; certainly with no malice toward any section. I shall do all that may be in my power to promote a peaceful settlement of all our difficulties. The man does not live who is more devoted to peace than I am, none who would do more to preserve it; but it may be necessary to put the foot down firmly. And if I do my duty and do right, you will sustain me, will you not?"

ASSASSINATION PLOT

At Philadelphia matters became more exciting. There Lincoln's friends were informed of a plot to assassinate him as he passed through Baltimore. This information came to them from a variety of sources entirely independent, and the various stories so nearly agreed in substance that they could not be disregarded. Most important of the informants was Allan Pinkerton of Chicago, one of the most famous detectives in the world. He had been personally with his assistants in Baltimore and knew the details of the plot. But Lincoln was neither suspicious nor timid, and was therefore disinclined to pay heed to the warnings of Pinkerton.

But the members of the party were deeply concerned about the Baltimore revelations. It was hard to get Lincoln to take them seriously. With difficulty was he persuaded to follow Pinkerton's plan and enter Washington secretly. He consented to do this only out of consideration for the judgment of others. On one thing, however, Lincoln was firm. He had made certain appointments for speaking *en route* which he would not abandon. His promise had been given and would be kept. "These appointments," said he, "I will keep *if it costs me my life*." These words suggest that he may have realized the danger more than he was willing to show.

THE LOST "CERTIFICATE"

An incident occurred at Harrisburg which made a great stir in the little party. This was nothing less than the loss of the manuscript of

the inaugural address. This precious document Lincoln himself had carried in a satchel. This satchel he had given to his son Robert to hold. When Robert was asked for it, it was missing. He "*thought* he had given it to a waiter—or somebody." This was one of the rare occasions on which Lincoln lost control of his temper, and for about one minute he addressed the careless young man with great plainness of speech.

A little later the satchel was found, and it was not again entrusted to Robert. His father kept it in his own hands. After the nervous strain was over, the humor of the situation grew on Lincoln and reminded him of a little story, which he told in substance as follows.

A man had saved up his earnings until they reached the sum of fifteen hundred dollars. This was deposited for safe-keeping in a bank. The bank failed and the man received as his share ten per cent. or one hundred and fifty dollars. This he deposited in another bank. The second bank also failed and the poor fellow again received ten per cent. or fifteen dollars. When this remnant of his fortune was paid over to him, he held it in his hand, looking at it thoughtfully. Finally he said: "Now, I've got you reduced to a portable shape, so I'll put you in my pocket." Suiting the action to the word, Lincoln took from the satchel his "certificate of moral character, written by himself," as he described it, and carefully put it in the inside pocket of his vest. No further mishap came to that document.

It is positively asserted by Lamon, who knew whereof he spoke, that there was no time, from the moment of leaving Springfield to his death,

when Lincoln was free from danger of murder. Yet he never could be prevailed on to accept precautions.

PREJUDICE DISARMED

As an illustration of the prejudice against Lincoln at the South, the following incident is related by one of his biographers, Isaac N. Arnold. Two or three days before the inauguration on March 4, 1861, and while Abraham Lincoln was staying at Willard's Hotel, a distinguished South Carolina lady—one of the Howards—the widow of a Northern scholar—called upon him out of curiosity. She was very proud, aristocratic, and quite conscious that she had in her veins the blood of "*all the Howards*," and she was curious to see a man who had been represented to her as a monster, a mixture of the ape and the tiger.

She was shown into the parlor where were Mr. Lincoln, and Senators Seward, Hale, Chase, and other prominent members of Congress. As Mr. Seward, whom she knew, presented her to the President elect, she hissed in his ear: "I am a South Carolinian." Instantly reading her character, he turned and addressed her with the greatest courtesy, and dignified and gentlemanly politeness. After listening a few moments, astonished to find him so different from what he had been described to her, she said:

"Why, Mr. Lincoln, you look, act, and speak like a kind, good-hearted, generous man."

"And did you expect to meet a savage?" said he.

"Certainly I did, or even something worse," replied she. "I am glad I have met you," she continued, "and now the best way to preserve

peace, is for you to go to Charleston, and show the people what you are, and tell them you have no intention of injuring them."

Returning home, she found a party of secessionists, and on entering the room she exclaimed:

"I have seen him! I have seen him!"

"Who?" they inquired.

"That terrible monster, Lincoln, and I found him a gentleman, and I am going to his first levee after his inauguration."

PRE-INAUGURAL INCIDENTS

When he reached Washington, every official courtesy was shown to the President elect. The outgoing President and Cabinet received him politely. He had many supporters and some personal friends in both Houses of Congress. These received him with enthusiasm, while his opponents were not uncivil. The members of the Supreme Court greeted him with a measure of cordiality. Both Douglas and Breckinridge, the defeated candidates at the late election, called on him. The so-called Peace Conference had brought together many men of local influence, who seized the opportunity of making his acquaintance. So the few days passed busily as the time for inauguration approached.

Of course anxiety and even excitement were not unknown. One instance is enough to relate here. Arrangements were about concluded for the Cabinet appointments. The most important selection was for the Secretary of State. This position had been tendered to Seward months before and had by him been accepted. The subsequent selections had been made in view of the

fact that Seward was to fill this position. On Saturday, March 2, while only a few hours remained before the inauguration, Seward suddenly withdrew his promised acceptance. This utterly upset the balancings on which Lincoln had so carefully worked for the last four months, and was fitted to cause consternation. Lincoln's comment was: "I can't afford to have Seward take the first trick." So he sent him an urgent personal note on the morning of March 4, requesting him to withdraw this refusal. Seward acceded to this and the matter was arranged satisfactorily.

INAUGURAL CEREMONIES

The inauguration day had arrived, and at noon on that day the Administration of James Buchanan was to come to a close, and that of Abraham Lincoln was to take its place.

The morning opened pleasantly. At an early hour he gave his inaugural address its final revision. Extensive preparations had been made to render the occasion as impressive as possible. By nine o'clock the procession had begun to form, and at eleven o'clock it commenced to move toward Willard's Hotel, where Lincoln had rooms. President Buchanan remained for a while at the Capitol, signing bills. At half-past twelve he called for Mr. Lincoln; and, after a delay of a few moments, both descended, and entered the open barouche in waiting for them. Shortly after, the procession took up its line of march for the Capitol.

The Senate remained in session till twelve o'clock, when Mr. Breckinridge, in a few well-

chosen words, bade the Senators farewell, and then conducted his successor, Mr. Hamlin, to the chair. At this moment, members and members elect of the House of Representatives, and the Diplomatic Corps, entered the chamber. At thirteen minutes to one, the Judges of the Supreme Court were announced; and on their entrance, headed by the venerable Chief Justice Taney, all on the floor arose, while they moved slowly to the seats assigned them at the right of the Vice-President, bowing to that officer as they passed. At fifteen minutes past one, the Marshal-in-chief entered the chamber, ushering in the President and President elect. Mr. Lincoln looked pale, and wan, and anxious. In a few moments, the Marshal led the way to the platform at the eastern portico of the Capitol, where preparations had been made for the inauguration ceremony; and he was followed by the Judges of the Supreme Court, Sergeant-at-Arms of the Senate, the Committee of Arrangements, the President and President elect, Vice-President, Secretary of the Senate, Senators, Diplomatic Corps, Heads of Departments, and others in the chamber.

On arriving at the platform, Mr. Lincoln was introduced to the assembly, by the Hon. E. D. Baker, United States Senator from Oregon. Stepping forward, in a manner deliberate and impressive, he read in a clear, penetrating voice, his inaugural address, which will be found in another volume of this series.

The address was listened to closely throughout. Immediately upon its conclusion the speaker was sworn into office by Chief Justice Taney, whose name is connected with the famous Dred

Scott decision. James Buchanan was now a private citizen and the pioneer rail-splitter was at the head of the United States.

LOYALTY OF DOUGLAS: HIS DEATH

In all the thousands of people there assembled, there was no one who listened more intently than Stephen A. Douglas. At the conclusion he warmly grasped the President's hands, congratulated him upon the inaugural, and pledged him that he would stand by him and support him in upholding the Constitution and enforcing the laws. The clearness, the gentleness, the magnanimity, the manliness expressed in this inaugural address of his old rival, won him over at last, and he pledged him here his fealty. For a few months, while the storm was brewing, Douglas was inactive, so that his influence counted on the side of the hostile party, the party to which he had always belonged. But when war actually broke out, he hastened to stand by the President, and right nobly did he redeem the promise he had given. Had he lived, there are few men whose influence would have been more weighty in the Union cause. An untimely death cut him off at the beginning of this patriotic activity. His last public act was to address to the Legislature of Illinois a masterly plea for the support of the war for the Union. He died in Chicago, June 3, 1861.

CHAPTER XIX

The President and His Cabinet

THE selection of a Cabinet was a difficult and delicate task. It must be remembered that Lincoln confronted a solid South, backed by a divided North. In fifteen States he had received not a single electoral vote, and in ten of these not a single popular vote. That was the solid South.

It is plain that unless Lincoln could, in a large measure, unite the various classes of the North, his utter failure would be a foregone conclusion. He saw this with perfect clearness. His first move was in the selection of his Cabinet. Its members were taken not only from the various geographical divisions of the country, but also from the divers political divisions of his party. It was his purpose to have the secretaries not simply echoes of himself, but able and representative men of various types of political opinion. At the outset this did not meet the approval of his friends. Later, its wisdom was apparent.

The names submitted to the Senate on March 5 were: for Secretary of State, William H. Seward of New York; for Secretary of the Treasury, Salmon P. Chase of Ohio; for Secretary of War, Simon Cameron of Pennsylvania; for Secretary of the Navy, Gideon Welles of Connecticut; for Secretary of the Interior, Caleb B. Smith of Indiana; for Attorney-General, Ed-

ward Bates of Missouri; for Postmaster-General, Montgomery Blair of Maryland.

All these names were confirmed by the Senate the next day. Of the variety of the selection, Lincoln said, "I need them all. They enjoy the confidence of their several States and sections, and they will strengthen the Administration. The times are too grave and perilous for ambitious schemes and rivalries." To all who were associated with him in the Government, he said, "Let us forget ourselves and join hands, like brothers, to save the Republic. If we succeed, there will be glory enough for all." He playfully spoke of this Cabinet as his happy family.

The only one who withdrew early from this number was Cameron. He was accused of various forms of corruption, especially of giving fat government contracts to his friends. Whether these charges were true or not, we cannot say. But in the following January he resigned and was succeeded by Edwin M. Stanton, a lifelong Democrat, one who had accepted office under Buchanan. Probably no person was more amazed at this choice than Stanton himself. But he patriotically accepted the call of duty. With unspeakable loyalty and devotion he served his chief and his country to the end.

SEWARD'S PRESUMPTION

The President's first encounter of authority with a member of his Cabinet was brought on by Secretary Seward. The incident is here given in the words of the distinguished editor and publicist, Henry Watterson.

The men Lincoln had invited to become mem-

bers of his political family each thought himself greater than his chief. They should have heard the voice and seen the hand of a man born to command. From the day Abraham Lincoln entered the White House to the hour he went thence to his death, there was not a moment when he did not control the situation and all his official dependents.

Mr. Seward was the first to yield to his own presumption. One of the most extraordinary incidents that ever passed between a ruler and his subordinate came about within thirty days after the beginning of the new Administration.

On April 1 Mr. Seward submitted to Mr. Lincoln a memorandum, entitled "Some Thoughts for the President's Consideration." He began this by saying: "We are at the end of a month's administration, and yet without a policy either domestic or foreign." Then follows a series of remarkable suggestions. They are for the most part flimsy and irrelevant; but two of them are so ridiculous that I quote them as specimens. Mr. Seward writes as follows:

"We must change the question before the public from one upon slavery, or about slavery, to one upon union or disunion, and I would demand explanations from Spain and France, energetically, at once, . . . and, if satisfactory explanations are not received from Spain and France, I would convene Congress and declare war against them. . . . I would seek explanations from Great Britain and Russia, and send agents into Canada, Mexico, and Central America to arouse a vigorous spirit of continental independence on this continent against European intervention."

Indeed! At the very moment this advice was seriously given the President by the Secretary of State the Southern Confederacy had been established, and Europe was most keen for a pretext to interfere to effect the dissolution of the Union and defeat the republican form of government in America. The Government of the United States had only to menace France and Spain, to wink its eye at England and Russia, to raise up a four-sided alliance of monarchy against democracy and bring down upon itself the navies of Europe, and thus assure and confirm the Government of the Southern Confederacy.

In closing his astonishing advice, Mr. Seward adds: "But whatever policy we adopt, there must be an energetic prosecution of it. For this purpose it must be somebody's business to pursue and direct it incessantly. Either the President must do it himself and be all the while active in it, or devolve it on some member of his Cabinet. Once adopted, all debates on it must end, and all agree and abide. It is not in my special province; but I neither seek to evade nor assume responsibility."

If Mr. Seward had blandly said: "Mr. Lincoln, you are a failure as President; just turn over the management of affairs to me, and the rest shall be forgiven," he could hardly have spoken more offensively.

HOW THE PRESIDENT ANSWERED SEWARD

Now let us see how a great man carries himself at a critical moment under extreme provocation. Here is the answer Mr. Lincoln sent Mr. Seward that very night:

"Executive Mansion, April 1, 1861.

"Hon. W. H. Seward:

"My dear Sir: Since parting with you I have been considering your paper dated this day and entitled 'Some Thoughts for the President's Consideration.' The first proposition in it is, 'we are at the end of a month's administration and yet without a policy, either domestic or foreign.'

"At the beginning of that month, in the Inaugural, I said: 'The power confided to me will be used to hold, occupy, and possess the property and places belonging to the Government, and to collect the duties and imposts.' This had your distinct approval at the time; and taken in connection with the order I immediately gave General Scott, directing him to employ every means in his power to strengthen and hold the forts, comprises the exact domestic policy you urge, with the single exception that it does not propose to abandon Fort Sumter. . . .

"Upon your closing propositions that 'whatever policy we adopt, there must be an energetic prosecution of it'; . . . 'It must be somebody's business'; . . . 'Either the President must do it . . . or devolve it upon some member of his Cabinet'; 'Once adopted, debates must end, and all agree and abide'; I remark that if this be done I must do it. When a general line of policy is adopted, I apprehend there is no danger of its being changed without good reason, or continuing to be a subject of unnecessary debate; still, upon points arising in its progress, I wish, and suppose I am entitled to have, the advice of all the Cabinet.

"Your obedient servant, A. Lincoln."

Nicolay and Hay state that in this letter not a word was omitted that was necessary, and there is not an allusion in it that could be dispensed with. It concluded the argument. Mr. Lincoln never mentioned it. From that time on the understanding between them was cordial and agreeable. About eight weeks later, on May 21, Mr. Seward placed before the President the draft of a letter of instructions to Charles Francis Adams, United States Minister to England. Mr. Lincoln did not scruple to change its character and purpose by altering the text. . . . It is well understood that if that letter had gone as Mr. Seward wrote it, a war with England would have been inevitable. . . . Even in the substitution of one word for another, Mr. Lincoln evinced a grasp both upon the situation and the language, of which Mr. Seward, with all his experience and learning, appears to have been oblivious. It is said that in considering this document, sitting with his head bowed and pencil in hand, Mr. Lincoln was heard to repeat softly to himself: "One war at a time—one war at a time."

So far as is known, neither Lincoln nor Seward ever made any reference to this correspondence. The result was worth while. It bound Seward to his President with hoops of steel. For four long, weary, trying years he served his chief with a loyal devotion which did credit to both men. The hallucination that he was premier was forever dispelled from Seward's mind. A public observer wrote: "There can be no doubt of it any longer. This man from Illinois is not in the hands of Mr. Seward."

THE MASTER MIND OF THE CABINET

Says Titian J. Coffey, in his *Reminiscences of Abraham Lincoln*: I often heard the Attorney-General (Bates) say on his return from important Cabinet meetings that the more he saw of Mr. Lincoln the more he was impressed with the clearness and vigor of his intellect and the breadth and sagacity of his views, and he would add: "He is beyond question the master mind of the Cabinet."

No man could talk with him on public questions without being struck with the singular lucidity of his mind and the rapidity with which he seized upon the essential point.

"STANTON'S NEARLY ALWAYS RIGHT!"

Some of Lincoln's biographers are enthusiastic admirers of Stanton, who seems never, until the close of the war, to have entertained cordial feelings toward the President. On some occasions Lincoln's patience with the Secretary of War is rather astonishing than admirable. A committee, headed by Mr. Lovejoy, brought the Secretary an important order of the President's and met with a flat refusal to obey:

"But we have the President's order," said Lovejoy.

"Did Lincoln give you an order of that kind?" said Stanton.

"He did, sir."

"Then he is a blanked fool," said the irate Secretary.

The conversation was immediately reported to the President.

"Did he say I was a blanked fool?" asked the President, at the close of the recital.

"He did, sir, and repeated it."

After a moment's pause, and looking up, the President said:

"If Stanton said I was a blanked fool, then I must be one, for he is nearly always right, and generally says what he means. I will step over and see him."

The President probably wished to conceal from strangers, at some sacrifice of personal dignity, the possibility of divisions in the Cabinet.

THE PRESIDENT COMPARES HIMSELF TO BLONDIN

When differences in the Cabinet became dangerous enough to threaten its dissolution, Lincoln ceased to call his constitutional advisers together, and for over a year they had no formal Cabinet session. Twenty United States Senators called upon him in a body, intent on complaining of Stanton's conduct of the war. The President's sense of humor did not desert him, and he told a story about Blondin crossing Niagara.

"Would you," said he, "when certain death waited on a single false step, would you cry out, 'Blondin, stoop a little more! Go a little faster! Slow up! Lean more to the north! Lean a little more to the south'? No; you would keep your mouths shut.

"Now, we are doing the best we can. We are pegging away at the rebels. We have just as big a job on hand as was ever intrusted to mortal hands to manage. The Government is carrying an immense weight; so, don't badger

it. Keep silent, and we will get you safe across."

No delegation of Senators ever again attempted to dictate to Abraham Lincoln the manner in which our end of the Civil War should be conducted.

STANTON'S OBSTINACY

Assistant Adjutant-General Long narrates the following incident. Some outsiders had persuaded Lincoln to adopt a certain line of policy which apparently was impolitic, and Stanton refused to carry out the order. The President called on the great war Secretary, who substantially demonstrated to him that he was wrong, and repeated that he shouldn't carry out the order. Lincoln sat carelessly on a lounge nursing his left leg, and said: "I reckon it'll have to be done, Mr. Secretary." "Well, I sha'n't do it," said Stanton. It was getting unpleasant for the Adjutant-General, and he started to go. As he passed through the door, he heard the President say good-humoredly, "I reckon you'll have to do it, Mr. Secretary." In half an hour the order came over, signed by Stanton.

Another story, although it is worn threadbare, should be repeated here. It is said that Lincoln sent some one to Stanton for some action and the party returned saying that the Secretary wouldn't do it. "Then I can't help you," said Lincoln, "for I have very little influence with this Administration." And another story is also told of the President waiting to complete some action till Stanton had temporarily left the capital, and then putting it through under the sanction of the Assistant Secretary of War.

CHAPTER XX

Civil War Begins: Fall of Fort Sumter

When Lincoln took the Government at Washington, it may well be believed that he found matters in a condition decidedly chaotic. His task was many-sided, a greater task, as he had justly said, than that of Washington. First, of the fifteen slave States seven had seceded. It was his purpose to hold the remaining eight, or as many of them as possible. Of this number, Delaware and Maryland could have been held by force. Kentucky and Missouri, though slave States, remained in the Union. The Union party in Tennessee, under the lead of Andrew Johnson, made a strong fight against secession, but failed to prevent the passage of the ordinance.

The next task of Lincoln was to unite the North as far as possible. The difficulty of doing this has already been set forth. On the other hand there was in the North a sentiment that had been overlooked. It was devotion to the flag. Benjamin F. Butler, though an ardent Democrat, had cautioned his Southern brethren that while they might count on a large pro-slavery vote in the North, war was a different matter. The moment you fire on the flag, he said, you unite the North; and if war comes, slavery goes.

Not the least task of the President was in dealing with foreign nations. The sympathies

of these, especially England and France, were ardently with the South. They would eagerly grasp at the slightest excuse for acknowledging the Southern Confederacy as an independent nation. It was a delicate and difficult matter so to guide affairs that the desired excuse for this could not be found.

DEFENCE, BUT NOT AGGRESSION

Lincoln held steadily to the two promises of his inaugural. First, that he would hold the United States forts, and second, that he would not be the aggressor. "In your hands, my dissatisfied fellow-countrymen, and not in mine, is the momentous issue of civil war. The Government will not assail you. You can have no conflict without being yourselves the aggressors. You have no oath registered in heaven to destroy the Government; while I have the most solemn one to 'preserve, protect, and defend' it."

To this plan he adhered. If there was to be war it must be begun by the enemies of the country, and the Government would patiently bear outrages rather than do a thing which could be tortured into an appearance of "invading the South" or being an aggressor of any sort.

FORT SUMTER

Meanwhile, Major Anderson was beleaguered in Fort Sumter. He had a handful of men, 76 combatants and 128 all told. He had insufficient ammunition and was nearly out of provisions. Lincoln at last concluded to "send bread to Sumter"—surely not a hostile act. Owing to

complications which he inherited from Buchanan's Administration, he had given to Governor Pickens of South Carolina a promise that he would not attempt to relieve Sumter without first giving him notice. He now sent him notice that there would be an attempt to provision Sumter peaceably if possible, otherwise by force.

All this while the Southerners were busy perfecting their fortifications, which were now overwhelmingly better, both in number and in completeness of appointment, than the one fort held by the United States that rightfully controlled the entire harbor. General Beauregard was in command of the military forces. He sent to Major Anderson a summons to surrender. The latter replied that if he received from Washington no further direction, and if he was not succored by the 15th of the month, April, he would surrender on honorable terms. It was characteristic of the Southern general that he intercepted Major Anderson's mail before notifying him of hostilities. It was characteristic of Lincoln that he sent notice to Governor Pickens of the intended provisioning of the fort.

On Friday, April 12, 1861, at 3:30 P.M., General Beauregard gave notice to Major Anderson that he would open fire on Fort Sumter in one hour. Promptly at the minute the first gun was fired and the war had begun. Batteries from various points poured shot and shell into Sumter till nightfall caused a respite.

The next day the officers' quarters were set on fire, either by an exploding shell or by hot shot. The men fought the flames gallantly, but the wind was unfavorable. Then the water-tanks

were destroyed. As the flames approached the magazine, the powder had to be removed; as they approached the places where the powder was newly stored, it had to be thrown into the sea to prevent explosion. In the mean time the stars and stripes were floating gloriously. The flag-pole had been struck seven times on Friday. It was struck three times the next day. The tenth shot did the work, the pole broke and the flag fell to the ground at one o'clock Saturday afternoon. An officer and some men seized the flag, rigged up a jury-mast on the parapet, and soon it was flying again.

But ammunition was gone, the fire was not extinguished, and there was no hope of relief. Negotiations were opened, and terms of surrender were arranged by eight o'clock that evening. The next day, Sunday, April 14, the garrison saluted the flag as it was lowered, and then marched out, prisoners of war. Sumter had fallen. The Administration had not invaded or threatened invasion, but the South had fired on the flag.

EFFECT, SOUTH AND NORTH

The effect of the fall of Sumter was amazing. In the South it was hailed with ecstatic delight, especially in Charleston. There was a popular demonstration at Montgomery, Ala., the provisional seat of the Confederate Government.

The effect upon the North was no less profound. There was a perfect storm of indignation against the people who had presumed to fire on the flag. Butler's prediction proved to be nearly correct. This did unite the North in defence of the flag. Butler was a conspicuous

example of this effect. Though a Breckinridge Democrat, he promptly offered his services for the defence of the country.

It was recollected throughout the North that Lincoln had been conciliatory to a fault toward the South. Conciliation had failed because that was not what the Southerners wanted. They wanted war and by them was war made. This put an end forever to all talk of concession and compromise.

WHAT THE PRESIDENT HAD ALREADY DONE

At the date of the fall of Sumter, Lincoln had been in office less than six weeks. In addition to routine work, to attending to extraordinary calls in great numbers, he had accomplished certain very important things. He had the loyal devotion of a Cabinet noted for its ability and diversity. He had the enthusiastic confidence of the doubtful minds of the North. He had made it impossible for the European monarchies to recognize the South as a nation. So far as our country was concerned, he might ask for anything, and he got what he asked. These were no mean achievements. The far-seeing statesman had played for this and had won.

UPRISING OF THE NORTH

The indignation caused by the fall of Sumter was followed by an outburst of patriotism through the entire North such as is not witnessed many times in a century. On Sunday morning, April 14, it was known that terms of surrender had been arranged. On that day and on many

succeeding Sundays the voices from a thousand pulpits sounded with the certainty of the bugle the call to the defence of the flag. Editors echoed the call. Such newspapers as were suspected of secession tendencies were compelled to hoist the American flag. For the time at least, enthusiasm and patriotism ran very high. Those who were decidedly in sympathy with the South remained quiet, and those who were of a doubtful mind were swept along with the tide of popular feeling. The flag had been fired on. That one fact unified the North.

DOUGLAS SUPPORTS THE PRESIDENT

On that same evening Senator Douglas arranged for a private interview with President Lincoln. For two hours these men, rivals and antagonists of many years, were in confidential conversation. What passed between them no man knows, but the result of the conference was quickly made public. Douglas came out of the room as determined a "war Democrat" as could be found between the oceans. He himself prepared a telegram which was everywhere published, declaring that he would sustain the President in defending the Constitution.

Lincoln had prepared his call for 75,000 volunteer troops. Douglas thought the number should have been 200,000. So it should and doubtless it would have been but for certain iniquities of Buchanan's maladministration. There were no arms, accoutrements, clothing, available for the Union armies. Floyd had well-nigh stripped the Northern arsenals.

Seventy-five thousand was about five times the

number of soldiers then in the army of the United States. Though the number of volunteers was small, their proportion to the regular army was large.

CALL FOR VOLUNTEERS

That night Lincoln's call and Douglas's indorsement were sent over the wires. Next morning the two documents were published in every daily paper north of Mason and Dixon's line.

This call for troops met with prompt response. The various Governors of the Northern States offered many times their quota. The first in the field was Massachusetts. This was due to the foresight of ex-Governor Banks. He had for years kept the State militia up to a high degree of efficiency. When rallied upon this he explained that it was to defend the country against a rebellion of the slaveholders which was sure to come.

THE BALTIMORE MOB

The call for volunteers was published on the morning of April 15. By ten o'clock the Sixth Massachusetts regiment began to rendezvous. In less than thirty-six hours the regiment was ready and off for Washington. It was everywhere cheered with much enthusiasm, until it reached Baltimore, where the reception was of a very different sort. Some ruffians of that city had planned to assassinate Lincoln in February, and now, gathering a mob, they attacked the soldiers who were hastening to the defence of the national capital. Here was the

first bloodshed of the war. The casualties of the regiment were four killed and thirty-six wounded.

When the regiment reached Washington, the march from the railway station was very solemn. Behind the marching soldiers followed the stretchers bearing the wounded. The dead had been left behind. Governor Andrew's despatch to Mayor Brown—"Send them home tenderly"—elicited the sympathy of millions of hearts.

The Mayor of Baltimore and the Governor of Maryland sent a deputation to Lincoln to ask that no more troops be brought through that city. The President made no promise, but he said he was anxious to avoid all friction and would do the best he could. He added playfully that if he granted that, they would be back next day to ask that no troops be sent around Baltimore.

That was exactly what occurred. The committee were back the next day protesting against permitting any troops to cross the State of Maryland. Lincoln replied that, as they couldn't march around the State, nor tunnel under it, nor fly over it, he guessed they would have to march across it.

It was arranged that for the time being the troops should be brought to Annapolis and transported thence to Washington by water. This was one of the many remarkable instances of forbearance on the part of the Government. There was a great clamor at the North for vengeance upon Baltimore for its crime, and a demand for sterner measures in future. But the President was determined to show all possible conciliation in this case, as he did in a hundred

others. These actions bore good fruit. It secured to him the confidence of the people to a degree that could not have been foreseen.

"CONTRABANDS"

Very early in the war the question of slavery confronted the generals. In May, only about two months after the inauguration, Generals Butler and McClellan dealt with the subject, and their methods were as widely different as well could be. When Butler was in charge of Fort Monroe, three negroes fled to that place for refuge. They said that Colonel Mallory had set them to work upon the Confederate fortifications. A flag of truce was sent in from the Confederate lines demanding the return of the negroes. Butler replied: "I shall retain the negroes as *contraband of war*. You were using them upon your batteries; it is merely a question whether they shall be used for or against us." From that time the word *contraband* was used in common speech to indicate an escaped slave.

DEATH OF COLONEL ELLSWORTH

The early victims of the war caused deep and profound sympathy. The country was not yet used to carnage. The expectancy of a people not experienced in war was at high tension, and the deaths which at any time would have produced profound feeling were emphatically impressive at that time.

One of the first martyrs of the war was Ephraim Elmer Ellsworth. He was young, handsome, impetuous. In Chicago he had or-

ganized a company of cadet zouaves that drew great crowds at every public drill.

In 1861 Ellsworth was employed in the office of Lincoln and Herndon in Springfield, Ill. When the President elect journeyed to Washington, Ellsworth, to whom Lincoln was deeply attached, made one of his party. At the outbreak of hostilities he raised a zouave regiment of firemen in New York, and became its colonel.

On the right bank of the Potomac, six miles below Washington, was Alexandria. The keeper of the Marshall House, a hotel in that place, had run up a secession flag on the mast at the top of the building. This flag floated day after day in full sight of Lincoln and Ellsworth and many others.

Ellsworth led an advance upon Alexandria on the evening of May 23. The next morning, as usual, the secession flag floated tauntingly from the Marshall House. Ellsworth's blood was up and he resolved to take down that flag and hoist the stars and stripes with his own hand. Taking with him two soldiers, he accomplished his purpose.

Returning by a spiral stairway, he carried the Confederate flag in his hand. The proprietor of the hotel came out from a place of concealment, placed his double-barreled shotgun almost against Ellsworth's body, and fired. The assassin was instantly shot down by private Brownell, but Ellsworth was dead.

The body was removed to Washington, where it lay in state in the White House till burial. The President, amid all the cares of that busy period, found time to sit many hours beside the body of his friend, and at the burial he appeared as chief mourner.

CHAPTER XXI

Lincoln and His Generals

THE kindness and patience of President Lincoln in dealing with the generals who did not succeed is, as Helen Nicolay has said, "the wonder of all who study the history of the Civil War. The letters he wrote to them show, better than whole volumes of description could do, the hopeful and forbearing spirit in which he sought to aid them. Mr. Lincoln's nature was too forgiving, and the responsibility that lay upon him was too heavy for personal resentment."

JOHN CHARLES FRÉMONT

At the opening of the war Frémont was in Paris and was at once summoned home. He arrived in this country about July 1, 1861, and the President appointed him Major-General in the regular army. On July 3 he was assigned to the Western Department, with headquarters at St. Louis. This department included the State of Illinois and extended as far west as the Rocky Mountains.

Generals Lyon, Hunter, and others were sore pressed in Missouri. They needed the presence of their commander and they needed him at once. Frémont was ordered to proceed to his post immediately. This order he did not obey. He could never brook authority, and he was not in the habit of rendering good reasons for his acts

of disobedience. Though he was aware that the need of his presence was urgent, he dallied about Washington a long time and then proceeded west with leisure, arriving in St. Louis nearly three weeks later than he should have done.

Though Frémont had so unaccountably delayed, yet when he came he was received with confidence and enthusiasm. Lincoln gave to him, as he did to all his generals, almost unlimited authority to act. His instructions were general, and the commander was left to work out the details in his own way. All that the President required was that something should be done successfully in the prosecution of the war.

The first thing Frémont did in Missouri was to quarrel with his best friends, the Blair family. This is important chiefly as indicating his inability to hold the confidence of intelligent and influential men. About this time Lincoln wrote to General Hunter the following personal letter, which showed well how things were likely to go.

"My dear Sir: General Frémont needs assistance which it is difficult to give him. He is losing the confidence of men near him, whose support any man in his position must have to be successful. His cardinal mistake is that he isolates himself and allows no one to see him, by which he does not know what is going on in the very matter he is dealing with. He needs to have by his side a man of large experience. Will you not, for me, take that place?"

The next move of Frémont was to issue a proclamation of emancipation. This was properly a civil act, while Frémont was [illegible]er of military, not civil, authority. The act was un-

authorized; the President was not even consulted.

When this came to the knowledge of the President he took prompt measures to counteract it in a way that would accomplish the greatest good with the least harm. He wrote to the General:

"Allow me, therefore, to ask that you will, as of your own motion, modify that paragraph so as to conform to the first and fourth sections of the act of Congress entitled, 'An act to confiscate property used for insurrectionary purposes,' approved August 6, 1861, and a copy of which act I herewith send you. This letter is written in a spirit of caution, and not of censure."

But Frémont was willing to override both President and Congress, and declined to make the necessary modifications. Matters grew no better with him, but much worse, for three months. The words of Nicolay and Hay are none too strong: "He had frittered away his opportunity for usefulness and fame; such an opportunity, indeed, as rarely comes."

On October 21 the President sent by special messenger an order relieving General Frémont and placing Hunter temporarily in command.

Frémont had one more chance. He was placed in command of a corps in Virginia. There he disobeyed orders in a most flagrant manner, and by so doing permitted Jackson and his army to escape. He was superseded by Pope, but declining to serve under a junior officer, resigned. And that was the end of Frémont as a public man.

GEORGE B. MCCLELLAN

McClellan was a very different man from Frémont. Though he was as nearly as possible opposite in his characteristics, still it was not easier to get along with him. He was a man of brilliant talents, fine culture, and charming personality. Graduating from West Point in 1846, he went almost immediately into the Mexican War, where he earned his captaincy.

At the outbreak of the Civil War this captain was by the Governor of Ohio commissioned as Major-General, and a few days later he received from Lincoln the commission of Major-General in the United States Army.

He was sent to West Virginia with orders to drive out the enemy. This he achieved in a short time, and for it he received the thanks of Congress. He was rapidly promoted from one position to another until age and infirmity compelled the retirement of that grand old warrior, Winfield Scott, whereupon he was made General-in-chief of the armies of the United States.

As already intimated, it was Lincoln's habit to let his generals do their work in their own way, only insisting that they should accomplish visible and tangible results. This method he followed with McClellan, developing it with great patience under trying circumstances. On this point there is no better witness than McClellan himself. To his wife he wrote: "They give me my way in everything, full swing and unbounded confidence." Later he expressed contempt for the President who "showed him too much deference."

Instead of calling on the President to re-

port, McClellan made it necessary for the President to call on him. At other times he would keep the President waiting while he affected to be busy with subordinates. Once, indeed, he left the President waiting while he went to bed. All this Lincoln bore with his accustomed patience. He playfully said, when remonstrated with, that he would gladly hold McClellan's horse if he would only win the battles. This McClellan failed to do, and when he was finally relieved, he had worn out even the President's patience.

MCCLELLAN'S CONCEIT

"McClellan," says Miss Tarbell, "seems to have felt from the first that Mr. Lincoln's kindness was merely a personal recognition of his own military genius. He had conceived the idea that it was he alone who was to save the country."

"The people call upon me to save the country," he wrote to his wife. "I must save it, and cannot respect anything that is in the way." . . . "The President cannot or will not see the true state of affairs."

Lincoln, in his anxiety to know the details of the work in the army, went frequently to McClellan's headquarters. That the President had a serious purpose in these visits McClellan did not see.

"I enclose a card just received from 'A. Lincoln,'" he wrote to his wife one day; "it shows too much deference to be seen outside."

In another letter to Mrs. McClellan he spoke of being "interrupted" by the President and Secretary Seward, "who had nothing particular to

say," and again of concealing himself, "to dodge all enemies in the shape of 'browsing' Presidents, etc." His plans he kept to himself, and when in the Cabinet meetings, to which he was constantly summoned, military matters were discussed, he seemed to feel that it was an encroachment on his special business.

"I am becoming daily more disgusted with this Administration—perfectly sick of it," he wrote at another time; and a few days later: "I was obliged to attend a meeting of the Cabinet at 8 P.M., and was bored and annoyed. There are some of the greatest geese in the Cabinet I have ever seen—enough to tax the patience of Job."

"A GREAT ENGINEER"

Because of McClellan's "masterly inactivity" the words, "All quiet along the Potomac" became a byword of bitterness throughout the North.

Lincoln said one day with a sad smile: "McClellen is a great engineer, but he has a special talent for a *stationary* engine."

ULYSSES S. GRANT

At the very time the Army of the Potomac was apparently doing nothing—winning no victories, destroying no armies, making no permanent advances—there was a man in the West who was building up for himself a remarkable reputation. He was all the while winning victories, destroying armies, making advances. The instant one thing was accomplished he turned his energies to a new task. This was Grant.

He was a graduate of West Point, had seen

service in the Mexican War, and ultimately rose to the grade of captain. At the outbreak of the war he was in business with his father in Galena, Ill. Lincoln kept watch of him. He began to think that Grant was the man who should command the armies.

LINCOLN'S ACKNOWLEDGMENT

The President's trustful way of dealing with his generals is so well illustrated in a letter to Grant that, for this reason, as well as for the intrinsic interest of the letter, it is here given in full.

"My dear General: I do not remember that you and I ever met personally. I write this now as a grateful acknowledgment for the almost inestimable service you have done the country. I wish to say a word further. When you first reached the vicinity of Vicksburg, I thought you should do what you finally did—march the troops across the neck, run the batteries with the transports, and thus go below; and I never had any faith, except a general hope that you knew better than I, that the Yazoo Pass expedition and the like could succeed. When you got below and took Port Gibson, Grand Gulf, and vicinity, I thought you should go down the river and join General Banks; and when you turned northward, east of the Big Black, I thought it was a mistake. I now wish to make the personal acknowledgment that you were right and I was wrong."

There was surely no call for this confession, no reason for the letter, except the bigness of the writer's heart. It was just such a letter as a

father might write a son. It was the production of a high grade of manliness.

THE PRESIDENT DEFENDS GRANT

Prominence always brings envy, fault-finding, hostility. From this Grant did not escape. The more brilliant and uniform his successes, the more clamorous a certain class of people became. When they argued that Grant could not possibly be a good soldier, Lincoln replied, "I like him; he fights." When they charged him with drunkenness, Lincoln jocularly proposed that they ascertain the brand of the whiskey he drank and buy up a large amount of the same sort to send to his other generals, so that they might win victories like him!

Grant's important victories in the West came in rapid and brilliant succession. Forts Henry and Donelson were captured in February, 1862. The battle of Shiloh, or Pittsburg Landing, was fought in April of the same year. Vicksburg surrendered July 4, 1863. And the battle of Chattanooga took place in November of that year.

LIEUTENANT-GENERAL

In February, 1864, Congress passed an act creating the office of Lieutenant-General. The President approved that act on Washington's birthday, and nominated Grant for that office. The Senate confirmed this nomination on March 2, and Grant was ordered to report at Washington.

With his usual promptness he started at once for the capital, arriving there March 8. The

laconic conversation which took place between the President and the general has been reported about as follows:

"What do you want me to do?"

"To take Richmond. Can you do it?"

"Yes, if you furnish me troops enough."

DUTY FIRST

As soon as he received his commission, Grant visited the Army of the Potomac. Upon his return Mrs. Lincoln planned to give a dinner in his honor. But this was not to his taste. He said, "Mrs. Lincoln must excuse me. I must be in Tennessee at a given time."

"But," replied the President, "we can't excuse you. Mrs. Lincoln's dinner without you would be Hamlet with Hamlet left out."

"I appreciate the honor Mrs. Lincoln would do me," he said, "but time is very important now—and really—Mr. Lincoln—I have had enough of this show business."

On March 17 General Grant assumed command of the armies of the United States with headquarters in the field. He was evidently in earnest. As Lincoln had cordially offered help and encouragement to all the other generals, so he did to Grant. The difference between one general and another was not due to Lincoln's offer of help, or refusal to give it, but there was a difference in the way in which his offers were received and acted upon.

THE PRESIDENT STUDIES MILITARY SCIENCE

It has been recorded that Lincoln had, for the sake of comprehending the significance of one word, mastered Euclid after he became a lawyer. There is a similar evidence of the same thoroughness and force of will. During the months when the Union armies were accomplishing nothing, he procured the necessary books and set himself, in the midst of all his administrative cares, to the task of learning the science of war. That he achieved more than ordinary success will now surprise no one who is familiar with his character. His military sagacity is attested by so high an authority as General Sherman. Other generals have expressed their surprise and gratification at his knowledge and penetration in military affairs.

GREAT FELLOW-WORKERS

Side by side Lincoln and Grant labored, each in his own department, until the war was ended and their work was done. Though so different, they were actuated by the same spirit. Not even the Southern generals themselves had deeper sympathy with, or greater tenderness for, the mass of the Confederate soldiers. It was the same magnanimity in Lincoln and Grant that sent the conquered army, after final defeat, back to the industries of peace that the men might be able to provide against their sore needs.

WILLIAM T. SHERMAN

Norman Hapgood, in his excellent *Abraham Lincoln*, gives us some pleasant glimpses of the

President's relations with General Sherman, which we take the liberty of presenting here.

General Sherman first met Lincoln in March, 1861, when he was introduced by his brother John, who said, "Mr. President, this is my brother, Colonel Sherman, who is just up from Louisiana; he may give you some information you want."

"Ah," said Lincoln, "how are they getting along down there?"

"They think they are getting along swimmingly—they are preparing for war."

"Oh, well," replied the President, "I guess we'll manage to keep house."

The young soldier was disgusted enough, and emphatically told his brother what he thought of politicians in general.

After Bull Run Sherman received a pleasanter impression of his chief. He saw him riding one day with Seward in an open hack and asked if they were going to his camps.

"Yes," said Lincoln; "we heard that you had got over the big scare, and we thought we would come over and see the boys."

As always after a defeat, the President wanted to encourage everybody, and wished to address the soldiers. Sherman asked him to discourage cheering, noise, or other confusion, saying they had had enough of that before Bull Run to ruin any lot of fighting men. Lincoln took the suggestion with good nature. He then made from his carriage what Sherman calls "one of the neatest, best, and most feeling addresses I ever listened to." At one or two points the soldiers began to cheer. "Don't cheer, boys," said Lincoln, "I confess I rather like it myself, but Colo-

nel Sherman here says it is not military, and I guess we had better defer to his opinion." In conclusion, he told the men that as he was their Commander-in-chief, he was determined the soldiers should have everything the law allowed, and requested them to appeal to him personally if they were wronged. "The effect of this speech," says Sherman, "was excellent."

Later an officer forced his way through the crowd, and said, "Mr. President, I have a grievance." He then told that Colonel Sherman had threatened to shoot him. After looking at him, and then at Sherman, Lincoln, stepping toward the officer, said, in a stage whisper, "Well, if I were you, and he threatened to shoot, I wouldn't trust him, for I believe he would do it."

The officer left and the men laughed. Sherman explained the facts, and Lincoln said, "Of course, I didn't know anything about it, but I thought you knew your own business best."

Lincoln's relations to Sherman after he came to high command were of the most friendly sort. He told him later in the war that he was always grateful to him and to Grant because they never scolded him.

AN ANTICLIMAX

"Lincoln," says Noah Brooks, "always composed slowly, and he often wrote and rewrote his more elaborate productions several times. I happened to be with him often while he was composing his message to Congress, which was sent in while Sherman was on his march through Georgia. There was much speculation as to where Sherman had gone, and the secret was very well preserved. The President hoped, from

day to day, that Sherman would be heard from, or that something would happen to enlighten 'and possibly congratulate the country,' as he put it. But December came and there were no tidings from Sherman, though everybody was hungry with expectation, and feverish with anxiety.

"The President's message was first written with pencil on stiff sheets of white pasteboard, or boxboard, a good supply of which he kept by him. These sheets, five or six inches wide, could be laid on the writer's knee, as he sat comfortably in his armchair, in his favorite position, with his legs crossed. One night, taking one of these slips out of his drawer, with a great affectation of confidential secrecy, he said:

"'I expect you want to know all about Sherman's raid?'

"Naturally I answered in the affirmative, when he said:

"'Well, then, I'll read you this paragraph from my message.'

"The paragraph, however, was curiously noncommittal, merely referring to 'General Sherman's attempted march of three hundred miles directly through the insurgent region,' and gave no indication whatever of the direction of the march, or of the point from which news from him was expected.

"Laying the paper down and taking off his spectacles, the President laughed heartily at my disappointment, but added, kindly,

"'Well, my dear fellow, that's all that Congress will know about it, anyhow.'"

THE PRESIDENT'S WAR DESPATCHES

Lincoln was sometimes critical and even sarcastic when events moved slowly, or when unsatisfactory results that seemed to be demanded by the immediate conditions were lacking, but he never failed to commend when good news came, as in the following:

"August 17, 1864, 10.30 A.M.

"Lieutenant-General Grant, City Point, Va.: I have seen your despatch expressing unwillingness to break your hold where you are. Neither am I willing. Hold on with a bulldog grip, and chew and choke as much as possible.

"A. Lincoln."

ADVICE TO HOOKER

On June 5, 1863, Lincoln warned General Hooker not to run any risk of being entangled on the Rappahannock "like an ox jumped half over a fence and liable to be torn by dogs, front and rear, without a fair chance to gore one way or kick the other."

June 10 he warned Hooker not to go south of the Rappahannock upon Lee's moving north of it. "I think Lee's army, and not Richmond is your true objective point. If he comes toward the upper Potomac, follow on his flank, and on the inside track, shortening your lines while he lengthens his. Fight him, too, when opportunity offers. If he stay where he is, fret him, and fret him."

June 14 he says: "So far as we can make out here, the enemy have Milroy surrounded at Win-

chester and Tyler at Martinsburg. If they could hold out for a few days, could you help them? If the head of Lee's army is at Martinsburg, and the tail of it on the plank road between Fredericksburg and Chancellorsville, the animal must be very slim somewhere; could you not break him?"

HOW LINCOLN SWORE

On one occasion, Lincoln, when entering the telegraph office, was heard to remark to Secretary Seward, "By jings! Governor, we are here at last." Turning to him in a reproving manner, Mr. Seward said, "Mr. President, where did you learn that inelegant expression?" Without replying to the Secretary, Mr. Lincoln addressed the operators, saying:

"Young gentlemen, excuse me for swearing before you. 'By jings' is swearing, for my good mother taught me that anything that had a 'by' before it was swearing."

The only time, however, that Lincoln was ever heard really to swear in the telegraph office was on the occasion of his receiving a telegram from Burnside, who had been ordered a week before to go to the relief of Rosecrans, at Chattanooga, then in great danger of an attack from Bragg. On that day Burnside telegraphed from Jonesboro, farther away from Rosecrans than he was when he received the order to hurry toward him. When Burnside's telegram was placed in Lincoln's hands he said, "*Damn* Jonesboro." He then telegraphed Burnside:

"September 21, 1863.

"If you are to do any good to Rosecrans it will not do to waste time with Jonesboro. . . .

"A. Lincoln."

AN IMPOSSIBLE TASK

An officer of low volunteer rank persisted in telling and retelling his troubles to the President on a summer afternoon when Lincoln was tired and careworn. After listening patiently, he finally turned upon the man, and, looking wearily out upon the broad Potomac in the distance, said in a peremptory tone that ended the interview:

"Now, my man, go away, go away! I cannot meddle in your case. I could as easily bail out the Potomac River with a teaspoon as to attend to all the details of the army."

CHAPTER XXII

Lincoln and His Soldiers

LINCOLN'S life, says James Morgan, in his *Abraham Lincoln*, was filled with striking contrasts. For this careless captain of a company of unruly rustics in the Black Hawk War to become the Commander-in-chief of a million soldiers, a mightier force of warriors than any conquering monarch of modern times ever assembled, was perhaps the strangest fortune that befell him. In four years he called to his command two and a half millions of men, probably a greater number than followed the eagles of Napoleon in all his twenty years of campaigning from Arcola to Waterloo.

Yet, as Morgan tells us, this unparalleled martial power never touched the ambition of Lincoln. He cared nothing for the pomp of arms, the pride of rank, or the glory of war. This man, who could say to ten hundred thousand armed troops, go, and they would go, come, and they would come, held himself to be no more than the equal of the least among them. While he stood toward all as a comrade rather than a commander, they looked up to him in perfect trust, and delighted to hail him as "Father Abraham."

It was enough for him to touch his hat to a general, but he liked to bare his head to the boys in the ranks. He himself created generals

by the hundreds, but in his eyes the private soldier was the handiwork of the Almighty.

If he passed the White House guard twenty times a day, he always saluted its members. He knew by name every man in the company which watched over him in his rest at the Soldiers' Home, and was the real friend of all, heartily enjoying an occasional cup of coffee at their mess and the little jokes they played on one another. If any were missing, he noticed their absence, and if they were sick, he never forgot to ask about them.

The many military hospitals, crowded with human suffering, that sprang up in Washington, were his special care. He visited and cheered the wounded, pausing beside their cots of pain, bending upon them his pitying gaze and laying his great hand tenderly on their fevered brows. He remembered and watched those who were in peril of death, and eagerly welcomed any signs of improvement in their condition, while he joked with those who were well enough to take a joke.

The sympathy of most men who get to be presidents, governors, or statesmen can be reached only through their heads. It becomes a thing of the mind, filtered and cooled by an intellectual process. Lincoln's sympathies always remained where nature herself placed them, in the heart, and thence they freely flowed, unhindered by reflection and calculation. Kindness with him was an impulse and not a duty. His benevolence was far from scientific, yet he was so shrewd a judge of human nature that he seldom was cheated.

The stone walls of the White House no more

shut him in from his fellows, from the hopes and sorrows, the poverty and the pride of the plain people, than did the unhewn logs behind which he shivered and hungered in his boyhood home. A mother's tears, a baby's cry, a father's plea, an empty sleeve, or a crutch never failed to move him.

These beautiful tributes of Morgan are justified by all that other biographers of Lincoln have told, by all that his reverent countrymen so well know of his character and life.

THE PRESIDENT'S LOVE FOR THE SOLDIERS

To their Commander-in-chief the boys in blue were as sons. On him as on no one else the burden of the nation's troubles rested. It may with reverence be said that he "bore our sorrows, he carried our grief." Not only was this true in general, but in specific cases his actions showed it. When soldiers were under sentence from court-martial—many of them mere boys—the sentence came to Lincoln for approval. If he could find any excuse whatever for pardon he would grant it. His tendency to pardon, his leaning toward the side of mercy, became proverbial, and greatly annoyed some of the generals who feared military discipline would be destroyed. But he would not turn a deaf ear to the plea of mercy, and he could not see in it any permanent danger to the Republic. One or two examples will stand fairly for a large number. When a boy was sentenced to death for desertion, he said:

"Must I shoot a simple-minded soldier boy who deserts, and not touch a hair of the wily

agitator who induces him to desert? I think that in such a case, to silence the agitator and save the boy, is not only constitutional, but withal a great mercy."

Early in the war he pardoned a boy who was sentenced to be shot for sleeping at his post as sentinel. By way of explanation the President said: "I could not think of going into eternity with the blood of that poor young man on my skirts. It is not to be wondered at that a boy, raised on a farm, probably in the habit of going to bed at dark, should, when required to watch, fall asleep; and I cannot consent to shoot him for such an act." The sequel is romantic. The dead body of this boy was found among the slain on the field of the battle of Fredericksburg. Next his heart was a photograph of the President on which he had written "God bless President Abraham Lincoln!"

HIS TENDER COMPASSION

In November, 1864, he wrote to Mrs. Bixby, of Boston, Mass., the following letter which needs no comment or explanation:

"Dear Madam: I have been shown, in the files of the War Department, a statement of the Adjutant-General of Massachusetts, that you are the mother of five sons who have died gloriously on the field of battle. I feel how weak and fruitless must be any words of mine which should attempt to beguile you from the grief of a loss so overwhelming. But I cannot refrain from tendering to you the consolation that may be found in the thanks of the Republic they died to

save. I pray that our Heavenly Father may assuage the anguish of your bereavement, and leave you only the cherished memory of the loved and lost, and the solemn pride that must be yours to have laid so costly a sacrifice upon the altar of freedom.

"Yours, very sincerely and respectfully,

"Abraham Lincoln."

THE PRICE OF PARDON

The account of Lincoln's interview with William Scott, a boy from a Vermont farm, who, after marching forty-eight hours without sleep, volunteered to stand guard for a sick comrade, is a very touching story. Weariness overcame the young soldier, he was found asleep at his post, near the enemy, and was tried and sentenced to be shot. The President heard of the case, went to the tent where Scott was under guard, and talked to him kindly, asking about his home, his schoolmates, and particularly about his mother. The lad took her picture from his pocket and showed it to him in silence. Lincoln was deeply moved. As he rose to leave, he laid his hand on the prisoner's shoulder.

"My boy," he said, "you are not going to be shot to-morrow. I believe you when you tell me that you could not keep awake. I am going to trust you and send you back to your regiment. Now, I want to know what you intend to pay for all this?"

The lad could hardly speak, but at last replied that he did not know. He and his people were poor, he said, but they would do what they could. There was his pay, and a little in the

savings-bank. They could borrow something by a mortgage on the farm. Perhaps his comrades would help. If the President would wait till pay-day possibly they might get together five or six hundred dollars. Would that be enough? The President shook his head and answered:

"My bill is a great deal more than that; it is a very large one. Your friends cannot pay it, nor your family, nor your farm. There is only one man in the world who can pay it, and his name is William Scott. If from this day he does his duty so that when he comes to die he can truly say, 'I have kept the promise I gave the President; I have done my duty as a soldier,' then the debt will be paid."

Returning to his regiment, William Scott paid the debt in full when, a few months later, he gave up his life on the battlefield.

IGNORING TECHNICALITY

For terseness, decision, and sensibleness defiant of military punctilio, nothing could surpass the following note sent by the President to the Secretary of War.

"I personally wish Jacob Freese of New Jersey appointed colonel of a colored regiment, and this regardless of whether he can tell the exact color of Julius Cæsar's hair."

"I DON'T BELIEVE SHOOTING WILL DO HIM ANY GOOD"

A Senator in Washington, learning that a young soldier whom he had induced to enlist had

been sentenced to be shot, went to the Secretary of War and urged a reprieve. The Secretary replied:

"Too many cases of this kind have been let off, and it is time an example was made."

Finding that all his arguments were in vain, the Senator said:

"Well, Mr. Secretary, the boy is not going to be *shot*—of that I give you fair warning!"

Leaving the War Department, he went directly to the White House, although the hour was late. After a long parley with the sentry on duty, he passed in. The President had retired; but the Senator pressed his way through all obstacles to his sleeping-apartment. In an excited manner he stated that the despatch announcing the hour of execution had but just reached him.

"This man must not be shot, Mr. President," said he. "I can't help what he may have done. Why, he is an old neighbor of mine; I can't allow him to be shot!"

Lincoln had remained in bed, quietly listening to the protestations of his old friend, who had been in Congress with him, and at length said:

"Well, I don't believe shooting will do him any good. Give me that pen."

And so saying, he prolonged another poor fellow's lease of life.

THE WOUNDED CONFEDERATE BOY

On one occasion, when wounded soldiers were being removed, as a stretcher was passing Mr. Lincoln, he heard the voice of a suffering lad calling to his mother in agonizing tones. His great heart filled. He forgot the crisis of the

hour. Stopping the carriers, he knelt, and bending over the boy, asked tenderly:

"What can I do for you, my poor child?"

"Oh, you will do nothing for me," the boy replied. "You are a Yankee. I cannot hope my message to my mother will ever reach her."

Mr. Lincoln, in tears, with a voice of tenderest love, convinced the boy of his sincerity, and the lad gave his good-by words without reserve.

These the President directed to be copied and sent that night, under a flag of truce, into the enemy's lines.

JUSTICE FOR ALL

Senator J. F. Wilson, in pleading the cause of a soldier wrongfully accused of desertion, and finding the Secretary of War inexorable, "appealed to Cæsar," and procured an overriding order from the President, which Stanton finally obeyed. When Wilson announced the result to Mr. Lincoln, the President said:

"Well, I am glad you stuck to it, and that it ended as it did; for I meant it should so end, though I had to give it personal attention. A private soldier has as much right to justice as a major-general."

"PUT YOURSELF IN HIS PLACE"

The following incident is related by David R. Locke ("Petroleum V. Nasby").

I was in Washington once more in 1864. . . . My business was to secure a pardon for a young man from Ohio, who had deserted under rather peculiar circumstances. When he enlisted he was under engagement to a young girl, and went

to the front very certain of her faithfulness, as a young man should be, and he made an excellent soldier. . . . It is needless to say that the young girl had another lover whom she had rejected for the young volunteer. . . . Taking advantage of the absence of the favored suitor, the discarded one renewed his suit with great vehemence, and rumors reached the young man at the front that his love had gone over to the enemy, and that he was in danger of losing her altogether.

He immediately applied for a furlough, which was refused him, and, half mad and reckless of consequences, he deserted. He found the information he had received to be partially true, but he came in time. He married the girl, but was immediately arrested as a deserter, tried, found guilty, and sentenced to be shot.

I stated the circumstances, giving the young fellow a good character, and the President at once signed a pardon.

"I want to punish the young man—probably in less than a year he will wish I had withheld the pardon. We can't tell, though. I suppose when I was a young man I should have done the same fool thing."

HARDTACK—NOT GENERALS

Lincoln particularly liked a joke at the expense of the dignity of some high civil or military official. One day, not long before his second inauguration, he asked a friend if he had heard about Stanton's meeting a picket on Broad River, South Carolina, and then told this story:

"General Foster, then at Port Royal, escorted

the Secretary up the river, taking a quartermaster's tug. Reaching the outer lines on the river, a picket roared from the bank, 'Who have you got on board that tug?' The severe and dignified answer was, 'The Secretary of War and Major-General Foster.' Instantly the picket roared back, 'We've got major-generals enough up here—why don't you bring us up some hardtack?"

The story tickled Lincoln mightily, and he told it until it was replaced by a new one.

CHAPTER XXIII

Defeats and Victories

THE first great battle of the Civil War was that of Bull Run, so called from the name of the small stream near which it was fought, July 21, 1861. The battlefield was in Virginia, some thirty miles southwest of Washington.

NO "PICNIC"

It is not within the scope of this volume to enter into the details of this or any battle. Therefore, a few words must suffice here. The Confederates were all day receiving fresh reinforcements. The Federals had been on their feet since two o'clock in the morning. By three o'clock in the afternoon, after eleven hours of activity and five hours of fighting in the heat of a July day in Virginia, these men were tired, thirsty, hungry—worn out. Then came the disastrous panic and the demoralization. A large portion of the army started in a race for Washington, the civilians in the lead.

The disaster was terrible, but there is nothing to gain by magnifying it. Some of the oldest and best armies in the world have been broken into confusion quite as badly as this army of raw recruits. They did not so far lose heart that they were not able to make a gallant stand at Centerville and successfully check the pursuit of the enemy. It was said that Washington was

at the mercy of the Confederates, but it is more likely that they had so felt the valor of the foe that they were unfit to pursue the retreating army. It was a hard battle on both sides. No one ever accused the Confederates of cowardice, and they surely wanted to capture Washington. That they did not do so is ample proof that the battle was not a picnic to them. It had been boasted that one Southern man could whip five Northern men. This catchy phrase fell into disuse.

Although the victorious forces were effectively checked at Centerville, those who fled in absolute rout and uncontrollable panic were enough to give the occasion a lasting place in history. Loyal citizens who had gone to see the battle had not enjoyed their trip. Northern soldiers who had thought that this war was a sort of picnic had learned that the foe was formidable. The Administration that had expected to crush the insurrection by one decisive blow became vaguely conscious of the fact that the war was here to stay months and years.

The effect of the battle of Bull Run on the South was greatly to encourage its people and add to their enthusiasm. The effect on the North was to deepen the determination to save the flag, to open the people's eyes to the fact that the Southern power was strong. With renewed zeal they girded themselves for the conflict.

THE BURDENED PRESIDENT

But the great burden fell on Lincoln. He was disappointed that the insurrection was not and could not be crushed by one decisive blow. There

was need of more time, more men, more money, and more blood must be shed. These thoughts and the relative duties were to him, with his peculiar temperament, a severer trial, perhaps, than they could have been to any other man living. He would not shrink from doing his full duty, however difficult its performance might be.

It made an old man of him. The night before he decided to send provisions to Sumter he slept not a wink. That was one of many nights when he did not sleep, and there were many mornings when he tasted no food. But weak, fasting, worn, aging as he was, he was always at his post of duty. The most casual observer could see the inroads which these mental cares made upon his giant body.

THE MIDDLE PERIOD

The middle period of the war was gloomy and discouraging. Antietam, to be sure, was won from Lee by McClellan (September 17, 1862), but the fruits of the victory were lost—the Army of the Potomac was too much exhausted, it was said, for pursuit. For many months the hostile armies continued facing each other, and for the most part they were much nearer Washington than Richmond.

Meantime summer, fall, and winter were passing by and there was no tangible evidence that the Government would ever be able to maintain its authority. All this time the Army of the Potomac was magnificent in numbers, equipment, intelligence. The one thing it needed was leadership. The South had generals of the first grade. The generalship of the North had not yet fully developed.

"TRYING OUT" THE GENERALS

Lincoln held on to McClellan as long as it was possible to do so. He never resented that officer's personal discourtesies. He never wearied of the fruitless task of urging him on. Except among Northern Democrats with Southern sympathies, who from the first were sure of only one thing—that the war was a failure—the clamor for the removal of McClellan was well-nigh unanimous. To this clamor Lincoln yielded only when it became manifestly foolish longer to resist it.

But who should take McClellan's place? In all the armies there was at that time no general whose successes were so conspicuous as to point him out as the coming man. But there were generals who had done and then were doing good service. General Ambrose E. Burnside was at the height of his achievements. He was accordingly appointed to succeed McClellan.

Burnside's one battle as commander of the Army of the Potomac was fought against Lee at Fredericksburg, on December 13, 1862, and resulted in his being repulsed with terrible slaughter.

The next experiment was with General Joseph Hooker, a valiant and able man, whose warlike qualities are indicated by his well-earned sobriquet of "Fighting Joe," although he had his limitations. When appointing him to the command Lincoln wrote him a personal letter. This letter (given elsewhere in the present edition) is a perfect illustration of the kindly patience of the man in whom so much patience was required.

The first effect of this letter was to subdue the

fractious spirit of the fighter. He said: "That is just such a letter as a father might write to a son. It is a beautiful letter, and although I think he was harder on me than I deserved, I will say that I love the man who wrote it."

It was in January, 1863, that Hooker took command of the Army of the Potomac, with Lee for his great opponent. Three months later he had it in shape for the campaign, and Lincoln went down to see the review. It was indeed a magnificent army, an inspiring sight.

But soon (May 2–4) came Chancellorsville with its sickening consequences. When the news of Hooker's defeat came to Washington, the President, with streaming eyes, could only exclaim: "My God, my God! what will the country say?"

Hooker was succeeded in June by General George G. Meade, "four-eyed George," as he was playfully called by his loyal soldiers, in allusion to his eye-glasses. Under him, a few days later (July 1–3), the great battle of Gettysburg was fought, and a most important but dearly won victory achieved. But here, as at Antietam, the triumph was bitterly marred by the disappointment that followed. The victorious army let the defeated army get away. The excuse was much the same as at Antietam—the Federal troops were tired out. But it may be assumed that the defeated army was also tired. Again was lost what appears to have been a golden opportunity to destroy Lee's army and end the war.

Here were three men—Burnside, Hooker, and Meade—all good men and gallant soldiers. But not one of them was able successfully to command so large an army, or to do the thing that

appeared to be most needed—to capture Richmond. The future hero had not yet won the attention of the country.

DARK DAYS

In the mean time affairs were very dark for the Administration. Up to the summer of 1863, as we have seen, they had been growing darker and darker. Some splendid military success had been accomplished in the West, but in Virginia the Confederate army was almost within sight of the capital, and the Western victories did not have as much influence as they should have had.

The President did what he could. He had thus far held the divided North, and prevented a European alliance with the Confederates. He now used, one by one, the most extreme measures. He suspended the writ of habeas corpus, declared or authorized martial law, authorized the confiscation of the property of those who were giving aid and comfort to the enemy, called for troops by conscription when volunteering ceased, and enlisted negro troops. Any person who studies the character of Abraham Lincoln will realize that these measures, or most of them, came from him with great reluctance. He was not a man who would readily or lightly adopt such means. They meant that the country was pressed, hard pressed. They were extreme measures, not congenial to his accustomed lines of thought. They were military necessities.

But what Lincoln looked for, longed for, was the man who could skilfully and successfully use the great Army of the Potomac. He had not yet been discovered.

A BREAK IN THE CLOUDS

Let us return briefly to the battle of Gettysburg. When General Meade accepted the responsibility of commanding the Army of the Potomac, he did so in a modest and soldierly spirit, and he quit himself like a man. When Lee invaded Pennsylvania his objective point was not known. He might capture Harrisburg or Philadelphia, or both. He would probably desire to cut off all communication with Washington. The only thing to do was to overtake him and force a battle. He himself realized this and was fully decided not to give battle but fight only on the defensive. Curiously enough, Meade also decided not to attack, but to fight on the defensive. The result was Gettysburg, and the battle was not fought in accordance with the plan of either commander. Uncontrollable events forced the conflict then and there.

RESULTS AT GETTYSBURG

The scope of this volume does not permit the description of this great battle, and only some of the results may be given. The evening of July 1 closed in with the Union army holding out, but with the advantages, such as they were, on the Confederate side. The second day the fight was fiercely renewed and closed with no special advantage on either side. On the third day it was still undecided till, in the afternoon, the climax came in Pickett's famous charge. This was made by the very flower of the Confederate army, and the hazard of the charge was taken by General Lee against the earnest

advice of Longstreet. The brave men who made the desperate attempt were repulsed and routed, and that decided the battle. Lee's army was turned back and the invasion was a failure.

Gettysburg was the greatest battle ever fought in the western hemisphere, and has been ranked among the decisive battles of the world. The troops numbered between 70,000 and 80,000 on each side. When the enemy was in retreat, not all that President Lincoln could say availed to persuade Meade to renew the attack. When Lee reached the Potomac he found the river so swollen as to be impassable. He could only wait for the waters to subside or for time to improvise a pontoon bridge.

When, after waiting for ten days, Meade was finally aroused to make the attack, he was just one day too late. Lee had got his army safely into Virginia, and the war was not over.

FALL OF VICKSBURG

On the afternoon of July 3, almost at the very time that Pickett was making his charge, there was in progress, a thousand miles to the southwest, an event of almost equal importance to the Union cause with the battle of Gettysburg. Just outside the fortifications of Vicksburg, under an oak-tree, General Grant had met the Confederate General Pemberton, to negotiate terms of surrender after protracted operations against the place. Vicksburg commanded the Mississippi River and was supposed to be impregnable. Few cities have been situated more favorably to resist either attack or siege. But Admiral Porter got his gunboats below the city, running the batteries

in the night, and Grant's investment was complete. The enemy's forces were almost starved out, and at last they found their condition to be hopeless.

General Grant occupied Vicksburg July 4, and the magnanimous conquerors treated its brave defenders with all permissible consideration. The account by Nicolay and Hay ends with the following grateful reflection: "It is not the least of the glories gained by the Army of the Tennessee in this wonderful campaign that not a single cheer went up from the Union ranks, not a single word [was spoken] that could offend their beaten foes."

The sequel to this victory came ten months later in Sherman's march to the sea, not less thrilling in its conception and dramatic in its execution than any battle or siege. Much fighting skilful generalship, long patience were required before this crowning act could be accomplished, but it came in due time and was one of the finishing blows to the Confederacy. It came as a logical result of the fall of Vicksburg.

After the Gettysburg and Vicksburg triumphs, the feeling was general throughout the North that we were now on the way to a successful issue of the war. The end was almost in sight.

THANKSGIVING

On July 15, 1863, the President issued a proclamation, designating August 6 as a day of thanksgiving. Later in the year he issued another thanksgiving proclamation, designating the last Thursday in November. Previous to that time, certain States, and not a few individuals,

were in the habit of observing a thanksgiving day in November. Indeed, the custom, in a desultory way, dates back to Plymouth Colony. But these irregular and uncertain observances never took on the semblance of a national holiday. The national Thanksgiving dates from the proclamation issued October 3, 1863. From that day to this, every President has every year followed that example.

It is now plain that after July 4, 1863, the final result of the Civil War was no longer doubtful. So Lincoln felt. There were indeed some who continued to cry that the war was a failure, but in such cases the wish may have been father to the thought.

LIEUTENANT-GENERAL GRANT

Besides, the commander for whom the President and the country had been so long and anxiously looking was gradually revealing himself, and was at length to assume his place at the head of victorious Federal armies. General Grant, who had done excellent work before he took Vicksburg, continued his successful activities. After the fall of Vicksburg he was placed in command of the Military Division of the Mississippi, and with able subordinates he conducted the operations that resulted in the final defeat of General Bragg at Chattanooga. Grant was made Lieutenant-General, and in March, 1864, he took command of the armies of the United States, thereafter having his headquarters with the Army of the Potomac, which at last he was to lead to victory.

CHAPTER XXIV

The Emancipator

The institution of slavery was hateful to the humane and liberty-loving nature of Lincoln. But he knew that slavery was tolerated by the Constitution, and by special laws enacted within its provisions, though he believed that the later expansion of the system was contrary to the spirit and intent of the men who framed the Constitution. He believed that slaveholders had legal rights which should be respected by all orderly citizens. His sympathy with the slave did not cripple his consideration for the slaveholder who had inherited property in that form, and under a constitution and laws which he did not originate and for which he was not responsible.

Lincoln would destroy slavery root and branch, but he would do it in a manner conformable to the Constitution, not in violation of it. He would exterminate it, but he would not so do it as to impoverish law-abiding citizens whose property was in slaves. He would eliminate slavery, but not in a way to destroy the country, for that would entail more mischief than benefit. To use a figure, he would throw Jonah overboard, but he would not upset the ship in the act.

REASONS FOR DELAY

In the early part of the war there were certain attempts at emancipation which Lincoln held

in check for the reason that the time for them had not arrived. Were the Union destroyed, it would be the death-blow to the cause of emancipation. At the same time not a few slaveholders were loyal men. To alienate these by premature action would be disastrous. The only wise plan was to wait patiently till a sufficient number of these could be depended on in the emergency of emancipation. This was what Lincoln was doing.

To the loyal slaveholders of the border States he made a proposal of compensated emancipation which, to his great disappointment, they rejected. In view of this unwise course, he cautioned them that worse troubles for them might follow.

All this time, while holding back the eager spirits of the abolitionists, he was preparing for his final stroke. But it was of capital importance that this should not be premature. McClellan's failure to take Richmond, and his persistent delay, hastened the result. The Northern people became more and more impatient. They felt that something radical must be done, and that quickly. But it was still necessary that Lincoln should be patient. As the bravest fireman is the last to leave the burning structure, so the wise statesman must hold himself in check until the success of an important measure is assured beyond a doubt.

QUESTION BEFORE THE CABINET

As the dreadful summer of 1862 advanced, Lincoln noted surely that the time was at hand when emancipation would be the master stroke. In discussing the possibilities of this measure he

seemed to take the opposite side. This was a fixed habit with him. He drew out the thoughts of other people. He was enabled to see the subject from all sides. Even after his mind was made up to do a certain thing, he would still argue against it. But in any other sense than this he took counsel of no one upon the emancipation measure. The work was his work. He presented his tentative proclamation to the Cabinet on July 22, 1862. The story of this conference is best told in Lincoln's words, as given by F. B. Carpenter in his *Six Months in the White House.*

LINCOLN'S OWN STORY ABOUT THE EMANCIPATION PROCLAMATION

"It had got to be midsummer, 1862. Things had gone on from bad to worse, until I felt that we had reached the end of our rope on the plan of operations we had been pursuing; that we had about played our last card, and must change our tactics or lose the game!

"I now determined upon the adoption of the emancipation policy; and, without consultation with or knowledge of the Cabinet, I prepared the original draft of the proclamation, and, after much anxious thought, called a Cabinet meeting upon the subject. This was the last of July or the first part of August, 1862. . . . This Cabinet meeting took place, I think, on a Saturday. All were present excepting Mr. Blair, the Postmaster-General, who . . . came in subsequently.

"I said to the Cabinet that I had resolved upon this step, and had not called them together to ask their advice, but to lay the subject-matter

of a proclamation before them; suggestions . . . would be in order, after they had heard it read. . . . Various suggestions were offered. Secretary Chase wished the language stronger in reference to the arming of the blacks. Mr. Blair, after he came in, deprecated the policy, on the ground that it would cost the Administration the fall elections. Nothing, however, was offered that I had not fully anticipated and settled in my own mind, until Secretary Seward spoke. He said in substance:

"'Mr. President, I approve of the proclamation, but I question the expediency of its issue at this juncture. The depression of the public mind, consequent upon our repeated reverses, is so great that I fear the effect of so important a step. It may be viewed as the last measure of an exhausted Government, a cry for help; the Government stretching forth its hands to Ethiopia, instead of Ethiopia stretching forth her hands to the Government.' His idea," said the President, "was that it would be considered our last *shriek*, on the retreat.

"'Now,' continued Mr. Seward, 'while I approve the measure, I suggest, sir, that you postpone its issue, until you can give it to the country supported by military success, instead of issuing it, as it would be now, upon the greatest disasters of the war!'"

Mr. Lincoln continued: "The wisdom of the views of the Secretary of State struck me with very great force. It was an aspect of the case that, in all my thought upon the subject, I had entirely overlooked. The result was that I put the draft of the proclamation aside, as you do your sketch for a picture, waiting for a victory.

From time to time I added or changed a line, touching it up here and there, anxiously watching the progress of events.

"Well, the next news we had was of Pope's disaster at Bull Run [second Battle of Bull Run, August 30, 1862]. Things looked darker than ever. Finally, came the week of the battle of Antietam. I determined to wait no longer. The news came, I think, on Wednesday, that the advantage was on our side. I was then staying at the Soldiers' Home. Here I finished writing the second draft of the preliminary proclamation; came up on Saturday; called the Cabinet together to hear it, and it was published the following Monday."

SEWARD'S AMENDMENT

At the final meeting of September 20 another interesting incident occurred in connection with Secretary Seward. The President had written the important part of the proclamation in these words:

"That, on the first day of January, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and sixty-three, all persons held as slaves within any State or designated part of a State, the people whereof shall then be in rebellion against the United States, shall be then, thenceforward, and forever FREE; and the Executive Government of the United States, including the military and naval authority thereof, will *recognize* the freedom of such persons, and will do no act or acts to repress such persons, or any of them, in any efforts they may make for their actual freedom."

"When I finished reading this paragraph," re-

sumed Mr. Lincoln, "Mr. Seward stopped me and said, 'I think, Mr. President, that you should insert after the word "*recognize*," in that sentence, the words "*and maintain.*" ' I replied that I had already fully considered the import of that expression, in this connection, but I had not introduced it, because it was not my way to promise what I was not entirely *sure* that I could perform, and I was not prepared to say that I thought we were exactly able to maintain this.

"But," said he, "Seward insisted that we ought to take this ground; and the words finally went in!"

SIGNING THE EMANCIPATION PROCLAMATION

The roll containing the Emancipation Proclamation was taken to Mr. Lincoln at noon on the first day of January, 1863, by Secretary Seward and his son Frederick. As it lay unrolled before him, Mr. Lincoln took a pen, dipped it in the ink, moved his hand to the place for the signature, held it a moment, then removed his hand and dropped the pen. After a little hesitation he again took up the pen and went through the same movement as before. Mr. Lincoln then turned to Mr. Seward and said:

"I have been shaking hands since nine o'clock this morning, and my right arm is almost paralyzed. If my name ever goes into history it will be for this act, and my whole soul is in it. If my hand trembles when I sign the Proclamation, all who examine the document hereafter will say, 'He hesitated.' "

He then turned to the table, took up the pen again, and slowly, firmly, wrote *Abraham Lin-*

coln, with which the whole world is now familiar. He then looked up, smiled, and said:

"That will do!"

VIA CHICAGO

He was just as ready to answer, instanter, the affirmation of his opponents as he was to present and vindicate his own. This striking peculiarity of Mr. Lincoln's mental operations throws a flood of light upon the searching questions he propounded to the Chicago ministers who called on him, in September, 1862, to demand of him a proclamation of emancipation. After listening to their appeal, he replied, pointedly:

"Now, gentlemen, if I cannot enforce the Constitution down South, how am I to enforce a mere Presidential proclamation? Won't the world sneer at it as being as powerless as the Pope's bull against the comet?" and they went away sorrowing, in the erroneous belief that he had decided the case adversely.

One of these ministers felt it his duty to make a more searching appeal to the President's conscience. Just as they were retiring, he turned and said to Mr. Lincoln:

"What you have said to us, Mr. President, compels me to say to you in reply, that it is a message to you from our Divine Master, through me, commanding you, sir, to open the doors of bondage that the slave may go free!"

Mr. Lincoln replied, instantly: "That may be, sir, for I have studied this question, by night and by day, for weeks and for months; but if it is, as you say, a message from your Divine Master, is it not odd that the only channel he could

send it by was the roundabout route by way of that awful wicked city of Chicago?"

WHAT'S IN A NAME?

President Lincoln replied to a deputation, one of many who called to urge immediate emancipation when the proposition was not yet framed as a bill:

"If I issue a proclamation now, as you suggest, it will be . . . ineffectual. . . . It cannot be forced. Now, by way of illustration, how many legs will a sheep have if you call his tail a leg?"

They all answered: "Five."

"You are mistaken," said Lincoln, "for calling a tail a leg does not make it one."

CHAPTER XXV

Reëlection: End of the War

It was Lincoln's life-long habit to keep himself close to the "plain people." He loved them. He declared that the Lord must love them or he would not have made so many of them. He had a profound realization of their importance to the national prosperity. It was their instincts that formed the national conscience. Their votes had elected him; their arms had defended the capital; on their loyalty he counted for the ultimate triumph of the Union cause. As his administrative policy progressed it was his concern not to outstrip them so far as to lose their support. In other words, he was to lead them, not run away from them.

UNION AND SLAVERY

Lincoln, shrewdly and fairly, analyzed the factions of loyal people as follows: "We are in civil war. In such cases there always is a main question; but in this case that question is a perplexing compound—Union and slavery. It thus becomes a question not of two sides merely, but of at least four sides, even among those who are for the Union, saying nothing of those who are against it. Thus—

"Those who are for the Union with, but not without, slavery;

"Those for it without, but not with;

"Those for it with or without, but prefer it with; and

"Those for it with or without, but prefer it without.

"Among these again is a subdivision of those who are for gradual, but not for immediate, and those who are for immediate, but not for gradual, extinction of slavery."

OPPOSITION TO THE PRESIDENT

One man who was in the political schemes of that day says that in Washington there were only three prominent politicians who were not seriously discontented with and opposed to Lincoln. The three named were Conkling, Sumner, and Wilson. Though there was undoubtedly a larger number who remained loyal to their chief, yet the discontent was general. The President himself felt this. Nicolay and Hay have published a note which impressively tells the sorrowful story:

"Executive Mansion,
"Washington, August 23, 1864.

"This morning, as for some days past, it seems exceedingly probable that this Administration will not be reëlected. Then it will be my duty to so coöperate with the President elect as to save the Union between the election and the inauguration, as he will have secured his election on such ground that he cannot possibly save it afterward.

"A. Lincoln."

Early in the year the discontent had broken out in a disagreeable and dangerous form. The

malcontents were casting about to find a candidate who would defeat Lincoln.

UNANIMOUS RENOMINATION

The Republican national convention assembled in Baltimore, June 7, 1864. Lincoln's name was presented, as in 1860, by the State of Illinois. On the first ballot he received every vote except those from Missouri. Then the Missouri delegates changed their votes and he was nominated unanimously.

"NOT BEST TO SWAP HORSES"

In reply to congratulations, he said, "I do not allow myself to suppose that either the convention or the [National Union] League have concluded to decide that I am either the greatest or best man in America, but rather that they have concluded that it is not best to swap horses while crossing the river, and have further concluded that I am not so poor a horse that they might not make a botch of it trying to swap."

That homely figure of "swapping horses while crossing the river" caught the attention of the country. It is doubtful if ever a campaign speech, or any series of campaign speeches, was so effective in winning and holding votes as that one phrase.

WAR GOVERNORS

But the prospects during the summer—for there was a period of five months from the nomination to the election—were anything but cheering. At this crisis there developed a means of

vigorous support which had not previously been estimated at its full value. In every loyal State there was a "war Governor," though a certain group bore this title by preëminence. Upon these executives the burdens of the war had rested so heavily that they understood, as they could not otherwise have done, the superlative weight of cares that pressed on the President, and they saw more clearly than they otherwise could have seen, the danger in swapping horses while crossing the river. These Governors rallied with unanimity to sustain the President. And the "plain people," as well as the leading patriots, were roused to support him.

LINCOLN REËLECTED

The Democrats nominated McClellan on the general theory that the war was a failure. As election day approached, the increased vigor with which the war was prosecuted made it look less like a failure, even though final success was not in sight. The result of the election was what in later days would be called a landslide. There were 233 electors. Of this number 212 were for Lincoln. The loyal North was back of him. He might now confidently gird himself for finishing the work.

Such was his kindliness of spirit that he was not unduly elated by success, and never, either in trial or achievement, did he become vindictive or revengeful. After the election he was serenaded, and in acknowledgment he made a little speech. Among other things he said, "Now that the election is over, may not all, having a common interest, reunite in a common effort to save our

common country? For my own part, I have striven, and will strive, to place no obstacle in the way. So long as I have been here *I have not willingly planted a thorn in any man's bosom.*"

THE WAR NEARLY OVER

As the year 1864 neared its close, military events manifestly approached a climax. In 1861 the armies of both North and South were mainly composed of raw troops. But both sides now had armies of seasoned veterans; the generals had been thoroughly tried, and their abilities were known.

The North now also had a strong navy. The Mississippi River was open from Minnesota to the Gulf of Mexico. Every Southern port was more or less closely blockaded, and the Federal Government was daily increasing its advantages. The financial problem was perhaps the most serious of all, but in this respect the South was suffering more than the North. In fact, on the Southern side matters were growing desperate. The factor of time now counted against the South, for except in military discipline its chances had not improved during the progress of the war. There was little hope either of foreign intervention or of effectual reaction in the North.

In August, 1864, Admiral Farragut stopped blockade-running at Mobile, captured the Confederate ironclad Tennessee, and compelled the surrender of Forts Gaines and Morgan and other defences of Mobile Bay. General Grant with his veterans was face to face with General Lee and his veterans in Virginia. General Sher-

man, with his splendid army, in the fall struck through the territory of the Southern Confederacy, and on December 21 he captured Savannah—his "Christmas gift" to the President and the Union.

The principal thing now to be done was the destruction of the Confederate forces in Virginia. That and that only could end the war. The sooner it should be done the better. Grant's spirit cannot in a hundred pages be better expressed than in his well-known declaration, "I propose to fight it out on this line if it takes all summer." It did take all summer and all winter too, for the Confederates as well as the Federals had continued to be good fighters.

"LET DAVIS GO"

As the end came in sight, an awkward question arose: What shall we do with Jefferson Davis—if we catch him? This reminded the President of a little story. "I told Grant," he said, "the story of an Irishman who had taken Father Mathew's pledge. Soon thereafter, becoming very thirsty, he slipped into a saloon and applied for a lemonade, and while it was being mixed he whispered to the bar-tender, 'Av ye could drap a bit o' brandy in it, all unbeknown to meself, I'd make no fuss about it.' My notion was that if Grant could let Jeff Davis escape all unbeknown to himself, he was to let him go. I didn't want him." Subsequent events proved the sterling wisdom of this suggestion, for the country had no use for Davis when he was caught.

SURRENDER OF LEE

Late in March, 1865, the President decided to take a short vacation, said to be the first he had had since entering the White House in 1861. With a few friends he went to City Point on the James River, where Grant had his headquarters. General Sherman came up for a conference. The two generals were confident that the end of the war was near, but they were also certain that there must be at least one more great battle. "Avoid this if possible," said the President. "No more bloodshed, no more bloodshed."

On the second day of April both Richmond and Petersburg were evacuated. On the 9th Lee surrendered at Appomattox Court House. The President was determined to see Richmond, and started for the city under the care of Admiral Porter.

THE PRESIDENT IN RICHMOND

The grandeur of the triumphal entry of the President and his party into Richmond was entirely moral, not in the least spectacular. There were no triumphal arches, no martial music, no applauding multitudes, no vast cohorts with flying banners and glittering arms. Only a few American citizens, in plain clothes, on foot, escorted by ten marines. The central figure was that of a man remarkably tall, homely, ill-dressed, but with a countenance radiating joy and good will. It was only thirty-six hours since Jefferson Davis had fled, and the Confederates had set fire to the city, which was still burning.

THE FLAG ON SUMTER: THE WAR OVER

Johnston did not surrender to Sherman until April 26, when Lee's surrender necessitated his. It was now seen that it was a matter of but a few days when the rest also would surrender. On Good Friday, April 14—a day glorious in its beginning, tragic at its close—the newspapers throughout the North published an order of the Secretary of War stopping the draft and the purchase of arms and munitions of war. The Government had decreed that at twelve o'clock noon of that day the stars and stripes should be raised above Fort Sumter. The orator of the occasion was the eloquent Henry Ward Beecher. And the flag was raised by Major (now General) Anderson, whose staunch loyalty and heroic defence linked his name inseparably with that of Fort Sumter.

The war was over and Lincoln at once turned his attention to the duties of reconstruction.

THE QUIET-MINDED MAN

About midnight on the day of the election in 1864, it was certain that Lincoln had been re-elected, and the few gentlemen left in the War Office congratulated him very warmly on the result. Lincoln took the matter very calmly, showing not the least elation or excitement, but said that he would admit that he was glad to be relieved of all suspense, and that he was grateful that the verdict of the people was likely to be so full, clear, and unmistakable that there could be no dispute.

About two o'clock in the morning a messenger

came over to the War Office from the White House with the news that a crowd of Pennsylvanians were serenading his empty chamber, whereupon he went home, and in answer to repeated calls he made a happy little speech full of good feeling and cheerfulness. He wound up his remarks by saying:

"If I know my heart, my gratitude is free from any taint of personal triumph. I do not impugn the motives of any one opposed to me. It is no pleasure to me to triumph over any one, but I give thanks to the Almighty for this evidence of the people's resolution to stand by free government and the rights of humanity."

THE PRESIDENT'S HAPPIEST DAY

Lincoln, says James M. Scovel, "had a 'spirit touched to fine issues,' and felt keenly and intensely the woes of others. During the spring following Curtin's reëlection as Governor of Pennsylvania, I found the President, fresh as a May morning, looking out of the east window of the White House, on the fragrant, opening bloom of the lilac-bushes beneath his window. Only that day he had received the assurance that the spirit of nationality had proved stronger than the power of faction, and was fully informed that Chase, Ben Wade, and 'Pathfinder' Frémont were all out of the Presidential race, and his nomination before the June convention to be held at Baltimore would be practically unanimous. As I entered the room, he rose and pushed a chair, with his feet, across the room, close to his own. There was a suspicious moisture in his eyes as he grasped both of my hands in both of

his own (a habit of Mr. Lincoln's when greatly moved by joy or sorrow).

"'God bless you, young man,' he exclaimed. 'How glad I am you came! This is the happiest day of my life; for I no longer doubt the practical unanimity of the people, who are willing I should have the chance to finish the big job I undertook nearly four years ago.'"

CHAPTER XXVI

Death of Lincoln: the Nation's Sorrow

Between Springfield and Washington, as Lincoln made that memorable journey to his first inauguration, there were at least three known attempts upon his life, and when we consider the number and bitterness of his enemies, and the desperate character of some of them, the wonder is that he was not assassinated long before 1865. There were multitudes of ruffians in Washington and elsewhere, who had murder in their hearts and deadly weapons within easy reach. He lived and toiled in danger for four years, and was reluctant to accept even a nominal body-guard. The striking parallel between him and William the Silent will occur to the reader. He, like Lincoln, would take no precaution. He exposed himself freely, and there were plots almost innumerable against his life before he was slain. Such persons seem to have invisible defenders.

A PRESAGEFUL DREAM

Lincoln shared the impressibility of the community in which he grew up. Being unusually outspoken, he often told of impressions which another would not have mentioned. Various accounts have been given of premonitions that came to him of his tragic death, and not long before that event he told of a dream he had had

a few nights since, in which he saw his end terribly prefigured. "I slept no more that night," he said; "and although it was only a dream, I have been strangely annoyed by it ever since."

THE FATAL DAY

In spite of all, he was in excellent spirits on Good Friday, April 14, 1865. The burdens and sorrows of bloodshed had made an old man of him. But the war was at an end, the Stars and Stripes were floating over Sumter, the Union was saved, and slavery was doomed. There came back into his eyes the light that had long been absent. Those who were about him said the elasticity of his movements and joyousness of his manner were marked. "His mood all day was singularly happy and tender."

The events of the day were simple. It was the day of the regular meeting of the Cabinet. Grant, who had arrived in Washington that morning, attended this meeting. It was the President's idea that the leaders of the Confederacy should be allowed to escape—much as he had already jocularly advised Grant to let Jeff Davis escape "all unbeknown to himself." He spoke plainly on the subject. "No one need expect me to take any part in hanging or killing these men, even the worst of them. Enough lives have been sacrificed." After the discussion of various matters, when the Cabinet adjourned till the following Tuesday, the last words he ever uttered to them were that "they must now begin to act in the interests of peace."

For the evening of that Friday Mrs. Lincoln had got up a theatre party—the President was

always fond of the diversion of the theatre. The party was to include General and Mrs. Grant. But the General's plans required him to go that evening to Philadelphia, and so Major Rathbone and Miss Harris were substituted. This party went to Ford's Theatre, and occupied the upper proscenium box on the right of the stage.

THE ASSASSIN

About ten o'clock, John Wilkes Booth, an actor about twenty-six years of age, belonging to a family of famous players, glided along the corridor toward that box. Being well known by the employees of the theatre, he was suffered to proceed without hindrance. Passing through the corridor door he fastened it shut by means of a bar that fitted into a niche previously prepared, and making an effectual barricade. A hole had been bored through the door leading into the box so that he could survey the inmates without attracting their attention. With a pistol in one hand and a dagger in the other he noiselessly entered the box and stood directly behind the President who was enjoying the humor of the comedy.

AWFULNESS OF THE TRAGEDY

"The awful tragedy in the box," say Nicolay and Hay, "makes everything else seem pale and unreal. Here were five human beings in a narrow space—the greatest man of his time, in the glory of the most stupendous success in our history, the idolized chief of a nation already mighty, with illimitable vistas of grandeur to come; his beloved wife, proud and happy; a pair

of betrothed lovers, with all the promise of felicity that youth, social position, and wealth could give them; and this young actor, handsome as Endymion upon Latmos, the pet of his little world. The glitter of fame, happiness, and ease was upon the entire group, but in an instant everything was to be changed with the blinding swiftness of enchantment. Quick death was to come on the central figure of that company—the central figure, we believe, of the great and good men of the century. Over all the rest the blackest fates hovered menacingly—fates from which a mother might pray that kindly death would save her children in their infancy. One was to wander with the stain of murder on his soul, with the curses of a world upon his name, with a price set upon his head, in frightful physical pain, till he died a dog's death in a burning barn; the stricken wife was to pass the rest of her days in melancholy and madness; of those two young lovers, one was to slay the other, and then end his life a raving maniac."

THE PRESIDENT SHOT: HIS MURDERER KILLED

Booth's pistol was thrust near to the back of the head of the unsuspecting victim—that kind man who had "never willingly planted a thorn in any man's bosom," who could not bear to witness suffering even in an animal. The report of the pistol was somewhat muffled and was unnoticed by the majority of the audience. The ball penetrated the President's brain; he uttered no word or sound; "his head drooped forward slightly, his eyes closed." Major Rathbone took in the situation and sprang at the murderer, who

slashed him savagely with the dagger, tore himself free, and leaped over the balustrade upon the stage. It was not a high leap for an athletic young man, but his spur caught in a flag with which the box was draped, so that he did not strike quite squarely on his feet. The result was that he broke his leg. But, gathering himself up, he flourished his dagger, declaiming the motto of Virginia *Sic semper tyrannis* (Thus ever to tyrants), and before the audience could realize what was done, he disappeared. He ran out of the rear of the theatre where a fleet horse was in waiting. He mounted and rode for his life. For eleven days he was in hiding, suffering all the while agonies from his broken leg, which could be but imperfectly cared for. He was finally cornered in a barn, the barn was set on fire, and while thus at bay he was shot down.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN DEAD

Aid came at once to the President, but the surgeons saw at a glance that the wound was mortal. Mr. Lincoln was carried to a small house across the street and laid upon a bed in a little room at the rear of the hall on the ground floor. "The door was guarded, and none admitted but the friends. Most of the Cabinet officers had reached there as soon as the inanimate form of the President. The Surgeon-General of the army had also come, and he was making a thorough examination of the wound. At length, looking into the anxious faces that sought his, he said to Stanton, 'I fear there is no hope.' The Secretary of War exclaimed in tones of anguish, 'No! no! General! oh, no!'

while convulsive sobs shook his burly frame. Senator Sumner sat on the bed, holding one of the dying man's hands and crying bitterly." "As the dawn came," says John G. Nicolay, "and the lamplight grew pale, his pulse began to fail; but his face, even then, was scarcely more haggard than those of the sorrowing men around him. His automatic moaning ceased, a look of unspeakable peace came upon his worn features, and at twenty-two minutes after seven he died. Stanton broke the silence by saying: 'Now he belongs to the ages.'"

THE PRESIDENT'S LAST DAY

After the Cabinet meeting on April 14, the President went to drive with Mrs. Lincoln, expressing a wish that no one should accompany them, and evidently desiring to converse alone with her. "Mary," said he, "we have had a hard time of it since we came to Washington, but the war is over, and with God's blessing we may hope for four years of peace and happiness, and then we will go back to Illinois and pass the rest of our lives in quiet."

He spoke of his old Springfield home, and recollections of his early days, his little brown cottage, the law office, the court-room, the green bag for his briefs and law papers, his adventures when riding on the circuit, came thronging back to him. The tension under which he had so long been kept was removed and he was like a boy out of school.

"We have laid by," said he to his wife, "some money, and during this term we will try and save up more, but shall not have enough to sup-

port us. We will go back to Illinois, and I will open a law office at Springfield or Chicago, and practise law, and at least do enough to help give us a livelihood."

Such were the dreams, the day-dreams of Lincoln, the last day of his life. In imagination he was again in his prairie home, among his law books, and in the courts with his old friends.

Mrs. Lincoln noticed that the President, during this afternoon drive was in unusually good spirits, and remarked to him that he was in a like mood just before the fatal illness of their son Willie. But no kindly premonition warned her of the particular danger to be avoided. In the joyous excitement of the time even the devotee seemed to forget the wonted associations of Good Friday.

FINAL ACTS OF MERCY

During the afternoon the President signed a pardon for a soldier sentenced to be shot for desertion, remarking as he did so:

"Well, I think the boy can do us more good above ground than under ground."

He also approved an application for the discharge, on taking the oath of allegiance, of a Confederate prisoner, on whose petition he wrote:

"Let it be done."

LETTING THE "ELEPHANT" ESCAPE

"On the afternoon of April 14," says Dana, "I got a telegram from the Provost Marshal in Portland, Me., saying: 'I have positive information that Jacob Thompson will pass through

Portland to-night, in order to take a steamer for England. What are your orders?'

"Jacob Thompson, of Mississippi, had been Secretary of the Interior in President Buchanan's administration. He was a conspicuous secessionist, and for some time had been employed in Canada as a semi-diplomatic agent of the Confederate Government. He had been organizing all sorts of trouble and getting up raids, of which the notorious attack on St. Albans, Vt., was a specimen. I took the telegram and went down and read it to Mr. Stanton. His order was prompt: 'Arrest him!' But as I was going out of the door he called to me and said: 'No, wait; better go over and see the President.'

"At the White House all the work of the day was over, and I went into the President's business room without meeting any one. Opening the door, there seemed to be no one there, but, as I was turning to go out, Mr. Lincoln called to me from a little side room, where he was washing his hands.

" 'Hallo, Dana!' said he. 'What is it? What's up?'

"Then I read him the telegram from Portland.

" 'What does Stanton say?' he asked.

" 'He says arrest him, but that I should refer the question to you.'

" 'Well,' said the President slowly, wiping his hands, 'no, I rather think not. When you've got an elephant by the hind leg, and he's trying to run away, it's best to let him run.' "

THE MOURNING NATION

On Friday evening there had been general rejoicing throughout the North. On Saturday morning there rose to heaven a great cry of distress. For the telegraph had carried the heavy news to every city and commercial centre. The shock plunged the whole community, in the twinkling of an eye, from the heights of exultation into the abyss of grief.

Little business was done that day. Offices, stores, exchanges were deserted. Men gathered in knots and conversed in low tones. By noon there was scarcely a public building, store, or residence in any Northern city that was not draped in mourning. The poorer classes procured bits of black crape or the like and tied them to their door-knobs. The plain people were orphaned. "Father Abraham" was dead.

Here and there some Southern sympathizer ventured to express exultation—a very rash thing to do. Forbearance had ceased to be a virtue, and in nearly every such case the crowd threatened a lynching and the offender was thankful to escape alive.

Though this wave of sorrow swept over the land from ocean to ocean, it was naturally more manifest in Washington than elsewhere. There the crime had been committed. There the President's figure was a familiar sight and his voice was a familiar sound. There the tragedy was more vivid. In the middle of the morning a squad of soldiers bore the lifeless body to the White House. It lay there in state until the day of the funeral, Wednesday. It is safe to say that on the intervening Sunday there was hardly a

pulpit in the North from which, by sermon and prayer, were not expressed the love of the chief. On Wednesday, the day of the funeral in Washington, all the churches in the land were invited to join in solemnizing the occasion.

THE FUNERAL

The funeral service was held in the East room of the White House, conducted by the President's pastor, Dr. Gurley, and his eloquent friend, Bishop Simpson, of the Methodist Episcopal Church. Mrs. Lincoln, prostrated by the shock, was unable to be present, and little Tad would not come. Only Robert, a recent graduate of Harvard and at the time a member of Grant's staff, was there to represent the family.

After the service, which was brief and simple, the body was reverently borne, with a military cortège, to the Capitol, where it was placed in the rotunda till the evening of the next day. There, as at the White House, vast multitudes passed to look upon that grave, sad, kindly face. The negroes came in great numbers, sobbing out their grief over the death of their emancipator. The soldiers, who remembered so well his "God bless you, boys!" manifested equal sorrow. There also were neighbors, friends, and the general public, mingling in the assemblage of mourners.

THROUGH CITIES AND STATES

It was arranged that the cortège should journey to Springfield as nearly as possible over the same route, reversed, as that taken by the President to Washington in 1861—Baltimore, Harris-

burg, Philadelphia, New York, Albany, Cleveland, Columbus, Indianapolis, and Chicago. In the party there were three of those who had escorted him to Washington—David Davis, W. H. Lamon, and General Hunter.

At eight o'clock on Friday, April 21, the funeral train left Washington. It is hardly too much to say that it was a funeral procession two thousand miles in length. All along the route people turned out, not daunted by darkness and rain—for it rained much of the time—and stood with streaming eyes to watch the train go by. At the larger cities named, the procession paused and the body lay for some hours in state while the people came in crowds so great that it seemed as if they included the whole community. At Columbus and Indianapolis those in charge said that it seemed as if the entire population of the State came to do him honor.

Naturally the ceremonies were most elaborate in New York city. But at Chicago the grief was most unrestrained and touching. He was there among his neighbors and friends. It was the State of Illinois that had given him to the nation and the world. Her people had the claim of fellow-citizenship; he was one of them. As a citizen of the State of which Chicago was the leading city, he had passed all his public life. The neighboring States sent thousands of people, for he was a Western man like themselves, and for the forty-eight hours that he lay in state a continuous stream of all sorts and conditions of men passed by sorrowing.

In all these cities not a few mottoes were displayed. Most of these were from his own writings, such as, "With malice toward none, with

charity for all"; and, "We here highly resolve that these dead shall not have died in vain." Another was from the Bible: "He being dead yet speaketh"; and another from Shakespeare:

> His life was gentle, and the elements
> So mix'd in him, that Nature might stand up
> And say to all the world, This was a man!

HOME AND REST

His final resting-place was Springfield. Here, and in all the neighboring country, he was known to all. He had always a kind word for every one, and his goodness had not been forgotten. Those whom he had befriended had delighted to tell of it. They came to do honor not merely to the great statesman, but to the beloved friend, the warm-hearted neighbor. Many could remember his grave face as he stood on the platform of the car that rainy morning in February, 1861, and said affectionately to his friends, "I must leave you: for how long I know not." Between the two days, what a noble life had been lived! What services had been rendered to his country and to mankind!

THE WORLD'S TRIBUTES

"The funeral pageant was at an end," says Ida M. Tarbell, "but the mourning was not silenced. From every corner of the earth came to the family and to the Government tributes to the greatness of the character and life of the murdered man. Medals were cast, tablets engraved, parchments engrossed. At the end of the year, when the State Department came to publish the

diplomatic correspondence of 1865, there was a volume of over seven hundred pages, containing nothing but expressions of condolence and sympathy on Lincoln's death. Nor did the mourning and the honor end there. From the day of his death until now the world has gone on rearing monuments to Abraham Lincoln."

TRIBUTES AND STORIES

THE GREATNESS OF ABRAHAM LINCOLN[1]

By Robert G. Ingersoll

On the 12th of February, 1809, two babes were born—one in the woods of Kentucky, amid the hardships and poverty of pioneers; one in England, surrounded by wealth and culture. One was educated in the University of Nature, the other at Cambridge. One associated his name with the enfranchisement of labor, with the emancipation of millions, with the salvation of the Republic. He is known to us as Abraham Lincoln. The other broke the chains of superstition and filled the world with intellectual light, and he is known as Charles Darwin.

Nothing is grander than to break chains from the bodies of men—nothing nobler than to destroy the phantoms of the soul. Because of these two men the nineteenth century is illustrious.

A few men and women make a nation glorious —Shakespeare made England immortal, Voltaire civilized and humanized France; Goethe,

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Schiller and Humboldt lifted Germany into the light. Angelo, Raphael, Galileo and Bruno crowned with fadeless laurel the Italian brow, and now the most precious treasure of the Great Republic is the memory of Abraham Lincoln.

Every generation has its heroes, its iconoclasts, its pioneers, its ideals. The people always have been and still are divided, at least into two classes—the many, who with their backs to the sunrise worship the past, and the few, who keep their faces toward the dawn—the many, who are satisfied with the world as it is; the few, who labor and suffer for the future, for those to be, and who seek to rescue the oppressed, to destroy the cruel distinctions of caste, and to civilize mankind.

Yet it sometimes happens that the liberator of one age becomes the oppressor of the next. His reputation becomes so great—he is so revered and worshiped—that his followers, in his name, attack the hero who endeavors to take another step in advance.

The heroes of the Revolution, forgetting the justice for which they fought, put chains upon the limbs of others, and in their names the lovers of liberty were denounced as ingrates and traitors.

During the Revolution our fathers, to justify their rebellion, dug down to the bed-rock of human rights and planted their standard there. They declared that all men were entitled to liberty and that government derived its power from the consent of the governed. But when victory came, the great principles were forgotten and chains were put upon the limbs of men. Both of the great political parties were con-

trolled by greed and selfishness. Both were the defenders and protectors of slavery. For nearly three-quarters of a century these parties had control of the Republic. The principal object of both parties was the protection of the infamous institution. Both were eager to secure the Southern vote and both sacrificed principle and honor upon the altar of success.

At last the Whig party died and the Republican was born. This party was opposed to the further extension of slavery. The Democratic party of the South wished to make the "divine institution" national—while the Democrats of the North wanted the question decided by each Territory for itself.

Each of these parties had conservatives and extremists. The extremists of the Democratic party were in the rear and wished to go back; the extremists of the Republican party were in the front, and wished to go forward. The extreme Democrat was willing to destroy the Union for the sake of slavery, and the extreme Republican was willing to destroy the Union for the sake of liberty.

Neither party could succeed without the votes of its extremists. . . .

Lincoln was educated in the University of Nature—educated by cloud and star—by field and winding stream—by billowed plains and solemn forests—by morning's birth and death of day—by storm and night—by the ever eager Spring—by Summer's wealth of leaf and vine and flower—the sad and transient glories of the Autumn woods—and Winter, builder of home and fireside, and whose storms without create the social warmth within.

He was perfectly acquainted with the political questions of the day—heard them discussed at taverns and country stores, at voting places and courts and on the stump. He knew all the arguments for and against, and no man of his time was better equipped for intellectual conflict. He knew the average mind—the thoughts of the people, the hopes and prejudices of his fellow-men. He had the power of accurate statement. He was logical, candid and sincere. In addition, he had the "touch of nature that makes the whole world kin."

In 1858 he was a candidate for the Senate against Stephen A. Douglas.

The extreme Democrats would not vote for Douglas, but the extreme Republicans did vote for Lincoln. Lincoln occupied the middle ground, and was the compromise candidate of his own party. He lived for many years in the intellectual territory of compromise—in a part of our country settled by Northern and Southern men—where Northern and Southern ideas met, and the ideas of the two sections were brought together and compared.

The sympathies of Lincoln, his ties of kindred, were with the South. His convictions, his sense of justice, and his ideals, were with the North. He knew the horrors of slavery, and he felt the unspeakable ecstasies and glories of freedom. He had the kindness, the gentleness, of true greatness, and he could not have been a master; he had the manhood and independence of true greatness, and he could not have been a slave. He was just, and was incapable of putting a burden upon others that he himself would not willingly bear.

He was merciful and profound, and it was not necessary for him to read the history of the world to know that liberty and slavery could not live in the same nation, or in the same brain. Lincoln was a statesman. And there is this difference between a politician and a statesman. A politician schemes and works in every way to make the people do something for him. A statesman wishes to do something for the people. With him place and power are means to an end, and the end is the good of his country.

In this campaign Lincoln demonstrated three things—first, that he was the intellectual superior of his opponent; second, that he was right; and third, that a majority of the voters of Illinois were on his side.

In 1860 the Republic reached a crisis. The conflict between liberty and slavery could no longer be delayed. For three-quarters of a century the forces had been gathering for the battle.

After the Revolution, principle was sacrificed for the sake of gain. The Constitution contradicted the Declaration. Liberty as a principle was held in contempt. Slavery took possession of the Government. Slavery made the laws, corrupted courts, dominated Presidents and demoralized the people.

I do not hold the South responsible for slavery any more than I do the North. The fact is, that individuals and nations act as they must. There is no chance. Back of every event—of every hope, prejudice, fancy and dream—of every opinion and belief—of every vice and virtue—of every smile and curse, is the efficient

cause. The present moment is the child, and the necessary child, of all the past. . . .

It is not a common thing to elect a really great man to fill the highest official position. I do not say that the great Presidents have been chosen by accident. Probably it would be better to say that they were the favorites of a happy chance.

The average man is afraid of genius. He feels as an awkward man feels in the presence of a sleight-of-hand performer. He admires and suspects. Genius appears to carry too much sail—to lack prudence, has too much courage. The ballast of dullness inspires confidence.

By a happy chance Lincoln was nominated and elected in spite of his fitness—and the patient, gentle, just and loving man was called upon to bear as great a burden as man has ever borne. . . .

When Lincoln became President, he was held in contempt by the South—underrated by the North and East—not appreciated even by his Cabinet—and yet he was not only one of the wisest, but one of the shrewdest of mankind. Knowing that he had the right to enforce the laws of the Union in all parts of the United States and Territories—knowing, as he did, that the secessionists were in the wrong, he also knew that they had sympathizers not only in the North, but in other lands.

Consequently, he felt that it was of the utmost importance that the South should fire the first shot, should do some act that would solidify the North, and gain for us the justification of the civilized world.

He proposed to give food to the soldiers at

Sumter. He asked the advice of all his Cabinet on this question, and all, with the exception of Montgomery Blair, answered in the negative, giving their reasons in writing. In spite of this, Lincoln took his own course—endeavored to send the supplies, and while thus engaged, doing his simple duty, the South commenced actual hostilities and fired on the fort. The course pursued by Lincoln was absolutely right, and the act of the South to a great extent solidified the North, and gained for the Republic the justification of a great number of people in other lands.

At that time Lincoln appreciated the scope and consequences of the impending conflict. Above all other thoughts in his mind was this:

"This conflict will settle the question, at least for centuries to come, whether man is capable of governing himself, and consequently is of greater importance to the free than to the enslaved."

He knew what depended on the issue and said:

"We shall nobly save, or meanly lose, the last, best hope of earth."

Then came a crisis in the North. It became clearer and clearer to Lincoln's mind, day by day, that the rebellion was slavery, and that it was necessary to keep the border States on the side of the Union. For this purpose he proposed a scheme of emancipation and colonization—a scheme by which the owners of slaves should be paid the full value of what they called their "property."

He knew that if the border States agreed to gradual emancipation, and received compensation for their slaves, they would be forever lost

to the Confederacy, whether secession succeeded or not. It was objected at the time, by some, that the scheme was far too expensive; but Lincoln, wiser than his advisers—far wiser than his enemies—demonstrated that from an economical point of view his course was best.

He proposed that $400 be paid for slaves, including men, women and children. This was a large price, and yet he showed how much cheaper it was to purchase than to carry on the war.

At that time, at the price mentioned, there were about $750,000 worth of slaves in Delaware. The cost of carrying on the war was at least two millions of dollars a day, and for one-third of one day's expenses all the slaves in Delaware could be purchased. He also showed that all the slaves in Delaware, Maryland, Kentucky, and Missouri could be bought, at the same price, for less than the expense of carrying on the war for eighty-seven days.

This was the wisest thing that could have been proposed, and yet such was the madness of the South, such the indignation of the North, that the advice was unheeded.

Again, in July, 1862, he urged on the Representatives of the border States a scheme of gradual compensated emancipation; but the Representatives were too deaf to hear, too blind to see. . . .

On the 22d of July, 1862, Lincoln sent word to the members of his Cabinet that he wished to see them: It so happened that Secretary Chase was the first to arrive. He found Lincoln reading a book. Looking up from the page, the President said: "Chase, did you ever read this

book?" "What book is it?" asked Chase. "Artemus Ward," replied Lincoln. "Let me read you this chapter, entitled 'Wax Wurx in Albany.'" And so he began reading while the other members of the Cabinet one by one came in. At last Stanton told Mr. Lincoln that he was in a great hurry, and if any business was to be done he would like to do it at once. Whereupon Mr. Lincoln laid down the open book, opened a drawer, took out a paper and said: "Gentlemen, I have called you together to notify you what I have determined to do. I want no advice. Nothing can change my mind."

He then read the Proclamation of Emancipation. Chase thought there ought to be something about God at the close, to which Lincoln replied: "Put it in, it won't hurt it." It was also agreed that the President would wait for a victory in the field before giving the Proclamation to the world.

The meeting was over, the members went their way. Mr. Chase was the last to go, and as he went through the door looked back and saw that Mr. Lincoln had taken up the book and was again engrossed in the "Wax Wurx in Albany."

This was on the 22d of July, 1862. On the 22d of August of the same year—after Lincoln wrote his celebrated letter to Horace Greeley, in which he stated that his object was to save the Union; *that he would save it with slavery if he could;* that if it was necessary to destroy slavery in order to save the Union, he would; in other words, he would do what was necessary to save the Union. . . .

Lincoln was by nature a diplomat. He knew the art of sailing against the wind. He had as

much shrewdness as is consistent with honesty. He understood, not only the rights of individuals, but of nations. In all his correspondence with other governments he neither wrote nor sanctioned a line which afterward was used to tie his hands. In the use of perfect English he easily rose above all his advisers and all his fellows.

No one claims that Lincoln did all. He could have done nothing without the generals in the field, and the generals could have done nothing without their armies. The praise is due to all—to the private as much as to the officer; to the lowest who did his duty, as much as to the highest.

My heart goes out to the brave private as much as to the leader of the host.

But Lincoln stood at the centre and with infinite patience, with consummate skill, with the genius of goodness, directed, cheered, consoled, and conquered. . . .

Lincoln always saw the end. He was unmoved by the storms and currents of the times. He advanced too rapidly for the conservative politicians, too slowly for the radical enthusiasts. He occupied the line of safety, and held by his personality—by the force of his great character, by his charming candor—the masses on his side.

The soldiers thought of him as a father.

All who had lost their sons in battle felt that they had his sympathy—felt that his face was as sad as theirs. They knew that Lincoln was actuated by one motive, and that his energies were bent to the attainment of one end—the salvation of the Republic.

They knew that he was kind, sincere, and merciful. They knew that in his veins there was no drop of tyrants' blood. They knew that he used his power to protect the innocent, to save reputation and life—that he had the brain of a philosopher—the heart of a mother.

During all the years of war, Lincoln stood the embodiment of mercy, between discipline and death. He pitied the imprisoned and condemned. He took the unfortunate in his arms, and was the friend even of the convict. He knew temptation's strength—the weakness of the will—and how in fury's sudden flame the judgment drops the scales, and passion—blind and deaf—usurps the throne.

One day a woman, accompanied by a Senator, called on the President. The woman was the wife of one of Mosby's men. Her husband had been captured, tried, and condemned to be shot. She came to ask for the pardon of her husband. The President heard her story and then asked what kind of a man her husband was. "Is he intemperate, does he abuse the children and beat you?" "No, no," said the wife, "he is a good man, a good husband, he loves me and he loves the children, and we cannot live without him. The only trouble is that he is a fool about politics—I live in the North, born there, and if I get him home, he will do no more fighting for the South." "Well," said Mr. Lincoln, after examining the papers, "I will pardon your husband and turn him over to you for safe keeping." The poor woman, overcome with joy, sobbed as though her heart would break.

"My dear woman," said Lincoln, "if I had known how badly it was going to make you feel,

I never would have pardoned him." "You do not understand me," she cried between her sobs. "You do not understand me." "Yes, yes, I do," answered the President, "and if you do not go away at once I shall be crying with you."

On another occasion, a member of Congress, on his way to see Lincoln, found in one of the anterooms of the White House an old white-haired man, sobbing—his wrinkled face wet with tears. The old man told him that for several days he had tried to see the President—that he wanted a pardon for his son. The Congressman told the old man to come with him and he would introduce him to Mr. Lincoln. On being introduced, the old man said: "Mr. Lincoln, my wife sent me to you. We had three boys. They all joined your army. One of 'em has been killed, one's a-fighting now, and one of 'em, the youngest, has been tried for deserting and he's going to be shot day after to-morrow. He never deserted. He's wild, and he may have drunk too much and wandered off, but he never deserted. 'Tain't in the blood. He's his mother's favorite, and if he's shot, I know she'll die." The President, turning to his secretary, said: "Telegraph General Butler to suspend the execution in the case of ——— [giving his name] until further orders from me, and ask him to answer———"

The Congressman congratulated the old man on his success—but the old man did not respond. He was not satisfied. "Mr. President," he began, "I can't take that news home. It won't satisfy his mother. How do I know but what you'll give further orders to-morrow?" "My good

man," said Mr. Lincoln, "I have to do the best I can. The generals are complaining because I pardon so many. They say that my mercy destroys discipline. Now, when you get home you tell his mother what you said to me about my giving further orders, and then you tell her that I said this: 'If your son lives until they get further orders from me, that when he does die people will say that old Methuselah was a baby compared to him.' "

The pardoning power is the only remnant of absolute sovereignty that a President has. Through all the years, Lincoln will be known as Lincoln the loving, Lincoln the merciful.

Lincoln had the keenest sense of humor, and always saw the laughable side even of disaster. In his humor there was logic and the best of sense. No matter how complicated the question, or how embarrassing the situation, his humor furnished an answer and a door of escape.

Vallandigham was a friend of the South, and did what he could to sow the seeds of failure. In his opinion everything, except rebellion, was unconstitutional.

He was arrested, convicted by a court martial, and sentenced to imprisonment.

There was doubt about the legality of the trial, and thousands in the North denounced the whole proceeding as tyrannical and infamous. At the same time millions demanded that Vallandigham should be punished.

Lincoln's humor came to the rescue. He disapproved of the findings of the court, changed the punishment, and ordered that Mr. Vallandigham should be sent to his friends in the South. Those who regarded the act as uncon-

stitutional almost forgave it for the sake of its humor.

Horace Greeley always had the idea that he was greatly superior to Lincoln, because he lived in a larger town, and for a long time insisted that the people of the North and the people of the South desired peace. He took it upon himself to lecture Lincoln. Lincoln, with that wonderful sense of humor, united with shrewdness and profound wisdom, told Greeley that, if the South really wanted peace, he (Lincoln) desired the same thing, and was doing all he could to bring it about. Greeley insisted that a commissioner should be appointed, with authority to negotiate with the representatives of the Confederacy. This was Lincoln's opportunity. He authorized Greeley to act as such commissioner. The great editor felt that he was caught. For a time he hesitated, but finally went, and found that the Southern commissioners were willing to take into consideration any offers of peace that Lincoln might make, consistent with the independence of the Confederacy.

The failure of Greeley was humiliating, and the position in which he was left, absurd.

Again the humor of Lincoln had triumphed.

Lincoln, to satisfy a few fault-finders in the North, went to Grant's headquarters and met some Confederate commissioners. He urged that it was hardly proper for him to negotiate with the representatives of rebels in arms—that if the South wanted peace, all they had to do was to stop fighting. One of the commissioners cited as a precedent the fact that Charles the First negotiated with rebels in arms. To which Lincoln replied that Charles the First lost his

head. The conference came to nothing, as Mr. Lincoln expected.

The commissioners, one of them being Alexander H. Stephens, who, when in good health, weighed about ninety pounds, dined with the President and General Grant. After dinner, as they were leaving, Stephens put on an English ulster, the tails of which reached the ground, while the collar was somewhat above the wearer's head.

As Stephens went out, Lincoln touched Grant and said: "Grant, look at Stephens. Did you ever see as little a nubbin with as much shuck?"

Lincoln always tried to do things in the easiest way. He did not waste his strength. He was not particular about moving along straight lines. He did not tunnel the mountains. He was willing to go around, and reach the end desired as a river reaches the sea.

One of the most wonderful things ever done by Lincoln was the promotion of General Hooker. After the battle of Fredericksburg, General Burnside found great fault with Hooker, and wished to have him removed from the Army of the Potomac. Lincoln disapproved of Burnside's order, and gave Hooker the command. He then wrote Hooker this memorable letter:

"I have placed you at the head of the Army of the Potomac. Of course I have done this upon what appear to me to be sufficient reasons, and yet I think it best for you to know that there are some things in regard to which I am not quite satisfied with you. I believe you to be a brave and skilful soldier—which, of course, I

like. I also believe you do not mix politics with your profession—in which you are right. You have confidence—which is a valuable, if not an indispensable, quality. You are ambitious, which, within reasonable bounds, does good rather than harm; but I think that during General Burnside's command of the army you have taken counsel of your ambition to thwart him as much as you could—in which you did a great wrong to the country and to a most meritorious and honorable brother officer. I have heard, in such a way as to believe it, of your recently saying that both the army and the Government needed a dictator. Of course it was not for this, but in spite of it, that I have given you command. Only those generals who gain successes can set up dictators. What I now ask of you is military successes, and I will risk the dictatorship. The Government will support you to the utmost of its ability, which is neither more nor less than it has done and will do for all commanders. I much fear that the spirit which you have aided to infuse into the army, of criticising their commander and withholding confidence in him, will now turn upon you. I shall assist you, so far as I can, to put it down. Neither you, nor Napoleon, if he were alive, can get any good out of an army while such a spirit prevails in it. And now beware of rashness. Beware of rashness, but with energy and sleepless vigilance go forward and give us victories."

This letter has, in my judgment, no parallel. The mistaken magnanimity is almost equal to the prophecy:

"I much fear that the spirit which you have aided to infuse into the army, of criticising their

commander and withholding confidence in him, will now turn upon you."

Chancellorsville was the fulfilment.

Mr. Lincoln was a statesman. The great stumbling-block—the great obstruction—in Lincoln's way, and in the way of thousands, was the old doctrine of States' Rights.

This doctrine was first established to protect slavery. It was clung to to protect the interstate slave trade. It became sacred in connection with the Fugitive Slave Law, and it was finally used as the corner-stone of secession.

This doctrine was never appealed to in defence of the right—always in support of the wrong. For many years politicians upon both sides of this question endeavored to express the exact relations existing between the Federal Government and the States, and I know of no one who succeeded except Lincoln. In his message of 1861, delivered on July the 4th, the definition is given, and it is perfect:

"Whatever concerns the whole should be confided to the whole—to the General Government. Whatever concerns only the State should be left exclusively to the State."

When that definition is realized in practice, this country becomes a nation. Then we shall know that the first allegiance of the citizen is not to his State, but to the Republic, and that the first duty of the Republic is to protect the citizen, not only when in other lands, but at home, and that this duty cannot be discharged by delegating it to the States.

Lincoln believed in the sovereignty of the people—in the supremacy of the nation—in the territorial integrity of the Republic.

A great actor can be known only when he has assumed the principal character in a great drama. Possibly the greatest actors have never appeared, and it may be that the greatest soldiers have lived the lives of perfect peace. Lincoln assumed the leading part in the greatest drama ever enacted upon the stage of this continent.

His criticisms of military movements, his correspondence with his generals and others on the conduct of the war, show that he was at all times master of the situation—that he was a natural strategist, that he appreciated the difficulties and advantages of every kind, and that in "the still and mental" field of war he stood the peer of any man beneath the flag.

Had McClellan followed his advice, he would have taken Richmond.

Had Hooker acted in accordance with his suggestions, Chancellorsville would have been a victory for the nation.

Lincoln's political prophecies were all fulfilled.

We know now that he not only stood at the top, but that he occupied the centre, from first to last, and that he did this by reason of his intelligence, his humor, his philosophy, his courage and his patriotism.

In passion's storm he stood, unmoved, patient, just and candid. In his brain there was no cloud, and in his heart no hate. He longed to save the South as well as North, to see the nation one and free.

He lived until the end was known.

He lived until the Confederacy was dead—until Lee surrendered, until Davis fled, until the doors of Libby Prison were opened, until the Republic was supreme.

He lived until Lincoln and Liberty were united forever.

He lived to cross the desert—to reach the palms of victory—to hear the murmured music of the welcome waves.

He lived until all loyal hearts were his—until the history of his deeds made music in the souls of men—until he knew that on Columbia's Calendar of worth and fame his name stood first.

He lived until there remained nothing for him to do as great as he had done.

What he did was worth living for, worth dying for.

He lived until he stood in the midst of universal Joy, beneath the outstretched wings of Peace—the foremost man in all the world.

And then the horror came. Night fell on noon. The Savior of the Republic, the breaker of chains, the liberator of millions, he who had "assured freedom to the free," was dead.

Upon his brow Fame placed the immortal wreath, and for the first time in the history of the world a nation bowed and wept.

The memory of Lincoln is the strongest, tenderest tie that binds all hearts together now, and holds all States beneath a nation's flag.

Abraham Lincoln—strange mingling of mirth and tears, of the tragic and grotesque, of cap and crown, of Socrates and Democritus, of Æsop and Marcus Aurelius, of all that is gentle and just, humorous and honest, merciful, wise, laughable, lovable and divine, and all consecrated to the use of man; while through all, and over all, were an overwhelming sense of obligation, of chivalric loyalty to truth, and upon all, the shadow of the tragic end.

Nearly all the great historic characters are impossible monsters, disproportioned by flattery, or by calumny deformed. We know nothing of their peculiarities, or nothing but their peculiarities. About these oaks there clings none of the earth of humanity.

Washington is now only a steel engraving. About the real man who lived and loved and hated and schemed, we know but little. The glass through which we look at him is of such high magnifying power that the features are exceedingly indistinct.

Hundreds of people are now engaged in smoothing out the lines of Lincoln's face—forcing all features to the common mould—so that he may be known, not as he really was, but, according to their poor standard, as he should have been.

Lincoln was not a type. He stands alone—no ancestors, no fellows, no successors.

He had the advantage of living in a new country, of social equality, of personal freedom, of seeing in the horizon of his future the perpetual star of hope. He preserved his individuality and his self-respect. He knew and mingled with men of every kind; and, after all, men are the best books. He became acquainted with the ambitions and hopes of the heart, the means used to accomplish ends, the springs of action, and the seeds of thought. He was familiar with nature, with actual things, with common facts. He loved and appreciated the poem of the year, the drama of the seasons.

In a new country, a man must possess at least three virtues—honesty, courage, and generosity. In cultivated society, cultivation is

often more important than soil. A well-executed counterfeit passes more readily than a blurred genuine. It is necessary only to observe the unwritten laws of society—to be honest enough to keep out of prison, and generous enough to subscribe in public—where the subscription can be defended as an investment.

In a new country, character is essential; in the old, reputation is sufficient. In the new, they find what a man really is; in the old, he generally passes for what he resembles. People separated only by distance are much nearer together than those divided by the walls of caste.

It is no advantage to live in a great city, where poverty degrades and failure brings despair. The fields are lovelier than paved streets, and the great forests than walls of brick. Oaks and elms are more poetic than steeples and chimneys.

In the country is the idea of home. There you see the rising and setting sun; you become acquainted with the stars and clouds. The constellations are your friends. You hear the rain on the roof and listen to the rhythmic sighing of the winds. You are thrilled by the resurrection called Spring, touched and saddened by Autumn—the grace and poetry of death. Every field is a picture, a landscape; every landscape a poem; every flower a tender thought, and every forest a fairy-land. In the country you preserve your identity—your personality. There you are an aggregation of atoms, but in the city you are only an atom of an aggregation.

In the country you keep your cheek close to the breast of Nature. You are calmed and ennobled by the space, the amplitude and scope of earth and sky—by the constancy of the stars.

Lincoln never finished his education. To the night of his death he was a pupil, a learner, an inquirer, a seeker after knowledge. You have no idea how many men are spoiled by what is called education. For the most part, colleges are places where pebbles are polished and diamonds are dimmed. If Shakespeare had graduated at Oxford, he might have been a quibbling attorney, or a hypocritical parson.

Lincoln was a great lawyer. There is nothing shrewder in this world than intelligent honesty. Perfect candor is sword and shield.

He understood the nature of man. As a lawyer he endeavored to get at the truth, at the very heart of a case. He was not willing even to deceive himself. No matter what his interest said, what his passion demanded, he was great enough to find the truth and strong enough to pronounce judgment against his own desires.

Lincoln was a many-sided man, acquainted with smiles and tears, complex in brain, single in heart, direct as light; and his words, candid as mirrors, gave the perfect image of his thought. He was never afraid to ask—never too dignified to admit that he did not know. No man had keener wit, or kinder humor.

It may be that humor is the pilot of reason. People without humor drift unconsciously into absurdity. Humor sees the other side—stands in the mind like a spectator, a good-natured critic, and gives its opinion before judgment is reached. Humor goes with good nature, and good nature is the climate of reason. In anger, reason abdicates and malice extinguishes the torch. Such was the humor of Lincoln that he could tell even unpleasant truths as charmingly

as most men can tell the things we wish to hear.

He was not solemn. Solemnity is a mask worn by ignorance and hypocrisy—it is the preface, prologue, and index to the cunning or the stupid.

He was natural in his life and thought—master of the story-teller's art, in illustration apt, in application perfect, liberal in speech, shocking Pharisees and prudes, using any word that wit could disinfect.

He was a logician. His logic shed light. In its presence the obscure became luminous, and the most complex and intricate political and metaphysical knots seemed to untie themselves. Logic is the necessary product of intelligence and sincerity. It cannot be learned. It is the child of a clear head and a good heart.

Lincoln was candid, and with candor often deceived the deceitful. He had intellect without arrogance, genius without pride, and religion without cant—that is to say, without bigotry and without deceit.

He was an orator—clear, sincere, natural. He did not pretend. He did not say what he thought others thought, but what he thought.

If you wish to be sublime you must be natural—you must keep close to the grass. You must sit by the fireside of the heart; above the clouds it is too cold. You must be simple in your speech; too much polish suggests insincerity.

The great orator idealizes the real, transfigures the common, makes even the inanimate throb and thrill, fills the gallery of the imagination with statues and pictures perfect in form and color, brings to light the gold hoarded by mem-

ory the miser, shows the glittering coin to the spendthrift hope, enriches the brain, ennobles the heart, and quickens the conscience. Between his lips words bud and blossom.

If you wish to know the difference between an orator and an elocutionist—between what is felt and what is said—between what the heart and brain can do together and what the brain can do alone—read Lincoln's wondrous speech at Gettysburg, and then the oration of Edward Everett.

The speech of Lincoln will never be forgotten. It will live until languages are dead and lips are dust. The oration of Everett will never be read.

The elocutionists believe in the virtue of voice, the sublimity of syntax, the majesty of long sentences, and the genius of gesture.

The orator loves the real, the simple, the natural. He places the thought above all. He knows that the greatest ideas should be expressed in the shortest words—that the greatest statues need the least drapery.

Lincoln was an immense personality—firm but not obstinate. Obstinacy is egotism—firmness, heroism. He influenced others without effort, unconsciously; and they submitted to him as men submit to nature—unconsciously. He was severe with himself, and for that reason lenient with others.

He appeared to apologize for being kinder than his fellows.

He did merciful things as stealthily as others committed crimes.

Almost ashamed of tenderness, he said and did the noblest words and deeds with that charming

confusion, that awkwardness, that is the perfect grace of modesty.

As a noble man, wishing to pay a small debt to a poor neighbor, reluctantly offers a hundred-dollar bill and asks for change, fearing that he may be suspected either of making a display of wealth or a pretence of payment, so Lincoln hesitated to show his wealth of goodness, even to the best he knew.

A great man stooping, not wishing to make his fellows feel that they were small or mean.

By his candor, by his kindness, by his perfect freedom from restraint, by saying what he thought, and saying it absolutely in his own way, he made it not only possible, but popular, to be natural. He was the enemy of mock solemnity, of the stupidly respectable, of the cold and formal.

He wore no official robes either on his body or his soul. He never pretended to be more or less, or other, or different, from what he really was. He had the unconscious naturalness of Nature's self.

He built upon the rock. The foundation was secure and broad. The structure was a pyramid, narrowing as it rose. Through days and nights of sorrow, through years of grief and pain, with unswerving purpose, "with malice toward none, with charity for all," with infinite patience, with unclouded vision, he hoped and toiled. Stone after stone was laid, until at last the Proclamation found its place. On that the Goddess stands.

He knew others, because perfectly acquainted with himself. He cared nothing for place, but everything for principle; little for money, but everything for independence. Where no prin-

ciple was involved, easily swayed—willing to go slowly, if in the right direction—sometimes willing to stop; but he would not go back, and he would not go wrong.

He was willing to wait. He knew that the event was not waiting, and that fate was not the fool of chance. He knew that slavery had defenders, but no defence, and that they who attack the right must wound themselves. He was neither tyrant nor slave. He neither knelt nor scorned. With him, men were neither great nor small—they were right or wrong.

Through manners, clothes, titles, rags and race he saw the real—that which is. Beyond accident, policy, compromise and war he saw the end.

He was patient as Destiny, whose undecipherable hieroglyphs were so deeply graven on his sad and tragic face.

Nothing discloses real character like the use of power. It is easy for the weak to be gentle. Most people can bear adversity. But if you wish to know what a man really is, give him power. This is the supreme test. It is the glory of Lincoln that, having almost absolute power, he never abused it, except on the side of mercy.

Wealth could not purchase, power could not awe, this divine, this loving man.

He knew no fear except the fear of doing wrong. Hating slavery, pitying the master—seeking to conquer, not persons, but prejudices—he was the embodiment of the self-denial, the courage, the hope and the nobility of a nation.

He spoke not to inflame, not to upbraid, but to convince.

He raised his hands, not to strike, but in benediction.

He longed to pardon.

He loved to see the pearls of joy on the cheeks of a wife whose husband he had rescued from death.

Lincoln was the grandest figure of the fiercest civil war. He is the gentlest memory of our world.

A MAN INSPIRED OF GOD[1]

By Henry Watterson

Amid the noise and confusion, the clashing of intellects like sabres bright, and the booming of the big oratorical guns of the North and the South, now definitely arrayed, there came one day into the Northern camp one of the oddest figures imaginable; the figure of a man who, in spite of an appearance somewhat at outs with Hogarth's line of beauty, wore a serious aspect, if not an air of command, and, pausing to utter a single sentence that might be heard above the din, passed on and for a moment disappeared. The sentence was pregnant with meaning. The man bore a commission from God on High! He said: "A house divided against itself cannot stand. I believe this Government cannot endure permanently half free and half slave. I do not expect the Union to be dissolved; I do not expect the house to fall; but I do expect it will cease to be divided." He was Abraham Lincoln.

How shall I describe him to you? Shall I speak of him as I first saw him immediately on his arrival in the national capital, the chosen President of the United States, his appearance quite as strange as the story of his life, which was then but half known and half told, or shall I use

[1] Reprinted by permission of Mr. Watterson. The parts omitted are chiefly such as relate to matters sufficiently dealt with in other places in the present edition.

the words of another and more graphic word-painter?

In January, 1861, Colonel A. K. McClure, of Pennsylvania, journeyed to Springfield, Ill., to meet and confer with the man he had done so much to elect, but whom he had never personally known. "I went directly from the depot to Lincoln's house," says Colonel McClure, "and rang the bell, which was answered by Lincoln himself opening the door. I doubt whether I wholly concealed my disappointment at meeting him. Tall, gaunt, ungainly, ill-clad, with a homeliness of manner that was unique in itself, I confess that my heart sank within me as I remembered that this was the man chosen by a great nation to become its ruler in the gravest period of its history. I remember his dress as if it were but yesterday—snuff-colored and slouchy pantaloons; open black vest, held by a few brass buttons; straight or evening dress-coat, with tightly fitting sleeves to exaggerate his long, bony arms; all supplemented by an awkwardness that was uncommon among men of intelligence. Such was the picture I met in the person of Abraham Lincoln. We sat down in his plainly furnished parlor, and were uninterrupted during the nearly four hours I remained with him, and, little by little, as his earnestness, sincerity, and candor were developed in conversation, I forgot all the grotesque qualities which so confounded me when I first greeted him. Before half an hour had passed I learned not only to respect, but, indeed, to reverence the man."

A graphic portrait, truly, and not unlike. I recall him, two months later, a little less uncouth, a little better dressed, but in singularity

and in angularity much the same. All the world now takes an interest in every detail that concerned him, or that relates to the weird tragedy of his life and death.

Two or three years ago I referred to Abraham Lincoln—in a casual way—as one "inspired of God." I was taken to task for this and thrown upon my defence. Knowing less then than I now know of Mr. Lincoln, I confined myself to the superficial aspects of the case; to the career of a man who seemed to have lacked the opportunity to prepare himself for the great estate to which he had come, plucked as it were from obscurity by a caprice of fortune.

Accepting the doctrine of inspiration as a law of the universe, I still stand to this belief; but I must qualify it as far as it conveys the idea that Mr. Lincoln was not as well equipped in actual knowledge of men and affairs as any of his contemporaries. Mr. Webster once said that he had been preparing to make his reply to Hayne for thirty years. Mr. Lincoln had been in unconscious training for the Presidency for thirty years. His maiden address as a candidate for the Legislature, issued at the ripe old age of twenty-three, closes with these words, "But if the good people in their wisdom shall see fit to keep me in the background, I have been too familiar with disappointment to be very much chagrined." The man who wrote that sentence, thirty years later wrote this sentence: "The mystic chords of memory, stretching from every battlefield and patriot grave to every living heart and hearthstone all over this broad land, will yet swell the chorus of the Union, when again touched, as surely they will be, by the

better angels of our nature." Between those two sentences, joined by a kindred, sombre thought, flowed a life-current, "strong, without rage, without o'erflowing, full," pausing never for an instant; deepening while it ran, but nowise changing its course or its tones; always the same; calm; patient; affectionate; like one born to a destiny, and, as in a dream, feeling its resistless force.

I met the newly elected President the afternoon of the day in the early morning of which he had arrived in Washington. It was a Saturday, I think. He came to the Capitol under Mr. Seward's escort, and, among the rest, I was presented to him. His appearance did not impress me as fantastically as it had impressed Colonel McClure. I was more familiar with the Western type than Colonel McClure, and while Mr. Lincoln was certainly not an Adonis, even after prairie ideals, there was about him a dignity that commanded respect.

I met him again the forenoon of March 4 in his apartment at Willard's Hotel as he was preparing to start to his inauguration, and was touched by his unaffected kindness; for I came with a matter requiring his immediate attention. He was entirely self-possessed; no trace of nervousness; and very obliging. I accompanied the cortège that passed from the Senate chamber to the vast portico of the Capitol, and, as Mr. Lincoln removed his hat to face the vast multitude in front and below, I extended my hand to receive it, but Judge Douglas, just beside me, reached over my outstretched arm and took the hat, holding it throughout the delivery of the inaugural address. I stood near enough to the speaker's

elbow not to obstruct any gestures he might make, though he made but few; and then it was that I began to comprehend something of the power of the man.

He delivered that inaugural address as if he had been delivering inaugural addresses all his life. Firm, resonant, earnest, it announced the coming of a man; of a leader of men; and in its ringing tones and elevated style, the gentlemen he had invited to become members of his political family—each of whom thought himself a bigger man than his master—might have heard the voice and seen the hand of a man born to command. Whether they did or not, they very soon ascertained the fact. From the hour Abraham Lincoln crossed the threshold of the White House to the hour he went thence to his death, there was not a moment when he did not dominate the political and military situation and all his official subordinates.

Always courteous, always tolerant, always making allowance, yet always explicit, his was the master spirit, his the guiding hand; committing to each of the members of his Cabinet the details of the work of his own department; caring nothing for petty sovereignty; but reserving to himself all that related to great policies, the starting of moral forces and the moving of organized ideas.

I want to say just here a few words about Mr. Lincoln's relation to the South and the people of the South.

He was, himself, a Southern man. He and all his tribe were Southerners. Although he left Kentucky when but a child, he was an old child; he never was very young; and he grew to man-

hood in a Kentucky colony; for what was Illinois in those days but a Kentucky colony, grown since somewhat out of proportion? He was in no sense what we in the South used to call "a poor white." Awkward, perhaps; ungainly, perhaps, but aspiring; the spirit of a hero beneath that rugged exterior; the soul of a prose-poet behind those heavy brows; the courage of a lion back of those patient, kindly aspects; and, before he was of legal age, a leader of men. His first love was a Rutledge; his wife was a Todd.

Let the romancist tell the story of his romance. I dare not. No sadder idyl can be found in all the short and simple annals of the poor.

We know that he was a prose-poet; for have we not that immortal prose-poem recited at Gettysburg? We know that he was a statesman; for has not time vindicated his conclusions? But the South does not know, except as a kind of hearsay, that he was a friend; the sole friend who had the power and the will to save it from itself. He was the one man in public life who could have come to the head of affairs in 1861, bringing with him none of the embittered resentments growing out of the anti-slavery battle. While Seward, Chase, Sumner, and the rest had been engaged in hand-to-hand combat with the Southern leaders at Washington, Lincoln, a philosopher and a statesman, had been observing the course of events from afar, and like a philosopher and a statesman. The direst blow that could have been laid upon the prostrate South was delivered by the assassin's bullet that struck him down.

But I digress. Throughout the contention that preceded the war, amid the passions that attended the war itself, not one bitter, proscriptive

word escaped the lips of Abraham Lincoln, while there was hardly a day that he was not projecting his great personality between some Southern man or woman and danger.

Under date of February 2, 1848, from the hall of the House of Representatives at Washington, while he was serving as a member of Congress, he wrote this short note to his law partner at Springfield:

"Dear William: I take up my pen to tell you that Mr. Stephens, of Georgia, a little, slim, pale-faced, consumptive man, with a voice like Logan's" (that was Stephen T., not John A.), "has just concluded the very best speech of an hour's length I ever heard. My old, withered, dry eyes" (he was then not quite thirty-nine years of age) "are full of tears yet."

From that time forward he never ceased to love Stephens, of Georgia.

After that famous Hampton Roads conference, when the Confederate Commissioners, Stephens, Campbell, and Hunter, had traversed the field of official routine with Mr. Lincoln, the President, and Mr. Seward, the Secretary of State, Lincoln, the friend, still the old Whig colleague, though one was now President of the United States and the other Vice-President of the Southern Confederacy, took the "slim, pale-faced, consumptive man" aside, and, pointing to a sheet of paper he held in his hand, said: "Stephens, let me write 'Union' at the top of that page, and you may write below it whatever else you please."

In the preceding conversation Mr. Lincoln had intimated that payment for the slaves was not outside a possible agreement for reunion and

peace. He based that statement upon a plan he already had in hand, to appropriate four hundred millions of dollars to this purpose.

There are those who have put themselves to the pains of challenging this statement of mine. It admits of no possible equivocation. Mr. Lincoln carried with him to Fort Monroe two documents that still stand in his own handwriting; one of them a joint resolution to be passed by the two Houses of Congress appropriating the four hundred millions, the other a proclamation to be issued by himself, as President, when the joint resolution had been passed. These formed no part of the discussion at Hampton Roads, because Mr. Stephens told Mr. Lincoln they were limited to treating upon the basis of the recognition of the Confederacy, and to all intents and purposes the conference died before it was actually born. But Mr. Lincoln was so filled with the idea that next day, when he had returned to Washington, he submitted the two documents to the members of his Cabinet. Excepting Mr. Seward, they were all against him. He said: "Why, gentlemen, how long is the war going to last? It is not going to end this side of a hundred days, is it? It is costing us four millions a day. There are the four hundred millions, not counting the loss of life and property in the meantime. But you are all against me, and I will not press the matter upon you." I have not cited this fact of history to attack, or even to criticise, the policy of the Confederate Government, but simply to illustrate the wise magnanimity and justice of the character of Abraham Lincoln. For my part, I rejoice that the war did not end at Fort Monroe—or any

other conference—but that it was fought out to its bitter and logical conclusion at Appomattox.

It was the will of God that there should be, as God's own prophet had promised, "a new birth of freedom," and this could only be reached by the obliteration of the very idea of slavery. God struck Lincoln down in the moment of his triumph, to attain it; he blighted the South to attain it. But he did attain it. And here we are this night to attest it. God's will be done on earth as it is done in heaven. But let no Southern man point finger at me because I canonize Abraham Lincoln, for he was the one friend we had at court when friends were most in need; he was the one man in power who wanted to preserve us intact, to save us from the wolves of passion and plunder that stood at our door; and as that God, of whom it has been said that "whom he loveth he chasteneth," meant that the South should be chastened, Lincoln was put out of the way by the bullet of an assassin having neither lot nor parcel, North or South, but a winged emissary of fate, flown from the shadows of the mystic world which Æschylus and Shakespeare created and consecrated to tragedy!

One thinks now that the world in which Abraham Lincoln lived might have dealt more gently by such a man. He was himself so gentle —so upright in nature and so broad of mind—so sunny and so tolerant in temper—so simple and so unaffected in bearing—a rude exterior covering an undaunted spirit, proving by his every act and word that—

> The bravest are the tenderest,
> The loving are the daring.

Though he was a party leader, he was a typical and patriotic American, in whom even his enemies might have found something to respect and admire. But it could not be so. He committed one grievous offence; he dared to think and he was not afraid to speak; he was far in advance of his party and his time; and men are slow to forgive what they do not readily understand.

Yet, all the while that the waves of passion were breaking against his sturdy figure, reared above the dead level, as a lone oak upon a sandy beach, not one harsh word rankled in his heart to sour the milk of human kindness that, like a perennial spring from the gnarled roots of some majestic tree, flowed thence. He would smooth over a rough place in his official intercourse with a funny story fitting the case in point, and they called him a trifler. He would round off a logical argument with a familiar example, hitting the nail squarely on the head and driving it home, and they called him a buffoon. Big wigs and little wigs were agreed that he lowered the dignity of debate; as if debates were intended to mystify, and not to clarify truth. Yet he went on and on, and never backward, until his time was come, when his genius, fully ripened, rose to emergencies. Where did he get his style? Ask Shakespeare and Burns where they got their style. Where did he get his grasp upon affairs and his knowledge of men? Ask the Lord God who created miracles in Luther and Bonaparte!

What was the mysterious power of this mysterious man, and whence? His was the genius of common sense; of common sense in action; of common sense in thought; of common sense enriched by experience and unhindered by fear.

"He was a common man," says his friend, Joshua Speed, "expanded into giant proportions; well acquainted with the people, he placed his hand on the beating pulse of the nation, judged of its disease, and was ready with a remedy." Inspired he was truly, as Shakespeare was inspired; as Mozart was inspired; as Burns was inspired; each, like him, sprung directly from the people.

I look into the crystal globe that, slowly turning, tells the story of his life, and I see a little heart-broken boy, weeping by the outstretched form of a dead mother, then bravely, nobly trudging a hundred miles to obtain her Christian burial. I see this motherless lad growing to manhood amid scenes that seem to lead to nothing but abasement; no teachers; no books; no chart, except his own untutored mind; no compass, except his own undisciplined will; no light, save light from Heaven; yet, like the caravel of Columbus, struggling on and on through the trough of the sea, always toward the destined land. I see the full-grown man, stalwart and brave, an athlete in activity of movement and strength of limb, yet vexed by weird dreams and visions; of life, of love, of religion, sometimes verging on despair. I see the mind, grown at length as robust as the body, throw off these phantoms of the imagination and give itself wholly to the workaday uses of the world; the rearing of children; the earning of bread; the multiplied duties of life. I see the party leader, self-confident in conscious rectitude; original, because it was not his nature to follow; potent, because he was fearless, pursuing his convictions with earnest zeal, and urging them upon his fel-

lows with the resources of an oratory which was hardly more impressive than it was many-sided. I see him, the preferred among his fellows, ascend the eminence reserved for him, and him alone of all the statesmen of the time, amid the derision of opponents and the distrust of supporters, yet unawed and unmoved, because thoroughly equipped to meet the emergency. The same being, from first to last; the poor child weeping over a dead mother; the great chief sobbing amid the cruel horrors of war; flinching never from duty, nor changing his lifelong ways of dealing with the stern realities which pressed upon him and hurried him onward. And, last scene of all, that ends this strange, eventful history, I see him lying dead there in the Capitol of the nation to which he had rendered "the last full measure of devotion," the flag of his country around him, the world in mourning, and, asking myself how could any man have hated that man, I ask you, how can any man refuse his homage to his memory? Surely, he was one of God's own; not in any sense a creature of circumstance or accident. Recurring to the doctrine of inspiration, I say, again and again, he was inspired of God, and I cannot see how any one who believes in that doctrine can believe him as anything else.

From Cæsar to Bismarck and Gladstone the world has had its statesmen and its soldiers—men who rose from obscurity to eminence and power step by step, through a series of geometric progression as it were, each advancement following in regular order one after the other, the whole obedient to well-established and well-understood laws of cause and effect. They were not what

we call "men of destiny." They were "men of the time." They were men whose careers had a beginning, a middle, and an end, rounding off lives with histories, full it may be of interesting and exciting event, but comprehensive and comprehensible; simple, clear, complete.

The inspired ones are fewer. Whence their emanation, where and how they got their power, by what rule they lived, moved, and had their being, we know not. There is no explication to their lives. They rose from shadow and they went in mist. We see them, feel them, but we know them not. They came, God's word upon their lips; they did their office, God's mantle about them; and they vanished, God's holy light between the world and them, leaving behind a memory, half mortal and half myth. From first to last they were the creations of some special Providence, baffling the wit of man to fathom, defeating the machinations of the world, the flesh, and the devil, until their work was done, then passing from the scene as mysteriously as they had come upon it.

Tried by this standard, where shall we find an example so impressive as Abraham Lincoln, whose career might be chanted by a Greek chorus as at once the prelude and the epilogue of the most imperial theme of modern times?

Born as lowly as the Son of God, in a hovel; reared in penury, squalor, with no gleam of light or fair surrounding; without graces, actual or acquired; without name or fame or official training; it was reserved for this strange being, late in life, to be snatched from obscurity, raised to supreme command at a supreme moment, and intrusted with the destiny of a nation.

The great leaders of his party, the most experienced and accomplished public men of the day, were made to stand aside; were sent to the rear, while this fantastic figure was led by unseen hands to the front and given the reins of power. It is immaterial whether we were for him or against him; wholly immaterial. That, during four years, carrying with them such a weight of responsibility as the world never witnessed before, he filled the vast space allotted him in the eyes and actions of mankind, is to say that he was inspired of God, for nowhere else could he have acquired the wisdom and the virtue.

Where did Shakespeare get his genius? Where did Mozart get his music? Whose hand smote the lyre of the Scottish ploughman, and stayed the life of the German priest? God, God, and God alone; and as surely as these were raised up by God, inspired by God, was Abraham Lincoln; and a thousand years hence, no drama, no tragedy, no epic poem will be filled with greater wonder, or be followed by mankind with deeper feeling than that which tells the story of his life and death.

ADDITIONAL LINCOLN STORIES

In inventing stories and skill in telling them Mr. Lincoln was the acknowledged leader among his associates. The habit of story-telling, early formed, became part of his nature, and, as seen in the narrative of his life, he gave free rein to it, even when the fate of the nation seemed to be trembling in the balance. "Some eight or ten days after the first battle of Bull Run," says George W. Julian, "when Washington was utterly demoralized by its result, I called upon him at the White House, in company with a few friends, and was amazed when, referring to something which had been said by one of the company about the battle which was so disastrous to the Union forces, he remarked, in his usual quiet manner, 'That reminds me of a story,' which he told in a manner so humorous as to indicate that he was free from care and apprehension. This to me was surprising. I could not then understand how the President could feel like telling a story when Washington was in danger of being captured, and the whole North was dismayed; and I left the White House with the feeling that I had been mistaken in Mr. Lincoln's character, and that his election might prove to have been a fatal mistake.

"This feeling was changed from day to day

as the war went on; but it was not entirely overcome until I went to Washington in the spring of 1863, and as an officer of the Government was permitted to have free intercourse with him. I then perceived that my estimate of him before his election was well grounded, and that he possessed even higher qualities than I had given him credit for; that he was a man of sound judgment, great singleness and tenacity of purpose, and extraordinary sagacity; that story-telling was to him a safety-valve, and that he indulged in it, not only for the pleasure it afforded him, but for a temporary relief from oppressing cares; that the habit had been so cultivated that he could make a story illustrate a sentiment and give point to an argument. Many of his stories were as apt and instructive as the best of Æsop's fables. . . .

"Senator Lane told me that when he heard a story that pleased him he took a memorandum of it, and filed it away among his papers. This was probably true. At any rate, by some method or other, his supply seemed inexhaustible, and always aptly available. He entered into the enjoyment of his stories with all his heart, and completely lived over again the delight he had experienced in telling them on previous occasions. When he told a particularly good story, and the time came to laugh, he would sometimes throw his left foot across his right knee, and clenching his foot with both hands and bending forward, his whole frame seemed to be convulsed with the effort to give expression to his sensations. His laugh was like that of the hero of *Sartor Resartus,* 'a laugh of the whole man, from head to heel.' I believe his anec-

dotes were his great solace and safeguard in seasons of severe mental depression."

LINCOLN CLEAN-MINDED

"Dr. Holland," says F. B. Carpenter, "in his *Life of Abraham Lincoln,* I regret to observe, has thought it worth while to notice the reports, which in one way and another have obtained circulation, that the President habitually indulged, in ordinary conversation, in a class of objectionable stories.

"Mr. Lincoln, I am convinced, has been greatly wronged in this respect. Every foul-mouthed man in the country gave currency to the slime and filth of his own imagination by attributing it to the President. It is but simple justice to his memory that I should state that, during the entire period of my stay in Washington, after witnessing his intercourse with nearly all classes of men, embracing governors, senators, members of Congress, officers of the army, and intimate friends, I cannot recollect to have heard him relate a circumstance to any of them which would have been out of place uttered in a ladies' drawing-room. And this testimony is not unsupported by that of others, well entitled to consideration. Dr. Stone, his family physician, came in one day to see my studies. Sitting in front of that of the President—with whom he did not sympathize politically—he remarked, with much feeling:

"'It is the province of a physician to probe deeply the interior lives of men; and I affirm that Mr. Lincoln is the purest hearted man with whom I ever came in contact.'

"Secretary Seward, who of the Cabinet officers was most intimate with the President, expressed the same sentiment in still stronger language. He once said to the Rev. Dr. Bellows:

"'Mr. Lincoln is the best man I ever knew!'"

HIS WIT AND SATIRE

"Those who accuse Lincoln of frivolity," declares David R. Locke ("Petroleum V. Nasby"), "never knew him. I never saw a more thoughtful face. I never saw a more dignified face. He had humor of which he was totally unconscious, but it was not frivolity. He said wonderfully witty things, but never from a desire to be witty. His wit was entirely illustrative. He used it because, and only because, at times he could say more in this way, and better illustrate the idea with which he was pregnant. He never cared how he made a point so that he made it, and he never told a story for the mere sake of telling a story. When he did it, it was for the purpose of illustrating and making clear a point. He was essentially epigrammatic and parabolic. He was a master of satire, which was at times as blunt as a meat-ax, and at others as keen as a razor, but it was always kindly, except when some horrible injustice was its inspiration, and then it was terrible. Weakness he was never ferocious with, but intentional wickedness he never spared.

"In this interview," says the narrator, "the name came up of a recently deceased politician of Illinois, whose undeniable merit was blemished by overweening vanity. His funeral was largely attended.

"'If General Blank had known how big a

funeral he would have,' said Mr. Lincoln, 'he would have died years ago.'"

THE SUPERLATIVE DEGREE

Lincoln made his first appearance in society in Springfield, Illinois. It was not a prepossessing figure which he cut in a ballroom, but still he was occasionally found there. Miss Mary Todd, who afterward became his wife, was the magnet which drew the tall, awkward young man from his den. One evening Lincoln approached Miss Todd, and said, in his peculiar idiom:

"Miss Todd, I should like to dance with you the worst way."

The young woman accepted the inevitable, and hobbled around the room with him. When she returned to her seat, one of her companions asked, mischievously:

"Well, Mary, did he 'dance with you the worst way?'"

"Yes," replied Miss Todd, "the very worst!"

"COMPARISONS ARE ODOROUS"

Lincoln was, naturally enough, much surprised one day when a man of rather forbidding countenance drew a revolver and thrust the weapon almost into his face.

"What seems to be the matter?" inquired Lincoln, looking at him with all the self-possession he could muster.

"Well," replied the stranger, who did not appear to be at all excited, "some years ago I swore an oath that if I ever came across an

uglier man than myself, I'd shoot him on the spot."

On hearing this Lincoln's expression lost all suggestion of anxiety. He said to the stranger:

"Shoot me, then, for if I am an uglier man than you I don't want to live."

"A SEVEN-FOOT WHISTLE ON A FIVE-FOOT BOILER"

Senator Voorhees told the following story of Lincoln's speech to the jury in answer to an oratorical lawyer:

"I recall one story Lincoln told during the argument in a lawsuit. The lawyer on the other side was a good deal of a glib talker, but not reckoned as deeply profound or much of a thinker. He was rather reckless and irresponsible in his speechmaking also, and would say anything to a jury which happened to enter his head. Lincoln in his address to the jury, referring to all these, said:

"'My friend on the other side is all right, or would be all right, were it not for the physico-mental peculiarity I am about to explain:

"'His habit—of which you have witnessed a very painful specimen in his argument to you in this case—of reckless assertion and statement without grounds, need not be imputed to him as a moral fault or blemish. He can't help it. For reasons which, gentlemen of the jury, you and I have not time to study here, as deplorable as they are surprising, the oratory of the gentleman completely suspends all action of his mind. The moment he begins to talk his mental operations cease. I never knew of but one thing which compared with my friend in this particular.

That was a steamboat. Back in the days when I performed my part as a keel boatman I made the acquaintance of a trifling little steamboat which used to bustle and puff and wheeze about in the Sangamon River. It had a five-foot boiler and a seven-foot whistle, and every time it whistled the boat stopped.'"

STORY OF ANOTHER STORY

Returning from one of his trips (on the Eighth Circuit) late one night, Mr. Lincoln dismounted from his horse at the familiar corner and then turned to go into the house, but stopped —a perfectly unknown structure stood before him.

Surprised, he went across the way and knocked at a neighbor's door. The family had retired, and so called out:

"Who's there?"

"Abe Lincoln," was the reply. "I am looking for my house. I thought it was across the way, but when I went away a few weeks ago there was only a one-story house there, and now it is two. I must be lost."

His neighbors then explained that Mrs. Lincoln had added another story during his absence. Mr. Lincoln laughed and went to his remodeled house.

A SOCRATIC EXAMINATION

There was an ignorant man who once applied to President Lincoln for the post of Doorkeeper to the House. This man had no right to ask Lincoln for anything. It was necessary to repulse him. But Lincoln repulsed him gently and

whimsically, without hurting his feelings, in this way:

"So you want to be Doorkeeper to the House, eh?"

"Yes, Mr. President."

"Well, have you ever been a doorkeeper? Have you ever had any experience in doorkeeping?"

"Well, no—no actual experience, sir."

"Any theoretical experience? Any instructions in the duties and ethics of doorkeeping?"

"Um—no."

"Have you ever attended lectures on doorkeeping?"

"No, sir."

"Have you read any text-books on the subject?"

"No."

"Have you conversed with any one who has read such a book?"

"No, sir; I'm afraid not, sir."

"Well, then, my friend, don't you see that you haven't a single qualification for this important post?" said Lincoln, in a reproachful tone.

"Yes, I do," said the applicant, and he took leave humbly, almost gratefully.

"I DON'T CARE—IF YOU WILL FIGHT FOR THE COUNTRY"

"I called on Lincoln at the White House," said General Butler, "to make acknowledgments for my appointment as a Major-General. When he handed me the commission, with some kindly words of compliment, I replied:

"'I do not know whether I ought to accept

this. I received my orders to prepare my brigade to march to Washington while trying a cause to a jury. I stated the fact to the court and asked that the case might be continued, which was at once consented to, and I left, to come here the second morning after, my business in utter confusion.' He said:

"'I guess we both wish we were back trying cases,' with a quizzical look upon his countenance.

"I said: 'Besides, Mr. President, you may not be aware that I was the Breckinridge candidate for Governor of my State in the last campaign, and did all I could to prevent your election.'

"'All the better,' said he. 'I hope your example will bring many of the same sort with you.'

"'But,' I answered, 'I do not think that I can support the measures of your Administration, Mr. President.'

"'I do not care whether you do or not,' was the reply, "if you will fight for the country."

THE SANGAMON BARBER

The following story was told by General Horace Porter in a speech at the Republican Club in New York.

"Lincoln's stories possessed the true geometrical requisites of excellence. They were never too long and never too broad. He never forgot a point. A sentinel who was pacing near a camp-fire while Lincoln was visiting the field, listening to the stories he told, made the philosophical remark that that man had a mighty powerful memory but an awful poor forgettory.

He did not tell a story for the sake of the anecdote but to point a moral or to clinch a fact. I do not know a more apt illustration than that which fell from his lips the last time I ever heard him converse.

"We were discussing the subject of England's assistance to the South and how after the collapse of the Confederacy England would find she had aided it but little and only injured herself. He said, 'That reminds me of a barber in Sangamon County. He had just gone to bed when a stranger came along and said he must be shaved, that he had a four days' beard on his face and was going to a ball and that beard must come off. Well, the barber reluctantly got up and dressed and seated the man in a chair with the back so low that every time he bore down on him he came near dislocating his victim's neck. He began by lathering his face, including his nose, eyes, and ears, stropped his razor on his boot, and then made a strike at the man's countenance as if he had practised mowing on a stubble-field.

"'He made a broad swath across the right cheek, carrying away the beard and two warts. The man in the chair ventured to remark, "You appear to make everything level as you go." Said the barber, "Yes, and if this handle don't break I guess I will get away with what there is there."

"'The man's cheeks were so hollow that the barber could not get down into the valleys with the razor, and the ingenious idea occurred to him to stick his finger in the man's mouth and press out the cheeks. Finally he cut clear through the cheek and into his own finger. He pulled the finger out of the man's mouth, snapped the blood

off, glared at him and said, "There, you lantern-jawed cuss, you have made me cut my own finger."

" 'Now,' said Lincoln, 'England will find that she has got the South into a pretty bad scrape by trying to administer to her, and in the end she will find that she has only cut her own finger.' "

GENERAL GRANT'S LINCOLN STORIES

To General Grant history is indebted for the two stories that next follow, the applications of which the General makes clear. They are preserved in *Reminiscences of Abraham Lincoln,* edited by Allen Thorndike Rice.

I

Just after receiving my commission as Lieutenant-General, the President called me aside to speak to me privately. After a brief reference to the military situation, he said he thought he could illustrate what he wanted to say by a story, which he related as follows: "At one time there was a great war among the animals, and one side had great difficulty in getting a commander who had sufficient confidence in himself. Finally, they found a monkey, by the name of Jocko, who said that he thought he could command their army if his tail could be made a little longer. So they got more tail and spliced it on to his caudal appendage. He looked at it admiringly, and then thought he ought to have a little more still. This was added, and again he

called for more. The splicing process was repeated many times, until they had coiled Jocko's tail around the room, filling all the space. Still he called for more tail, and, there being no other place to coil it, they began wrapping it around his shoulders. He continued his call for more, and they kept on winding the additional tail about him until its weight broke him down."

I saw the point, and, rising from my chair, replied: "Mr. President, I will not call for more assistance unless I find it impossible to do with what I already have."

II

Upon one occasion, when the President was at my headquarters at City Point, I took him to see the work that had been done on the Dutch Gap Canal. After taking him around and showing him all the points of interest, explaining how, in blowing up one portion of the work that was being excavated, the explosion had thrown the material back into, and filled up, a part already completed, he turned to me and said: "Grant, do you know what this reminds me of? Out in Springfield, Illinois, there was a blacksmith named ——. One day, when he did not have much to do, he took a piece of soft iron that had been in his shop for some time, and for which he had no special use, and, starting up his fire, began to heat it. When he got it hot he carried it to the anvil and began to hammer it, rather thinking he would weld it into an agricultural implement. He pounded away for some time until he got it fashioned into some shape, when

he discovered that the iron would not hold out to complete the implement he had in mind. He then put it back into the forge, heated it up again, and recommenced hammering, with an ill-defined notion that he would make a claw-hammer, but after a time he came to the conclusion that there was more iron there than was needed to form a hammer. Again he heated it, and thought he would make an ax. After hammering and welding it into shape, knocking the oxidized iron off in flakes, he concluded there was not enough of the iron left to make an ax that would be of any use. He was now getting tired and a little disgusted at the result of his various essays. So he filled his forge full of coal, and, after placing the iron in the centre of the heap, took the bellows and worked up a tremendous blast, bringing the iron to a white heat. Then with his tongs he lifted it from the bed of coals, and thrusting it into a tub of water near by, exclaimed with an oath, 'Well, if I can't make anything else of you, I will make a fizzle, anyhow.'"

I replied that I was afraid that was about what we had done with the Dutch Gap Canal.

MOONSHINE EVIDENCE

One of the last criminal cases Lincoln tried was undertaken for a humble friend, in the midst of absorbing political activities. The story has been often told, and is given in the following manner by James Morgan.

The son of that Jack Armstrong, the champion of Clary's Grove, whose loyal friendship Lincoln had won by beating him in open contest at

New Salem, was on trial for killing a man. Jack was in his grave, but his widow turned to Lincoln to save her boy. He gratefully remembered that the poor woman had been almost a mother to him in his friendless days and that her cabin had been his home when he had no other. He laid aside all else now and went to her aid. The defendant's guilt was extremely doubtful.

The chief witness testified that he saw the boy strike the fatal blow and that the scene occurred about eleven o'clock at night. Lincoln inquired how he could have seen so clearly at that late hour.

"By the moonlight," the witness answered.

"Was there light enough to see everything that happened?" Lincoln asked.

"The moon was about in the same place the sun would be at ten o'clock in the morning and nearly full," the man on the stand replied.

Almost instantly Lincoln held out a calendar. By this he showed that on the night in question, the moon was only slightly past its first quarter, that it set within an hour after the fatal occurrence, and that it could, therefore, have shed little or no light on the scene of the alleged murder. The crowded court was electrified by the disclosure.

"Hannah," whispered Lincoln as he turned to the mother, "Bill will be cleared before sundown."

Then, addressing the jury, he told them how he had come to the boy's defence, not as a hired attorney, but to discharge a debt of friendship incurred in the days when friends were few. With genuine feeling he summoned up the picture of the simple past, the old log cabin of the

Armstrongs, where the good woman now beside him in her silvered locks had taken him in, and given him food and shelter, and how she mended his tattered clothes while he rocked Bill to sleep in the cradle.

Every member of the jury loved Lincoln and honored him. With tears of sympathy flowing down their cheeks, they gladly gave him the verdict which, with his whole heart, he begged from their hands.

WHOLESALE SLAUGHTER

Returning from off the circuit once Lincoln said to Herndon:

"Billy, I heard a good story while I was up in the country. Judge D—— was complimenting the landlord on the excellence of his beef. 'I am surprised,' he said, 'that you have such good beef. You must have to kill a whole critter when you want any.'

"'Yes,' said the landlord, 'we never kill less than a whole critter.'"

"DEAD," YET SPEAKING

"FELLOW-CITIZENS: My friend, Judge Douglas, made the startling announcement to-day that the Whigs are all dead.

"If that be so, fellow-citizens, you will now experience the novelty of hearing a speech from a dead man; and I suppose you might properly say, in the language of the old hymn:

"'Hark! from the tombs a doleful sound.'"

TAKING SIDES

A member of the church, at a reception, closed his remarks with the pious hope that "the Lord is on our side."

"I am not at all concerned about that," commented the President, "for we know that the Lord is always on the side of the right. But it is my constant anxiety and prayer that I and this nation should be on the Lord's side."

HIS ONLY CHANCE

The name of a most virulent and dishonest official was mentioned—one who, though very brilliant, was very bad.

"It's a big thing for Blank," said Lincoln, "that there is such a thing as death-bed repentance."

FOOLING THE PEOPLE

Lincoln was a strong believer in the virtue of dealing honestly with the people.

"If you once forfeit the confidence of your fellow-citizens," he said to a caller at the White House, "you can never regain their respect and esteem.

"It is true you may fool all the people some of the time; you can even fool some of the people all the time; but you can't fool all of the people all the time."

PEACE WITH HONOR

President Lincoln was at all times an advocate of peace, provided it could be obtained honorably and with credit to the United States. As to

the cause of the Civil War, which side of Mason and Dixon's line was responsible for it, who fired the first shots, who were the aggressors, etc., Lincoln did not seem to bother about; he wanted, above all things, to preserve the Union. To illustrate his feeling in the matter, once, when it was under discussion, he said:

"Now this reminds me of a story I heard once, when I lived in Illinois. A vicious bull in a pasture took after everybody who tried to cross the lot, and one day the neighbor of the owner was the victim. This man was a speedy fellow and got to a friendly tree ahead of the bull, but not in time to climb the tree. So he led the enraged animal a merry race around the tree, finally succeeding in getting the bull by the tail.

"The bull, being at a disadvantage, not able either to catch the man or release his tail, was mad enough to eat nails; he dug up the earth with his feet, scattered gravel all around, bellowed until you could hear him for two miles or more, and at length broke into a dead run, the man hanging onto his tail all the time.

"While the bull, much out of temper, was legging it to the best of his ability, his tormentor, still clinging to the tail, asked, 'Darn you, who commenced this fuss?'

"It's our duty to settle this fuss at the earliest possible moment, no matter who commenced it. That's my idea of it."

INSCRIPTION FOR GREENBACKS

At a Cabinet meeting once the advisability of putting on greenbacks a legend similar to the "In God We Trust" on the silver coins was dis-

cussed, and the President was asked what his view was. He replied:

"If you are going to put a legend on the greenback, I would suggest that of Peter and John: 'Silver and gold have I none, but such as I have give I thee.'" [Acts iii, 6.]

"SOMETHING THAT EVERYBODY CAN TAKE"

The President was feeling indisposed, and had sent for his physician, who soon informed him that his trouble was varioloid, or a mild form of smallpox.

"They're all over me. Is it contagious?" asked Mr. Lincoln.

"Yes," answered the doctor, "very, indeed."

"Oh!" said a visitor who had called to see the President, "I can't stop."

"Don't be in a hurry, sir," said the President, placidly.

"Thank you, sir—I'll call again!" the visitor called back as he left abruptly.

"Some people," exclaimed the President, smiling as he looked after the retreating caller, "some people do not take very well to my Proclamation, but now, I am happy to say, I have *something* that *everybody* can take."

END FOR END

Stories are more interesting than logic and far more effective with the average audience, and Lincoln's juries usually heard something from him in the way of an apt comparison or illustration which impressed his point upon their minds.

On one occasion when he was defending a

case of assault and battery it was proved that the plaintiff had been the aggressor, but the opposing counsel argued that the defendant might have protected himself without inflicting injuries on his assailant.

"That reminds me of the man who was attacked by a farmer's dog, which he killed with a pitchfork," commented Lincoln.

"'What made you kill my dog?' demanded the farmer.

"'What made him try to bite me?' retorted the offender.

"'But why didn't you go at him with the other end of the pitchfork?' persisted the farmer.

"'Well, why didn't he come at me with his other end?' was the retort."

"TRUST-BUSTING"

In the campaign of 1852, Lincoln, in reply to Douglas's speech, wherein he spoke of confidence in Providence, replied:

"Let us stand by our candidate (General Scott) as faithfully as he has always stood by our country, and I much doubt if we do not perceive a slight abatement of Judge Douglas's confidence in Providence, as well as the people.

"I suspect that confidence is not more firmly fixed with the Judge than it was with the old woman whose horse ran away with her in the buggy. She said she 'trusted in Providence till the britchen broke,' and then she 'didn't know what on airth to do!'"

THE DOG AND THE BITE

Lincoln's quarrel with Shields was his last personal encounter. In later years it became his duty to give an official reprimand to a young officer who had been court-martialed for a quarrel with one of his associates. The reprimand was probably the gentlest on record:

"Quarrel not at all. No man resolved to make the most of himself can spare time for personal contention. Still less can he afford to take all the consequences, including the vitiating of his temper and the loss of self-control. Yield larger things to which you can show no more than equal right; and yield lesser ones, though clearly your own.

"Better give your path to a dog than be bitten by him in contesting for the right. Even killing the dog would not cure the bite."

EXPENSIVE MULES

The generals of the army were not always pleased to have Lincoln call them so familiarly, "my generals."

Walking up Pennsylvania Avenue one evening, on the road to the White House, several members of Congress were hailed by a courier who had just dashed across the Long Bridge. He told them the news he was taking to the War Department. In the gray of that very morning a Confederate raid in Falls Church, a little hamlet a dozen miles away, had surprised and captured a brigadier-general, and twelve army mules, and had got into the enemy's lines before they could be recaptured. As they were going

to the Executive Chamber, the Congressmen thought they would tell Mr. Lincoln the news in advance. He said, instantly, on hearing it:

"How unfortunate! I can fill his place with one of my generals in five minutes, but those *mules* cost us $200 apiece."

OUTSTRIPPING THE STAR

One who was designated by the Secretary of War as a sort of special escort to accompany the President from Washington to Gettysburg upon the occasion of the first anniversary of the battle at that place, relates that at the appointed time he went to the White House, where he found the President's carriage at the door to take him to the station; but he was not ready. When he appeared it was rather late, and the escort, who felt a due sense of responsibility, remarked that he had no time to lose in going to the train.

"Well," said the President, "I feel about that as the convict in one our Illinois towns felt when he was going to the gallows. As he passed along the road in custody of the sheriff, the people, eager to see the execution, kept crowding and pushing past him. At last he called out:

" 'Boys, you needn't be in such a hurry to get ahead, *there won't be any fun till I get there.*' "

A BARGAIN IS A BARGAIN

Tad, as he was universally called, almost always accompanied his father upon the various excursions down the Potomac. Once on the way to Fort Monroe, he became very trouble-

some. The President was much engaged in conversation with the party who accompanied him, and he at length said:

"Tad, if you will be a good boy, and not disturb me any more till we get to Fort Monroe, I will give you a dollar."

The hope of reward was effectual for a while in securing silence, but, boy-like, Tad soon forgot his promise, and was as noisy as ever. Upon reaching their destination, however, he said very promptly:

"Father, I want my dollar."

Mr. Lincoln turned to him with the inquiry:

"Tad, do you think you have earned it?"

"Yes," was the sturdy reply.

Mr. Lincoln looked at him half reproachfully for an instant, and then taking from his pocket a dollar note, he said:

"Well, my son, at any rate I will keep *my* part of the bargain."

"MORE LIGHT AND LESS NOISE"

"Wednesday, March 2 (1864)," says F. B. Carpenter, "I had an unusually long and interesting sitting from the President. . . . The news had been recently received of the disaster under General Seymour in Florida. Many newspapers openly charged the President with having sent the expedition with primary reference to restoring the State in season to secure its vote at the forthcoming Baltimore convention. Mr. Lincoln was deeply wounded by these charges. . . . A few days afterward an editorial appeared in the *New York Tribune*, which was known not to favor Lincoln's renomination, entirely exoner-

ating him from blame. I took the article to him in his study, and he expressed much gratification at its candor. In connection with newspaper attacks he told, during the sitting, this story:

"'A traveler on the frontier found himself out of his reckoning one night in a most inhospitable region. A terrific thunderstorm came up, to add to his trouble. He floundered along until at length his horse gave out. The lightning afforded him the only clew to his way, but the peals of thunder were frightful. One bolt, which seemed to crush the earth beneath him, brought him to his knees. By no means a praying man, his petition was short and to the point:

"'"O Lord, if it's all the same to you, give us a little more light and a little less noise."'"

"PUNCH'S" ADVICE REVERSED

Critics have arraigned Mr. Lincoln for lack of dignity; and he used to acknowledge in reply, that he had never enjoyed a quarter's education in any dignity school whatever. While his Western training, so full as it had been of independent individuality, appeared to make the requirements of etiquette always chafe and gall him, we can imagine how astonished was Lord Lyons, the stately British Minister, when he presented the autograph letter from Queen Victoria, announcing, as is the custom of European monarchies, the marriage of the Prince of Wales, and adding that whatever response the President would make he would immediately transmit to his royal mistress.

Mr. Lincoln responded instantly, by shaking

the marriage announcement at the bachelor minister before him, saying:

"Lyons, go thou and do likewise!"

THE PRESIDENT'S DIGNITY

A cashiered officer persisted several times in presenting to the President a plea for his reinstatement and was finally told that even his own statement did not justify a rehearing. His final application being met with silence, he lost his temper and blurted out:

"Well, Mr. President, I see that you are fully determined not to do me justice."

Without evincing any emotion, Mr. Lincoln rose, laid some papers on the desk, and suddenly seizing the officer by the coat-collar, marched him to the door. After ejecting him into the hall, he said:

"Sir, I give you fair warning never to show yourself here again! I can bear censure, but not insult."

TEDIOUSNESS OF DETAIL

So voluminous a report was made by a Congressional committee upon a new gun that the President pathetically said:

"I should want a new lease of life to read this through. Why can't an investigating committee show a grain of common sense? If I send a man to buy a horse for me, I expect him to tell me that horse's points—not how many hairs he has in his tail."

HE THAT SHOWED MERCY

A Union officer, in conversation one day, told this story:

"The first week I was with my command there were twenty-four deserters sentenced by court-martial to be shot, and the warrants for their execution were sent to the President to be signed. He refused. I went to Washington and had an interview. I said:

"'Mr. President, unless these men are made an example of, the army itself is in danger. Mercy to the few is cruelty to the many.'

"He replied: 'Mr. General, there are already too many weeping widows in the United States. For God's sake don't ask me to add to the number, for I won't do it!'"

SYKES'S DOG

General Horace Porter tells the following amusing anecdote.

Lincoln always enjoyed telling General Grant, after the two had become personally intimate, how the cross-roads wiseacres had criticised his campaigns. One day, after dwelling for some time on this subject, he said to Grant:

"After Vicksburg I thought it was about time to shut down on this sort of thing, so one day, when a delegation came to see me and had spent half an hour in trying to show me the fatal mistake you had made in paroling Pemberton's army, and insisting that the rebels would violate their paroles and in less than a month confront you again in the ranks, and have to be whipped all over again, I thought I should get

rid of them best by telling them a story about Sykes's dog.

"'Have you ever heard about Sykes's yellow dog?' said I to the spokesman of the delegation. He said he hadn't.

"'Well, I must tell you about him,' said I. Sykes had a yellow dog he set great store by, but there were a lot of small boys around the village, and that's always a bad thing for dogs, you know. These boys didn't share Sykes's views, and they were not disposed to let the dog have a fair show. Even Sykes had to admit that the dog was getting unpopular; in fact it was soon seen that a prejudice was growing up against that dog that threatened to wreck all his future prospects in life. The boys, after meditating how they could get the best of him, finally fixed up a cartridge with a long fuse, put the cartridge in a piece of meat, dropped the meat in the road in front of Sykes's door, and then perched themselves on a fence a good distance off with the end of the fuse in their hands. Then they whistled for the dog. When he came out he scented the bait, and bolted the meat, cartridge and all. The boys touched off the fuse with a cigar and in about a second a report came from that dog that sounded like a small clap of thunder. Sykes came bounding out of the house, and yelled:

"'What's up! Anything busted?'

"There was no reply except a snicker from the small boys roosting on the fence, but as Sykes looked up he saw the whole air filled with pieces of yellow dog. He picked up the biggest piece he could find, a portion of the back with a part of the tail still hanging to it, and

after turning it around and looking it all over he said:

"'Well, I guess he'll never be much account again—*as a dog!*'

"'And I guess Pemberton's forces will never be much account again—*as an army!*'

"The delegation began looking around for their hats before I had quite got to the end of the story, and I was never bothered any more after that about superseding the commander of the Army of the Tennessee."

SKILLET AND AX-HELVE

"The strifes and jars in the Republican party at this time (1864)," says David R. Locke, "disturbed him more than anything else, but he avoided taking sides with any faction. . . . I asked him why he did not take some pronounced position in one trying encounter between two very prominent Republicans.

"'I learned,' said he, 'a great many years ago, that in a fight between man and wife, a third party should never get between the woman's skillet and the man's ax-helve."

COMPUTING THE ENEMY

Toward the close of the great conflict, surmises upon the length of time to which the war might be protracted were based on estimates of the enemy's strength. On being asked, point-blank, how strong he deemed the Confederates to be, the President replied offhand:

"They have some 1,200,000 in the field."

"Is it possible! How did you find that out?"

"Why," said Lincoln, "every Union general I ever heard tell—when he was licked—says the rebels outnumbered him three or four to one; now, we have at the present time about 400,000 men, and three times that number would be 1,200,000, wouldn't it?"

"DON'T DO IT"

One day Secretary Stanton came to him with a wrathful letter written to a Major-General who had accused him of favoritism. While Stanton was reading the letter, which was full of sharp retorts, Lincoln interrupted him with favorable comments such as:

"That's right; give it to him, Stanton!"—"Just what he deserves!"—"Prick him hard!"—"Score him!"—"That's first-rate!"—"Good for you!"—and so on.

While Stanton, much gratified, was folding up the letter and putting it into its envelope, the President asked him:

"What are you going to do with it now?"

"Why, send it, of course," replied Stanton, looking blank.

"Don't do it," said Lincoln, laughing.

"But you said it was just what he deserved," demurred the Secretary.

"Yes, I believe he does deserve it, but you don't want to send such a letter as that. *Put it in the stove!* That's the way I do when I have written a letter while I am mad. It *is* a good letter, and you have had a good time writing it, and you feel better, don't you? It has done you good and answered its purpose. *Now burn it!*"

THE PRESIDENT-MAKER

One day, a persevering office-seeker called on Mr. Lincoln, and, presuming on the activity he had shown in behalf of the party ticket, asserted as a reason why the office should be given him, that he had made Mr. Lincoln President.

"So you made me President, did you?" asked Mr. Lincoln with a twinkle in his eye.

"I think I did," said the applicant.

"Then a pretty mess you've got me into, that's all!" replied the President, and closed the discussion.

HIS OWN TAILOR

One of the President's life-guard who was on duty early in 1865, saw much of Mr. Lincoln, day and night, for several months.

Early one morning he tapped on the President's bedroom door. To his surprise he found the President of the United States, in dishabille and carpet slippers, sewing a button on his trousers. With a characteristic twinkle, Mr. Lincoln jauntily exclaimed:

"All right. Just wait a minute while I repair damages."

A COUNTER-STROKE

Judge Douglas closed a speech with a very bitter attack upon Lincoln's career. He said that Lincoln had tried everything and had always been a failure. He had tried farming, and had failed at that—had tried flatboating, and had failed at that—had tried school-teaching, and had failed at that—had sold liquor in a saloon, and had failed at that—had tried law, and had failed at that—

and now he had gone into politics, and was doomed to make the worst failure of all. "That is the man," said Judge Douglas, "who wants my place in the Senate. You don't know him in the northern part of the State so well as we do who live in the southern part."

Lincoln seemed to be greatly amused. At length he rose to reply. He came forward and said that he was much obliged to Judge Douglas for the very accurate history that he had taken the trouble to compile. It was all true—every word of it. "I have," said Lincoln, "worked on a farm; I have split rails; I have worked on a flatboat; I have tried to practise law. There is just one thing that Judge Douglas forgot to relate. He says that I sold liquor over a counter. He forgot to tell you that, while I was one side of the counter, the Judge was always on the other side."

That allusion to Judge Douglas's well-known infirmity set the whole audience wild. The people rent the heavens with their shouts. It was some time before quiet was restored. Then Mr. Lincoln delivered one of those masterly orations that made him famous.

BLESSED BE NOTHING

A reverend gentleman of prominence was presented to the President, who resignedly had a chair placed for him, and with patient awaiting said:

"My dear sir, I am now ready to hear what you have to say."

"Why, bless you, Mr. President," stammered the other, with more apprehension than his host,

"I have nothing to say. I only came to pay my respects."

"Is that all?" exclaimed the escaped victim, springing up to take the minister's two hands with gladness. "It is a relief to find a clergyman—or any other man, for that matter—who has nothing to say. I thought you had come to preach to me, or to ask for an office."

"MY MARYLAND"

In April, 1861, a deputation of sympathizers with secession had the boldness to call on President Lincoln and demand a cessation of hostilities until convening of Congress, threatening that seventy-five thousand Marylanders would contest the passage of troops over their soil.

"I presume," quietly replied Mr. Lincoln, "that there is room enough in her soil for seventy-five thousand graves?"

THE BULL RUNNERS

Shortly after the rout of Bull Run, the participants in the panic began to try to palliate the disaster. The President, listening with sarcasm in his expression, remarked:

"So it is your notion *now* that we *licked* the rebels and then ran away!"

"A GOOD STATE TO MOVE FROM"

Thurlow Weed, prominent wire-puller, presented as a preferable puppet to Montgomery Blair his choice, Henry Winter Davis, upon which the President said:

"Davis? Judge David Davis put you up to this. He has Davis on the brain. A Maryland man who wants to get out! Maryland must be a good State to move from. Weed, did you ever hear, in this connection, of the witness in court asked to state his age? He said sixty. As he was on the face of it much older, but persisted, the court admonished him, saying:

"'The court knows you to be older than sixty!'

"'Oh, I understand now,' owned up the old fellow. 'You are thinking of the ten years I spent in Maryland; that was so much time lost and did not count!'"

NO INTERVENTION NEEDED

April, 1862, closed brilliantly for the Union, as New Orleans was captured. General Porter Phelps issued a proclamation which freed the slaves. As on previous occasions, when this bomb was brought out, the President had directed its being stifled and reserved for *his* occasion, and there was wonder that he took no official notice of the premature flash. Taken to task by a friendly critic for his odd omission, he deigned to reply:

"Well, I feel about it a good deal like that big, burly, good-natured canal laborer who had a little waspy bit of a wife, in the habit of beating him. One day she put him out of the house and switched him up and down the street. A friend met him a day or two after, and rebuked him with the words:

"'Tom, as you know, I have always stood up for you, but I am not going to do so any

longer. Any man may stand for a bullyragging by his wife, but when he takes a switching from her right out on the public highway, he deserves to be horsewhipped.'

"Tom looked up with a wink on his broad face, and, slapping the interferer on the back with a leg-of-mutton fist, rejoined:

"'Why, drop it! It pleases her and it don't hurt me!'"

A "MISFIT" SUBSTITUTE

(Related by the President to "Grace Greenwood"):

"As I recall it, the story, told very simply and tersely, but with inimitable drollery, ran that a certain honest old farmer, visiting the capital for the first time, was taken by the member of Congress for his 'deestrict,' to some large gathering or entertainment. He went in order to see the President. Unfortunately, Mr. Lincoln did not appear; and the Congressman, being a bit of a wag, and not liking to have his constituent disappointed, designated Mr. R., of Minnesota. He was a gentleman of a particularly round and rubicund countenance. The worthy agriculturist, greatly astonished, exclaimed:

"'Is that old Abe? Well, I du declare! He's a better-lookin' man than I expected to see; but it do seem as how his troubles have druv him to drink!'"

WANTED TO SEE THEM SPREAD THEMSELVES

It is related that the ushers and secret service officials on duty at the Executive Mansion during the war were prone to congregate in a little

anteroom and exchange reminiscences. This was directly against instructions by the President.

One night the guard and ushers were gathered in the little room talking things over, when suddenly the door opened, and there stood President Lincoln, his shoes in his hand.

All the crowd scattered save one privileged individual, the Usher Pendel, of the President's own appointment, as he had been kind to the Lincoln children.

The intruder shook his finger at him and, with assumed ferocity, growled:

"Pendel, you people remind me of the boy who set a hen on forty-three eggs."

"How was that, Mr. President?" asked Pendel.

"A youngster put forty-three eggs under a hen, and then rushed in and told his mother what he had done.

"'But a hen can't set on forty-three eggs,' replied the mother.

"'No, I guess she can't, but I just wanted to see her spread herself.'

"That's what I wanted to see you boys do when I came in," said the President, as he left for his apartments.

SAFETY IN NEGLECT

Mr. Chase bemoaning that in leaving home he had in the hurry forgot to write a letter, Lincoln sagely consoled:

"Chase, never regret what you don't write—it is what you do write that you are often called upon to feel sorry for!"

RUNNING FEVER

In debate, at Springfield, Ill., December, 1839, Lincoln said:

"There is a malady of vulnerable heels—a species of running fever—which operates on soundheaded and honest-hearted creatures very much as the cork leg in the song did on its owner. When he had once got started on it, the more he tried to stop it, the more it would run away. A witty Irish soldier always boasting of his bravery when no danger was nigh, but who invariably retreated without orders at the first charge of the engagement, being asked by his captain why he did so, replied:

"'Captain, I have as brave a heart as Julius Cæsar ever had; but, somehow or other, whenever danger approaches, my *cowardly* legs will run away with me.'"

LET THEM BE SAVED

The Reverend Mr. Shrigley, of Philadelphia, having been appointed hospital chaplain, the President sent in his name to the Senate. A deputation came on to protest against his confirmation, on the ground that he was a Universalist, a large-minded man, who did not believe in endless punishment. Logically, he believed that "even the rebels will be saved," concluded the opposition, horrified.

"Well, gentlemen," determined the President gravely, "if that be so, and there is any way under heaven whereby the rebels can be saved, then, for God's sake and for their sakes, let the man be appointed."

PATHOLOGIC PRECEDENCE

A deputation was pressing the claims of a solicitor for a consulship, the plea being that his health would be benefited by residence on these Fortunate Islands. The Lord Bountiful terminated the interview by lightly saying:

"Gentlemen, I am sorry to say that there are eight other applicants for the place—and all of them are sicker than your client!"

TWENTY APPLICANTS, NINETEEN ENEMIES

Hampered, harassed, and hounded by office-seekers, the President once opened his confidence on this irritating point to a conscientious public officer. He wished the Senators and others would start and stimulate public sentiment toward changes in public offices being made on good and sufficient cause—that is, plainly, never on party considerations. The ideal civil service, in a word. Nine-tenths of his vexations were due to seekers of sinecures.

"It seems to me that such visitors dart at me and, with finger and thumb, carry off a portion of my vitality," was his saying.

His hearer laughed at the image, but the other pursued earnestly:

"I have made up my mind to make very few changes in the offices in my gift for my second term. I think, now, that I shall not move a single man, except for delinquency. To remove a man is very easy, but when I go to fill his place, there are twenty applicants, and of these I must make nineteen enemies."

THEN, OR NOT AT ALL

An old man came from Tennessee to beg the life of his son, death-doomed under the military code. General Fiske procured him admittance to the President, who took the petition and promised to attend to the matter. But the applicant, in anguish, insisted that a life was at stake—that to-morrow would not do, and that, in order to be of any avail, the decision must be made on the instant.

Lincoln assumed his mollifying air, and in a soothing tone brought out his universal soothing-sirup, the little story:

"It was General Fiske, who introduced you, who told me this. The General began his career as a colonel, and raised his regiment in Missouri. Having good principles, he made the boys promise then not to be profane, but let him do all the swearing for the regiment. For months no violation of the agreement was reported. But one day a teamster, with the foul tongue associated with their calling and mule-driving, as he drove his team through a longer and deeper series of mud-puddles than ever before, unable to restrain himself, turned himself inside out as a vocal Vesuvius. It happened, too, that this torrent was heard surging by the Colonel, who called him to account.

" 'Well, yes, Colonel,' he acknowledged, 'I did vow to let you do all the swearing of the regiment; but the cold fact is, that the swearing *had* to be done thar and then, or not at all, to do the 'casion justice—and you were not thar!'

"Now," summed up Mr. Lincoln to the engrossed and semi-consoled parent, "I may not be

there, so do you take this and do the swearing him off!"

He furnished him with the release autograph, and sent another mourner on his way rejoicing.

MATCHING STORIES

The President looking in at the telegraph-room in the White House, happened to find Major Eckert in. He saw he was counting greenbacks. So he said jokingly:

"I believe you never come to business now but to handle money!"

The officer pleaded that it was a mere coincidence, and instanced a story in point:

"A certain tailor in Mansfield, Ohio, was very stylish in dress and airy in manner. Passing a storekeeper's door one day, the latter puffed himself up and emitted a long blow, expressive of the inflation to oozing-point of the conceited tailor, who indignantly turned and said: 'I will teach you to blow when I am passing!' to which the storekeeper replied: 'And I'll teach you not to pass when I am blowing!'"

"Very good!" returned the hearer. "That is very like a story *I* heard of a man driving about the country in an open buggy, caught at night by a pouring rain. Passing a farmhouse, a man, apparently struggling with the effects of whiskey, thrust his head out of a window, and shouted loudly:

"'Hello!'

"The traveler stopped for all of his hurry for shelter and asked what was wanted.

"'Nothing of you!' was the blunt reply.

"'Well, what in the infernals are you shout-

ing "Hello" for when people are passing?' angrily asked the traveler.

"'Well, what in the infernals are you passing for when people are shouting hello?'"

The rival story-tellers parted "at evens."

MRS. LINCOLN'S GLASS HACK

President Lincoln had not been in the White House very long before Mrs. Lincoln was seized with the idea that a fine closed carriage would be the proper thing for "the first lady in the land." The President did not care much about it, but told his wife to order whatever she wanted.

Lincoln forgot all about the new vehicle, so he was overcome with astonishment one afternoon when, having acceded to Mrs. Lincoln's desire to go driving, he found a beautiful shining carriage standing before the door of the White House. Mrs. Lincoln watched him with an amused smile while he surveyed it, but the only remark he made was:

"Well, Mary, that's about the slickest glass hack in town, isn't it?"

A MATTER OF CHOICE

"I met Lincoln again in 1859," said David R. Locke, "in Columbus, Ohio, where he made a speech, which was only a continuation of the Illinois debates of the year before. It is curious to note in this speech that Lincoln denied being in favor of negro suffrage, and took pains to affirm his support of the law of Illinois forbidding the intermarriage of whites and negroes. I

asked him if such a denial were worth while, to which he replied:

"'The law means nothing. I shall never marry a negress, but I have no objection to any one else doing so. If a white man wants to marry a negro woman, let him if the negro woman can stand it.'"

DEMAND AND SUPPLY

"It was a frequent custom with Lincoln," Miss Tarbell tells us, "this of carrying his children on his shoulders. He rarely went down street that he did not have one of his younger boys mounted on his shoulder, while another hung to the tail of his long coat. The antics of the boys with their father, and the species of tyranny they exercised over him, are still subjects of talk in Springfield.

"Mr. Roland Diller, who was a neighbor of Mr. Lincoln, tells one of the best of the stories. He was called to the door one day by hearing a great noise of children crying, and there was Mr. Lincoln striding by with the boys, both of whom were wailing aloud:

"'Why, Mr. Lincoln, what's the matter with the boys?' he asked.

"'Just what's the matter with the whole world,' Lincoln replied; 'I've got three walnuts and each wants two.'"

A NON-COMMERCIAL RATING

A New York firm applied to Abraham Lincoln some years before he became President, for information as to the financial standing of one of his neighbors. Mr. Lincoln replied:

"I am well acquainted with Mr. Blank, and know his circumstances.

"First of all, he has a wife and baby; together they ought to be worth $50,000 to any man.

"Secondly, he has an office in which there is a table worth $1.50, and three chairs worth, say, $1.00.

"Last of all, there is in one corner a large rat-hole, which will bear looking into.

"Respectfully, A. Lincoln."

INVERSE PROPORTION

Lincoln's humor generally freed his criticisms of all offense.

"He can compress the most words into the smallest ideas of any man I ever met," was perhaps the severest retort he ever uttered; but history has considerately sheltered the identity of the victim.

PLOUGHING AROUND THE GOVERNOR

An amusing narration of Lincoln's was given to General James B. Fry, who reported it as follows:

"Upon one occasion the Governor of a State came to my office bristling with complaints in relation to the number of troops required from his State, the details for drafting the men, and the plan of compulsory service in general. I found it impossible to satisfy his demands, and accompanied him to the Secretary of War's office, whence, after a stormy interview with Stanton, he went alone to press his ultimatum upon the highest authority. After I had waited anx-

iously for some hours, expecting important orders or decisions from the President, or at least a summons to the White House for explanation, the Governor returned, and said with a pleasant smile that he was going home by the next train, and merely dropped in en route to say good-by. Neither the business he came upon nor his interview with the President was alluded to. As soon as I could see Lincoln, I said:

"'Mr. President, I am very anxious to learn how you disposed of Governor Blank. He went to your office from the War Department in a towering rage. I suppose you found it necessary to make large concessions to him, as he returned from you entirely satisfied.'

"'Oh, no,' he replied, 'I did not concede anything. *You* know how that Illinois farmer managed the big log that lay in the middle of his field! To the inquiries of his neighbors one Sunday, he announced that he had got rid of the big log.

"'"Got rid of it!" said they, "how did you do it? It was too big to haul out, too knotty to split, and too wet and soggy to burn. What did you do?"

"'"Well, now, boys," replied the farmer, "if you won't divulge the secret, I'll tell you how I got rid of it—*I ploughed around it.*"

"'Now,' said Mr. Lincoln, 'don't tell anybody, but that's the way I got rid of the Governor—*I ploughed around him,* but it took me three mortal hours to do it, and I was afraid every minute he'd see what I was at.'"

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